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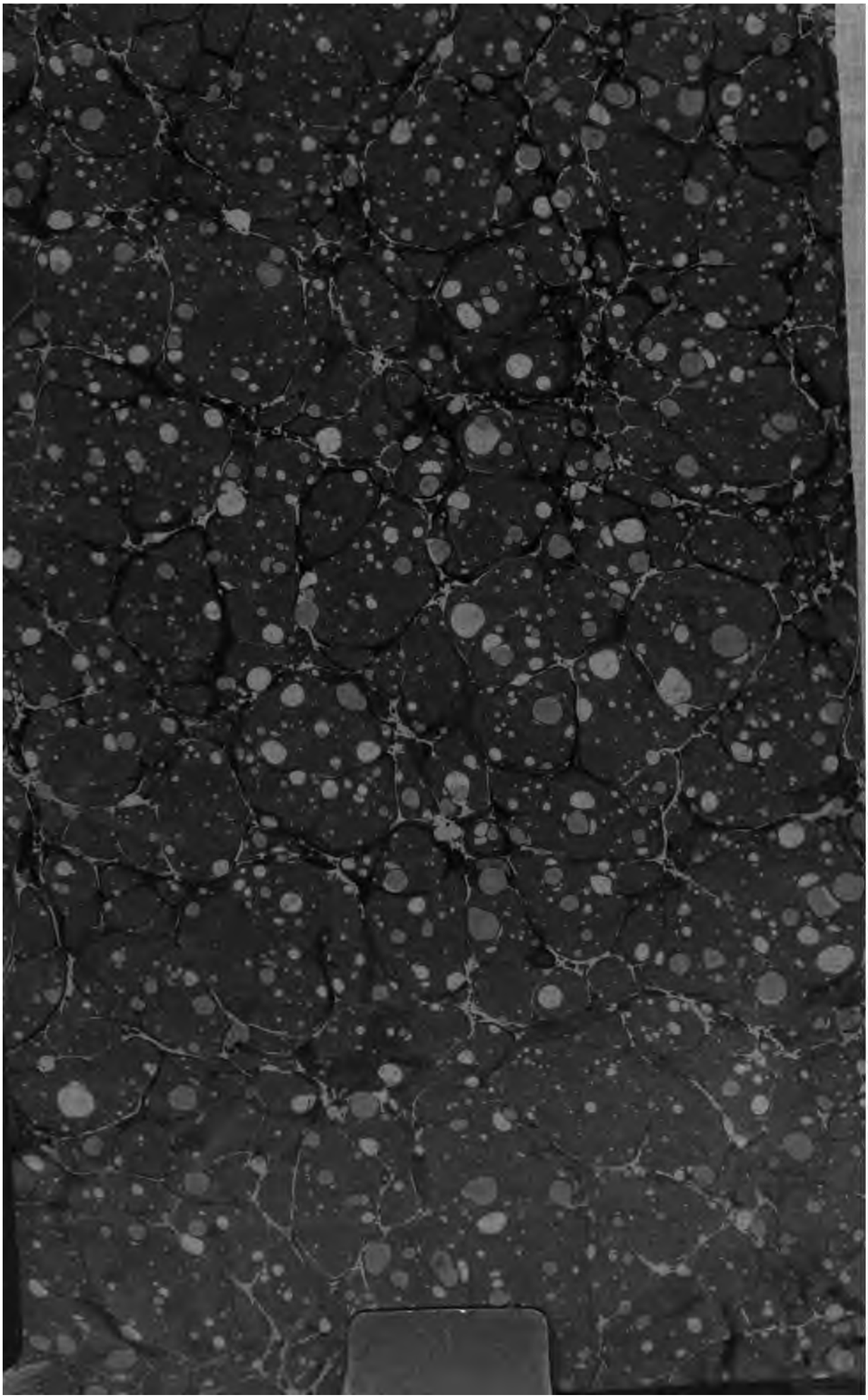

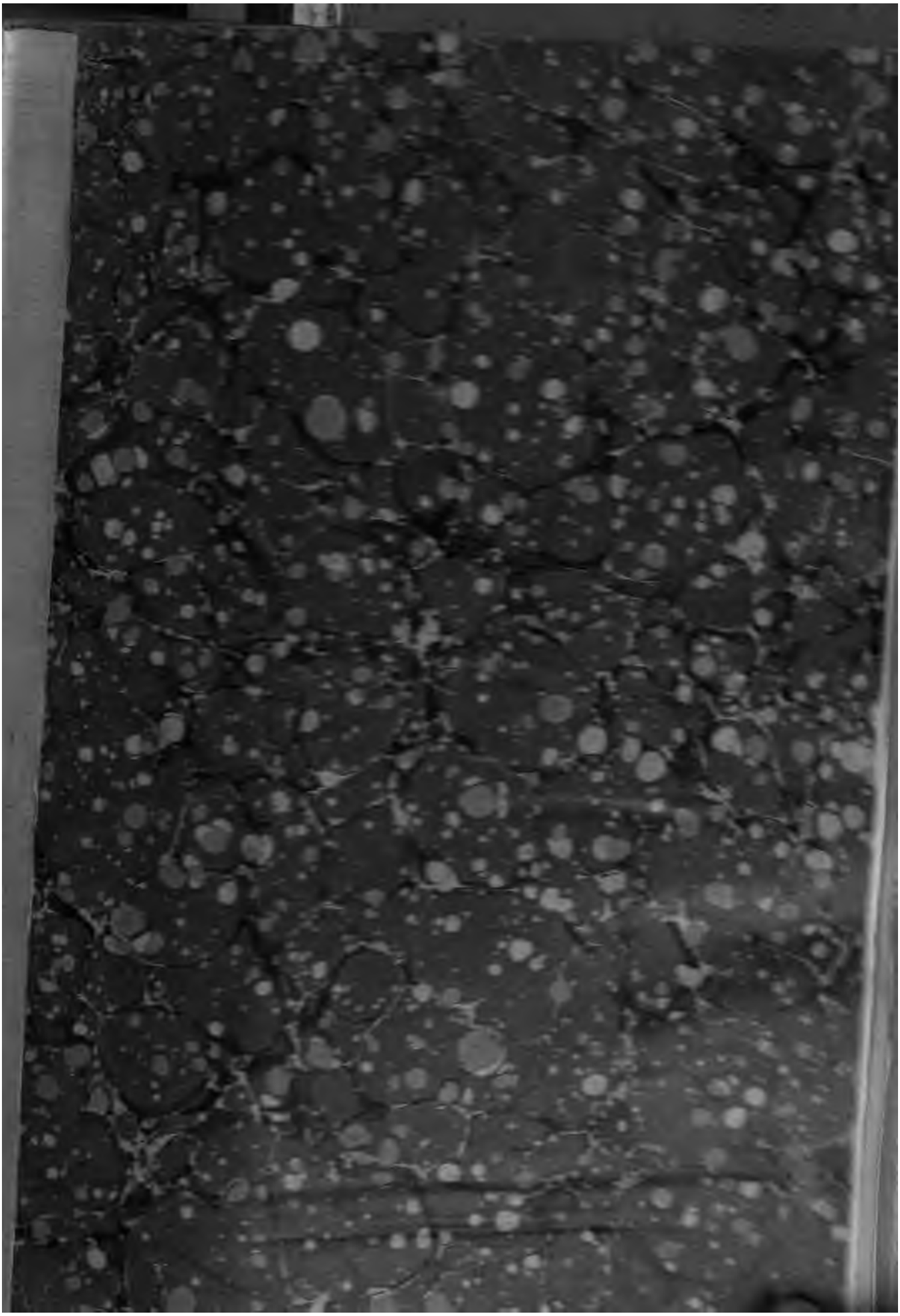

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

VOLUME FIVE

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

EDITED BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

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VOLUME FIVE

EDITED BY
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MASTERS IN MUSIC

SCHUMANN

BORN 1810: DIED 1856

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Schumann was a man of moderately tall stature, well built, and of pleasant, dignified expression. Though the lower part of his face inclined to heaviness, his brow was intellectual, and his eyes deep and sympathetic. This portrait was considered by his family a good likeness.

ROBERT

SCHUMANN

BORN 1810: DIED 1856

The selections of music in the present issue are chosen from Schumann's compositions for the Piano. Those in the next issue of MASTERS IN MUSIC, which will also have Schumann for its subject, will be taken from his Songs.

ROBERT SCHUMANN was the first composer who illustrated several thoroughly modern traits of character in his life and work. He was the first composer of dignified instrumental music in whom certain romantic and mystic influences came to a head; the first who combined singular gifts of appreciative criticism and a capacity for analyzing the inner meaning and purport of music with a power of original musical production; and the first of great mark in whom the modern tendency to luxuriate in warm and rich coloring in every department of art became decidedly pronounced. The circumstances of his parentage and education were peculiar for a musician, and though favorable in some ways, evidently unfavorable in others.

His father, August Schumann, was a publisher and bookseller in Zwickau, in Saxony, who had decided literary tastes and gained some distinction by translating Byron's 'Childe Harold' and 'Beppo,' as well as some things of Scott's, into German, and by writing some original treatises. His wife was the daughter of a surgeon of some repute in another town of Saxony, and she is recorded to have been extremely practical, and at the same time inclined to sentimentality, but to have shown no traits which could account for the direction taken by her son's genius; for she certainly had no kind of sympathy with it. Four children preceded Robert into the world, where he made his first appearance on the eighth of June, 1810.

The bent of his nature toward music seems to have asserted itself early, and it must have done so without encouragement. At school he is recorded to have shown a peculiar ability for taking off the characters of his schoolfellows in extemporary pieces which he played on the pianoforte, before he was ten years old. From school he advanced to the Zwickau Academy, where again he showed his musical inclinations by making special friends with any boys who had any liking for the art; and

he even succeeded in organizing a few of them into a little band, and with his accompaniment on the pianoforte they managed to perform some things which Schumann himself wrote for them. To these performances the father was not at all averse, and indeed seemed ready to fall in with his son's tastes; for he even went so far as to make overtures to Carl Maria von Weber to take the boy as a pupil.

But unfortunately, in 1825, when the boy was yet only fifteen years old, the father died; and the mother, always averse to the son's musical inclinations, insisted on his preparing himself to become a lawyer. When he was eighteen he was sent to Leipsic University, where he was entered as a student of law. But wherever he went his inclination for music asserted itself; he always sought out friends who could sympathize with him, and spent his time in the enjoyment of making music with them and practising, and occasionally trying his hand at composition. The only taste which vied with music was that for poetry and literature of a sentimental and imaginative kind. He was chiefly taken possession of by the writer Jean Paul Richter, familiarly known to the world as Jean Paul, whose peculiar fancy and style of thought colored his ways of looking at things for the greater part of his life. He took to writing poetry of his own and setting it to music, and otherwise showed the state of his mind by breaking into effusions which were inspired by the influence of his favorite writer, and were called by him Jean-Pauliads.

He became more and more determined to adopt music as his profession, but was obliged by force of circumstances to keep up the appearances of studying law; and with that view, after a year at Leipsic, he passed on to Heidelberg to complete his education. At Heidelberg he went on practising with more ardor than ever, and began to gain a reputation as a pianist; while at the same time he also made experiments in composition. At last he made an appeal to his mother and his guardian to release him from the drudgery of the legal studies; and when his piano-teacher, Friedrich Wieck, father of Clara Wieck, who eventually became his wife, backed his appeal by expressing his belief in the boy's powers, they yielded to the inevitable, and he was allowed to prepare for the career of a musician unchecked.

It was as a pianist that he intended to come before the world; and with the view of making himself fit for the career of a performer he returned to Leipsic and took up his abode with his master Wieck, with whom he remained for two years. His impatience driving him to discover some means of making his fingers pliant without prolonged drudgery, he invented a machine which he supposed would enable him to arrive at complete facility at once. He applied it to his right hand first, and instead of curing its deficiencies, maimed it completely from that time forward. He was now of course obliged to give up working at the pianoforte with Wieck; but he still lived in his house and worked at composition under a man called Dorn, who held the position of conductor in the opera at Leipsic. With him he began almost at the very elements, and worked

his way through the drudgery which most aspirants to the fame of composer complete almost in boyhood.

At this time he tried various lines of composition, and works both of large and small calibre. The larger works were all afterwards laid aside and only the lesser works for pianoforte have survived; and in reality he expressed himself most naturally in the latter line at first, partly owing to the lack of education in the principles of composition, and partly to his sympathy with the instrument to which he had lately given so much attention. This sympathy was still all-powerful, and made him think most of his music from the point of view of a pianist—a condition from which he never altogether freed himself. But in this line his poetical and susceptible disposition served him in good stead, and in his early years he produced many of his happiest and most successful compositions in the form of highly imaginative pianoforte music. The line he chose was thoroughly in consonance with the spirit of the age. His bent was towards short, vivid pieces, in which he expressed some definite idea. They belonged to the same order as Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words,' but were far more characteristic and original, and more poetical and romantic. The standard of his ideas was so high, and his treatment of the instrument so rich in color, that he raised this branch of art to a point which it had never attained before, and left a mass of genuine lyrics which are the most enduring and enjoyable of all the thousands of such works which have come into existence in the present century.

In the early years of his musical career, after his abandonment of the project of becoming a great pianist, he was drawn into another line besides that of composition, which is equally characteristic of his relation to art. Many of his musical friends used to meet together in a restaurant and talk of music. They discussed the lowness of the taste of the public and the badness of musical criticism, and came to the conclusion that they themselves might do something to remedy it. They determined on a decisive plan of action, and founded a regular musical newspaper. The first number of this paper, which was called 'The New Journal of Music,' came out in April, 1834. Schumann himself, in after-years, wrote a preface to the series of his own articles which appeared in it. He said, "The musical situation was not then very encouraging in Germany. On the stage Rossini reigned, at the pianoforte nothing was heard but Herz and Hünten; and yet but a few years had passed since Beethoven, Weber, and Schubert had lived amongst us. One day the thought awakened in a wild heart, 'Let us not look on idly; let us also lend our aid to progress, let us bring again the poetry of art to honour among men.'"

Hence began a series of articles and sketches on music and musical subjects which are without parallel in the literature connected with the art. The style is fanciful, but singularly telling and attractive, and deals with all subjects in the genuinely appreciative spirit which is so extremely rare among writers upon music.

In this way he was able to play a most honorable part, for nearly all

the rising musicians of the day were at one time or another liberally helped by his generous words. Of Chopin he had written already before the paper was regularly started, and further criticism upon his works followed later on. In its pages he also wrote of Mendelssohn, Gade, Sterndale Bennett, Franz, Henselt, Stephen Heller, Berlioz, Liszt, Thalberg, Hiller, Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Moscheles, and Johannes Brahms, and always in a way which showed marvellous perception of their good points and touched their faults lightly and generously.

The newspaper was not, of course, solely devoted to praising and expressing sympathy for brother composers, but also contained articles and discussions about great masters of the past and their works. And not a little of this was carried on in a most peculiar way, which serves to connect Schumann's music with his literary work. He invented a fanciful name for the group of friends who joined with him in carrying on the newspaper. They were the "Davidsbündler," or "Davidites," whose mission was to wage war against musical Philistinism; that is, against narrowness, pedantry, commonplace, and vulgarity. This Davidsbund comprised many names, which partly represented types of thought and feeling, and partly real persons, as far as the persons could be identified with the types. Schumann himself was represented by several names, which personified the various qualities which he felt to exist within himself. "Florestan" represented his impulsive and ardently imaginative side; "Eusebius," the more thoughtful and critical side; "Meister Raro" stood between the two and interposed in their discussions. Mendelssohn was "Felix Meritis," Clara Wieck was sometimes "Chiarina," sometimes "Cecilia;" and other persons had characteristic titles. By using the names representing different types of mind dialogues were carried on upon matters of musical interest from different points of view; or a string of aphorisms with the names of the personified types appended gave similarly effective impressions.

This literary device was also carried on in connection with Schumann's own music, which was in some cases attributed to different personalities. The largest of his sonatas, that in F-sharp minor, was attributed at first to both Florestan and Eusebius. Another work with many different pieces in it is called 'Davidsbündlertänze': in the 'Carnival' he returned to the practice which was attributed to him as a boy at school, and gave fanciful musical portraits of several members of the ideal confraternity, including Chopin, himself in different moods, Clara Wieck, and Ernestine von Fricken, a person by whom he was at one time considerably attracted; and the whole ends up with a "march of the Davidites against the Philistines." In such ways the curious fancy of the Davidsbund colored all the first period of Schumann's musical life, and represents his ardor for advancing the art by both teaching and example, and infusing it with poetical fancy. As he advanced in years the names were dropped, and he lived more in practical realities. They ceased to appear in connection with his musical works early, and the last is said to have appeared in his literary works in 1842.

A most important influence in Schumann's life was his love for Clara Wieck, the daughter of his teacher, Friedrich Wieck. He had been a great deal with her in the days when he was living in her father's house, but she was too young then to inspire him with any great passion. But as she developed into womanhood a far more powerful feeling took possession of him than any he had before experienced, and her feelings responded to his. When they both found out the state of their affections Schumann applied to the father to allow them to marry; but the father, on considering his prospects, saw little that was promising in them, and refused. In the end Schumann took his case into the law-courts; for in Germany a man who refuses to let his daughter marry can be forced to explain the reason of his refusal in a court of justice. It must have been an unpleasant operation to go through, and cannot have conduced to a happy frame of mind as long as the contest lasted; but fortunately the courts decided in Schumann's favor, and after about a year of anxiety the marriage took place, in 1840.

His marriage was the beginning of a new life for Schumann in more ways than one. One of the happiest results was that he burst into song for the first time. In the year that succeeded his marriage he poured out in rapid succession all his finest songs, to the number of over one hundred and thirty. It was probably the happiest period of his life when he did this work, and the work itself represents him in his best and clearest phase.

The way in which he grappled at once with this branch of art, and worked it out to the full limits of his powers, to the exclusion of other work, became characteristic of him in his best time. He had written all his best pianoforte music before his marriage; in the year following it he wrote all his best songs; and in the years that succeeded he worked in similar manner at one province at a time, taking up new ones in succession, and achieving a great quantity of work in each before passing on to another province. Immediately after the long bout of song-writing he went to work at symphonies, and in one year produced three of his most important works in that line. In the following year he took up yet another province in the shape of chamber-music, and in this again he was surprisingly successful. In the next year he took up yet another new line, and attacked choral composition for the first time. The work with which he presented himself before the public was a setting of a cantata adapted from Moore's 'Lalla Rookh,' called 'Paradise and the Peri'; and this was received with such evident delight that he forthwith proceeded to another attempt in the same line but on a grander scale; and in the course of 1844 he began to set scenes from Goethe's 'Faust.' But after writing four numbers, his work was interrupted by a serious breakdown in health.

He began to be troubled with loss of musical memory, sleeplessness, and strange and uncanny fancies, showing a decided disorganization of some kind, either of nerves or brain. For the sake of rest and quiet he

determined on leaving Leipsic and going to Dresden, where he soon found some relief.

Schumann's stay at Dresden came to an end when political disturbances broke out there in 1849. He was unfitted by his reserved and retiring disposition to take any part in such public manifestations, and he retired first to a village called Kreischa, where he went on working quietly at his compositions even within a few miles of the exciting scenes of the insurrection. This first move was soon followed by a more decided one. While in Dresden he had first had a little experience of systematic conducting. A men's choral society had been prospering there under the direction of Schumann's friend Hiller, and when he left to take another post in Düsseldorf Schumann went on with the work. But Schumann was not really fitted for the ways of a German singing-club, and the chief advantage of the experiment was that it led to his getting the command of a larger choral society with mixed voices, where he had better opportunities and a more congenial atmosphere. This roused him a good deal in many ways, and afforded him opportunities of doing practical work which took him a little out of himself. The experience so gained led to the hope that he might get some definite post as a conductor, and when Ferdinand Hiller moved on from Düsseldorf to Cologne Schumann obtained the post of Capellmeister there. At first this new line of work seemed a success. But Schumann appears not to have been really fitted for conducting. The natural impulse in him to look inwards rather than outwards, and his reserve and habits of silence, were all against it. His want of fitness for such work increased as time went on, and the signs of the return of mental troubles such as he had had before, when he left Leipsic first for Dresden, began to make ominous appearance. It became obvious to the directors that some one must be found to take his place. They tried all they could to spare Schumann's feelings, but with a man whose mind was in an unhealthy condition it was impossible to get through such a difficult operation without disaster. Schumann could not be persuaded to meet the directors half way and ease the rupture, and in the end the parting was effected in a manner which left a painful impression upon the composer's mind.

When he left Düsseldorf he went with his wife for a concert tour in Holland, which seemed to enliven him, and the sympathy they met with in that country soon raised his spirits; but his health was gone too far in a serious direction for return to the happiness and clearness of spirit and work of earlier days. Hallucinations of a strange kind began to present themselves, and nervous disorder and depression became more frequent and irresistible. The working of the disease was intermittent, and in the intervals he still continued to work and to carry on his relations with people as usual. He himself felt so unsafe from the effect of these visitations that he even wished to be taken to an asylum—though for many years past he had had a morbid horror of such places. At last the crisis came, and in the afternoon of the twenty-seventh of February, 1854, in one of

his fits of acute depression he tried to put an end to his life by throwing himself from a bridge into the Rhine. His life was saved by some boatmen, and he was taken to a private asylum near Bonn, where he remained for the rest of his life. He was still able in his happier and clearer moments to carry on correspondence and see friends and relations, but no more composition of importance was undertaken, and after two mournful years, he died, on July 29, 1856, in the arms of his noble and loving wife.

The success which was won first by Schumann's pianoforte works and songs and chamber-music was ultimately won also by such large works as overtures and symphonies; and though other men have attained greater popularity in the last branch of art, his works stand at the highest level of nobility and vigor of style and variety of interest between Beethoven's time and our own. His influence has naturally been very great upon later composers, and some have gained even remarkable popularity by doing little more than reproducing his style and methods. His influence upon the musical world in general has also been great and of the very best quality. His style of criticism first awakened people to more generous and self-respecting views of art, and his music in its turn roused them to feel what is really beautiful and nobly emotional, rather than to rest content with a cold and mechanical emptiness which too often succeeds in passing itself off as classical art because it does not violate conventional proprieties.

The spirit which lived in Bach and Beethoven lived also in him, and, in spite of the deficiencies of his education and the troubles of his later life, gave him finally a secure place among the immortals.—ABRIDGED FROM SIR C. H. H. PARRY'S SKETCH OF SCHUMANN IN 'STUDIES OF GREAT COMPOSERS'

THE ART OF SCHUMANN

W. H. Hadow — *'Studies in Modern Music'*

IT is a common matter of accusation against the great composers that they have not, as a rule, been men of wide culture or varied interests. There is, in fact, a certain insularity about music. The other arts stand to one another as adjoining countries on a continent; the painter often sees his subject in a poem, the poet in a picture, while both alike are in frequent communication with the neutral ground of history and romance. The musician, on the other hand, finds that his special pursuit is isolated from the world of action; that it is independent of the records and achievements of humanity.

But as human nature progresses in complexity the need of general cultivation increases. Men "who, separate, ignored each other's arts" are replaced by successors who gradually abandon the scheme of self-sufficiency and substitute that of intercourse and exchange; for all culture has its effect on character, and the artist of a highly civilized age must participate in the general development if he is to keep in touch with the public which he addresses. In the early days of the classical ideal a man might be a great composer with the barest minimum of outside knowledge; in the Romantic movement which followed he would be driven to rely less upon *a priori* abstract laws, and more on his own temperament and the general influences by which it was formed.

It may be that this change in the circumstances of composition has not been wholly advantageous. Music has lost in purity, perhaps in absolute beauty, while it has gained in emotional force and significance. It has grown more sympathetic; it has left its remote Alpine peak and drawn nearer to the tempestuous valleys of our emotional life. It can never cross the great gulf which separates the ideal from the phenomenal, but it stands near enough to the brink for us to see dim outlines and shadowy forms and to occupy ourselves with vain attempts to recognize their features or determine their characteristics.

Schumann's whole life was an endeavor to unite the two ideals. In spirit he is a Romantic of the Romantics, directing his music towards the outside world with a hundred hints and explanations. In form he recognized Bach as his master, and strove to express his ideas in the most elaborate language of the old polyphony. In one important point Schumann's method of composition stands in closest relation to the earlier Romantic movement in German poetry. "The plastic figures in antique Art," says Heine, "are identical with the thing represented. The wanderings of the Odyssey mean nothing more than the wanderings of the man called Odysseus, the son of Laertes and the husband of Penelope. It is otherwise in Romantic Art: here the wanderings of the knight have an esoteric signification; they typify, perhaps, the mazes of life in general. The dragon that is vanquished is sin; the almond-tree that wafts its fragrance to the hero is the Trinity. . . . Classical Art had to portray only the finite, and its form could be identical with the artist's idea. Romantic Art had to represent, or rather to typify, the infinite and the spiritual, and therefore was compelled to have recourse to a system of traditional or parabolic symbols." So it is with music. The tunes in a sonata of Mozart are satisfied to be beautiful melodies and nothing more; no question arises as to their meaning or character. The tunes of Schumann, like the colors of Rossetti, are always trembling on the verge of symbolism. Not, of course, that music can be tied down to any definite signification; on this point the failure of Berlioz is complete and conclusive. But though it cannot work on the same lines as articulate thought, it may possibly work on parallel lines; that is to say, it may express some broad generic type of emotion with which the articulate thought may be brought

into sympathy. For instance, a great many of Schumann's pianoforte pieces have specific names —'Warum,' 'Erster Verlust,' 'Botschaft,' and so on. It would be impossible for us to supply the names from hearing the piece; but if we know the names already we shall recognize that the musical treatment is appropriate. This was precisely what Schumann intended. He writes to Dorn, "I have never come across anything more absurd than Rellstab's criticism of my Kinderscenen. He seems to imagine that I got hold of a crying child and sought for inspiration from its sobs. I don't deny that certain children's faces hovered before my mind while I was composing, but the titles were of course added afterwards, and are, as a matter of fact, merely hints as to the treatment and interpretation." In one word, Schumann did not wish his melodies to tell a definite story or paint a definite picture, but he did wish to bring his hearers into a condition of mind from which they could "go on romancing for themselves."

It may be added that Schumann himself had a clear view of the extent and limits of his position. "People err," he says, "if they think that a composer puts pen to paper with the predetermination of expressing or depicting some particular fact. Yet we must not estimate outward influences and impressions too lightly. . . . The more elements congenially related to music which the tone-picture contains within it the more poetic and plastic will be the expression of the composition, and in proportion to the imaginativeness and receptivity of the composer will be the elevating and touching quality of his work." And again, more boldly: "The ill-educated man can scarcely believe that music possesses the power of expressing particular passions, and therefore it is difficult for him to comprehend the more individual masters. We have learned to express the finer shades of feeling by penetrating more deeply into the mysteries of harmony." No doubt Schumann is here claiming too much. Music cannot "express the finer shades of feeling;" it can only suggest the broader types and universals. But in any case we have here the words of a composer who approaches his art from the poetical side; who is as far as possible removed from the abstract, unconscious, unreflective methods of the earlier masters. Mozart and Haydn were musicians; Schumann was, in the fullest sense of the term, a tone-poet.

As a writer for the pianoforte he may be said to rank beside Schubert. He has less melodic gift, less sweetness, perhaps less originality, but he appreciates far more fully the capacities of the instrument, and possesses more power of rich and recondite harmonization. His polyphony was a new departure in the history of pianoforte music, based upon that of Bach, but exhibiting a distinctive color and character of its own. The beauty of his single phrases, the vigor and variety of his accompaniments, the audacity of his "bitter-sweet discords," are all so many claims on immortality. His spirit, too, is essentially human. No composer is more companionable, more ready to respond to any word and sympathize with any emotion. There are times when we feel that Bach is too remote,

Beethoven too great, Chopin too pessimistic; but we can always turn to Schumann with the certainty that somewhere in his work we shall find satisfaction.

It may be that much of his work will not survive the attack of time. There are few men who do not find that the greater part of their life's record is written in water. But something at least will remain. He is not only the best representative, but the virtual founder of a distinct style in music; his sense of beauty is often exquisite; his feeling pure, manly, and chivalrous. So long as melody possesses the power to soothe, to comfort, to sympathize, so long shall we turn in gratitude to one who could transmute the sorrows of his own heart into an elixir for the cure of others.

Sir C. H. H. Parry — *'The Evolution of the Art of Music'*

SCHUMANN, like Beethoven, revels in a mass of sound. But his sound is far more sensuous and chromatic. He loved to use all the pedal that was possible, and had but little objection to hearing all the notes of the scale sounding at once. He is said to have liked dreaming to himself, by rambling through all sorts of harmonies with the pedal down; and the glamour of crossing rhythms and the sounding of clashing and antagonistic notes were most thoroughly adapted to his nature. A certain confusion of many factors, a luxury of conflicting elements which somehow make a unit in the end, serves admirably to express the complicated nature of the feelings and sensibilities and thoughts of highly organized beings in modern times. Chopin's style has colored almost all pianoforte music since his time, in respect of the manner and treatment of the instrument; and many successful composers are content merely to reproduce his individualities in a diluted form. But Schumann has exerted more influence in respect of matter and treatment of design. With him the substance is of much greater significance, and he reaches to much greater depths of genuine feeling. As illustrating the profusion of sensations, the poetic sensibility, and even the luxury and intellectuality, the passion and the eagerness, of modern life, Chopin and Schumann between them cover the ground more completely than all the rest of modern pianoforte composers put together.

Philip Spitta — *In 'Grove's Dictionary of Music'*

ALTHOUGH few of Schumann's pianoforte works of the first period are without defects of form, yet their beauties are so many that we easily forget those defects. In certain ways the compositions of the first ten years present the most characteristic picture of Schumann's genius. In after-life he proposed and attained loftier ideals in works worthy of the perfect master; but the freshness and charm of his earlier pianoforte works was never surpassed, and in his later years was but rarely reached.

It is, however, characteristic of his early works that broad, bold melodies rarely occur in them, though there is a superabundance of melodic fragments—germs of melody, as they might be called, full of a deep expression of their own. This music is pervaded by a spring-like animation and force, a germ of future promise, which gives it a peculiar romantic character—a character strengthened by the admixture of poetic moods and feelings. Schumann was both musician and poet, and he who would thoroughly understand his music must be first imbued with the spirit of the German poets who were most prominent in Schumann's youth: above all others, Jean Paul and the whole romantic school, particularly Eichendorff, Heine, and Rückert. And just as these poets were specially great in short lyrics, revealing endless depths of feeling in a few lines, so did Schumann succeed, as no one has done before or since, in saying great things and leaving unutterable things to be felt in the small form of a short pianoforte piece.

The Editor *Critical Summary*

"ALL the world," it has been said, "loves a lover;" and it is also true that all the world loves an enthusiast, a man of ardent, downright, impulsive temperament, sensitive to beauty and eager to pursue it. This is doubtless the ultimate reason for the great favor Schumann has met with from music-lovers, the unique place he has come to hold in their hearts. There is about Schumann an eternal youth, an untarnished freshness, an unfailing spontaneity, that compel our love and sympathy. If you once fall under the spell of this bright spirit, the very word "Schumann" has thenceforth for your ears a peculiar sound. He is like no other musician; he has his own place, from which no later or even greater artist can oust him.

The most obvious evidence of this enthusiasm of his—the enthusiasm of some divine boy—is his romanticism, which in his early years was almost grotesque in its ardor and absolute unconventionality. The Schumann of the Davidsbund, composer of the 'Papillons' and the 'Carnival,' lived so entirely in the world of his own fancy that he almost lost sight of common humanity altogether. Later, however, he modified his style in the direction of clearness, comprehensibility, and simplicity, without losing any of its vigor and poetic flavor. In the 'Novelettes,' the 'Phantasie,' the wonderful songs, the symphonies, and the two great overtures, he stands forth as one of the most puissant minds in music.

In his best works, we hardly know which is the most impressive of many technical qualities, the result of his mental attitude towards life and art. Perhaps the most prominent of all is the spontaneity and wealth of his melody. Tune after tune, each one as pure and fresh as spring-water, sparkles forth from the inexhaustible fountain of his fancy. He does not, to be sure, hold the thread of thought as tightly as does a master like Beethoven; there is something fragmentary in the way one

melody succeeds another before its beauties are half exhausted. But it were ungracious to cavil with the methods of a genius that can give us such delight. Then again, there are the force, variety, and originality of Schumann's harmony. His use of harsh dissonances, suddenly introduced at the opening of a measure, is characteristic; so are his anticipations of a new harmony, made while a part of the old is still sounding; so are his sudden shiftings of the tonality into remote keys. He is a virtuoso in harmony. Then finally, there is his ingenuity, one is tempted to call it his absolute novelty, in rhythmic devices. It sometimes seems as if musicians never knew what cross-accents, or piquant, uneven rhythms, or syncopations, meant before Schumann.

In all Schumann's work there is the mark of the person, the individual flavor, that only genius ever attains. He, of all the composers of his time, fascinates us most irresistibly. He is more virile than Chopin, more poetic and subtle than Schubert, more daring, more thoroughly alive than Mendelssohn. He is the king of the Romantics.

THE WORKS OF SCHUMANN

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

AS Schumann at first, before the unfortunate accident which crippled his right hand, intended to be a pianist, it was natural that all his early work should be written for the pianoforte. The bulk, indeed, of all his compositions for piano were written in his youth. The piano was to such a degree his natural medium of musical expression that these early works are on the whole more characteristic, more satisfactory, and less marred by technical shortcomings than his later chamber and orchestral music, so much more ambitious in scope. The true Schumann is in them; and they have therefore been chosen for reproduction here rather than his symphonies, overtures, or quartets. In such highly personal work as Schumann's, vitality, emotion, fancy, temperament, are the great desiderata, far outweighing in importance more technical and purely artistic qualities.

His earliest pieces for piano, however, were so bizarre in conception and execution, so perversely eccentric, that they are hardly representative of their author's mature mind. In his salad years, his fancy was fairly fantastic, his creative faculties untrained, and his disregard of artistic conventions excessive. Later he learned to retain the more truly imaginative elements while toning down the mere riotous play of fancy; and his work became consequently more solid and sustained, and no whit less fascinating. It has seemed best to give here examples of these saner, quieter, productions of his remarkable genius.

I. "Evening" and "Soaring" — *From the 'Phantasiestücke,' Opus 12*

THE 'Phantasiestücke,' or Fantasy-pieces, were written in 1837, and are an attempt to arouse by music certain rather general states of feeling. The mood of the first, 'Des Abends,' or 'Evening,' is, as its title indicates, that of coming night — serenity, meditation, rest. The quietly progressing melody and the graceful, delicate accompaniment very well suggest this.

There is throughout an effect of rhythm that must be especially mentioned, not only because it is highly characteristic of Schumann, but because players frequently fail to notice and clearly to reproduce it. Melody and accompaniment have different schemes of rhythm, producing cross-accentuation. The fundamental motion is that of two groups of triplets in each measure; but upon this the melody superimposes the figure of three equal eighth-notes. If care be taken, while playing the melody-part singingly, to accentuate slightly the first note of the second triplet, in each measure, this charming effect will be fully rendered. If, on the other hand, this accent be not given, the movement will degenerate into bald and utterly flat 3-8 rhythm. Note how, in the third measure, the left hand supplies one of the tones of the melody; how in the twenty-first measure, a short melody is begun in the alto voice; and how, at the sixth measure from the end, the tenor rises to prominence. All these inner melodies must be made plainly audible.

'Soaring,' or 'Aufschwung,' as it is called in the original German, expresses the romantic ardor, the ideal passion, the high spiritual aspiration, which was one of Schumann's most constant feelings. There is in it immense vigor, dash, enthusiasm, impetuosity, both in the strongly marked rhythm of the unique initial theme and in the on-pressing motion of the second portion in D-flat. A quieter melody, very broad and tender, appears in B-flat major, there is some coquetry and scherzo-like staccato (page 23), and then a mysterious passage leads back to the first part, worked out with ever increased energy, and coming to a magnificently convincing close.

II. "Dreaming" — *From the 'Kinderscenen,' Opus 15*

THE 'Scenes of Childhood' is one of Schumann's most delicately beautiful series of pieces, and 'Dreaming' is certainly the most familiar and well-loved of all its parts. There is, however, an unfortunate tendency among players to degrade its true and quiet sentiment into an obtrusive sentimentality, by means of much *tempo rubato*, or whimsically altered time, and by holds and accents and other clap-trap bits of "expression." These should be carefully avoided. The player is also warned that in order to make clear the rather peculiar rhythm an accent is needed on the C at the beginning of the second measure, and in similar places. Without it,

the measure will seem to begin with the half-note, F. The mood of this charmingly quiet and intimate piece would perhaps be better suggested by the title 'Reverie' than by 'Dreaming.'

III. Arabeske *Opus 18*

THIS Arabeske, in the form of a short piece with two trios interpolated between its repetitions, for the sake of contrast, is delightfully simple and graceful. The main theme is a song-like melody in a characteristic rhythm, with the broken-chord accompaniment of which Schumann is so fond. Delicacy and precision of phrasing are very important to its proper effect. The first trio is a development of another song-like melody, so regular in meter that words could easily be set to it. Note the imitation of the theme in the bass in the eleventh and twelfth measures. A short passage (*più tranquillo*) full of mystical modulations leads back to the main theme. The second trio is more spirited in style and incisive in movement. Then comes another repetition of the first part, and a short, intensely Schumannesque coda.

IV. Two Novelettes *From Opus 21*

SCHUMANN'S eight Novelettes are in a form which he was the first to make familiar. "This form," says Mr. Fuller-Maitland, "if form it can be called, consists in the combination of many short musical organisms into one set or collection of pieces, the whole becoming organic by means of the inherent connection between the component parts." The first and fourth of the Novelettes, chosen for reproduction here, illustrate this form very well. Though there is little development of themes in them, and the scene is constantly shifting, so to speak, from one idea to another, yet all the ideas are so germane, and the mood of the whole is so well held, that the final effect is one of unity.

The first Novelette begins with a vigorous march-like theme in 4-4 time, full of the harsh, plangent dissonances that Schumann so delights in. Contrasting with this, there enters a more lyrical theme, a very lovely melody. After a short return of theme number one the signature changes to five flats, and we have an interesting—a really exciting—contrapuntal treatment of a theme of five notes in a downward scale, repeated in one voice after another. The remainder of the piece is made up of the two other themes, presented in slightly novel aspects. Altogether, there is a fine open-air freshness and joy about the entire composition.

The Novelette in D-major, the second one selected, is more whimsical, wayward, and light in expression. Exceedingly fresh and individual is the lightly skipping bass, which should be played with careful slurring and staccato. The section in A-major contrasts well, with its legato bass

and fragmentary phrases of wistful melody. After a return of the first part there is a characteristic passage of brilliant running figures, leading into a sonorous peroration. The piece as a whole calls for elasticity of touch, vigor of rhythm, and humor in the interpretation.

V. Romance *Opus 28, No. 2*

HERE is one of Schumann's noblest and most profoundly felt creations, compact of romantic fervor and classical dignity. It is like a protracted song, with gently undulating accompaniment, the melody being entrusted for the most part to the thumb and first finger of the right hand. This melody must be played with the clinging legato touch, so as to sound as nearly as possible like the utterance of a violin or a violoncello. After the double bar the melody passes into the upper voice, and the harmony becomes gradually more mysterious and troubled, until a recitative-like passage leads over into a resumption of the theme, over a "dominant pedal point." After a short contrapuntal episode, full of deep feeling, the whole comes to a quiet close—dies out, as it were—in a reiteration of the main melody accompanied by a persistently pulsating C-sharp. This Romance is one of the noblest and most affecting pages in piano literature.

VI. "The Prophet Bird" *From the 'Waldscenen,' Opus 82*

ALTHOUGH Schumann did not write his 'Waldscenen' or 'Forest Scenes' until 1848 and 1849, when his powers had already begun to be obscured by the mental malady which finally ended his life, they are as brimful of fancy as any of his works. Indeed, it is doubtful if he ever wrote a more consummate bit of musical symbolism than 'The Prophet Bird.' It is typical of the more delicate, elusive side of his oddly imaginative genius. The expressive qualities of this little piece quite defy verbal description —they must be felt at first hand, or not at all. But a word may be said of the technical means by which they are embodied. Much of the quaintness depends on the persistent "*appoggiaturas*" with which the phrases begin—tones, that is, foreign to the harmony, and made prominent by strong accent, quickly resolving into other tones that do belong to the chord. These *appoggiaturas* occur throughout the first and last parts, and in some places succeed each other in quick succession, like the flashing of many jewels, or of fireflies. The sustained melody in the middle is full of quiet and earnest feeling. The sudden, unexpected transposition to the key of E-flat is of remarkable effect. A careful attention to phrasing is indispensable to this piece, as indeed to most of Schumann's piano works, so delicately and nicely are they constructed.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF SCHUMANN

I. CHORAL. SECULAR. One opera, 'Genoveva,' opus 81. Music to Byron's 'Manfred,' opus 115. Several cantatas and other small choral works, notably 'Paradise and the Peri,' opus 50, and 'The Pilgrimage of the Rose,' opus 112. Scenes from Goethe's 'Faust.' SACRED. Mass, opus 147, and Requiem, opus 148.

There are also many part-songs, ballads, and romances, for unaccompanied chorus.

II. VOCAL. Over two hundred songs for a single voice with pianoforte accompaniment, of which the best known are the cycles 'Liederkreis,' 'Myrthen,' 'Liebesfrühling,' 'Frauenliebe und Leben,' and 'Dichterliebe.' Some duets, etc.

III. ORCHESTRAL. Four symphonies. Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, opus 52. Six overtures, of which the best are those to 'Manfred' and 'Genoveva.'

IV. CONCERTOS. Concerto for piano, opus 54. Introduction and Allegro Appassionato, Concert Piece, and Concert Allegro for the same. Concerto for violoncello, opus 129. Phantasie for violin, opus 131. Concert piece for four horns, opus 86.

V. CHAMBER-MUSIC. Piano quintet, opus 44. Piano quartet, opus 47. Three string quartets, opus 41. Three trios for piano, violin, and violoncello. Two violin and piano sonatas, ops. 105 and 121. Various other works.

VI. PIANOFORTE. Many works, of which the most important, in chronological order, are: 'Papillons,' opus 2; 'Davidsbündlertänze,' opus 6; Toccata, opus 7; 'Carnival,' opus 9; Sonata, opus 11; 'Phantasiestücke,' opus 12; 'Etudes Symphoniques,' opus 13; Sonata, opus 14; 'Kinderscenen,' opus 15; 'Kreisleriana,' opus 16; 'Phantasie,' opus 17; 'Arabeske,' opus 18; 'Blumenstück,' opus 19; 'Humoreske,' opus 20; 'Noveletten,' opus 21; Sonata, opus 22; 'Nachtstücke,' opus 23; 'Faschingsschwank aus Wien,' opus 26; three Romances, opus 28; 'Album für die Jugend,' opus 68; and 'Waldscenen,' opus 82.

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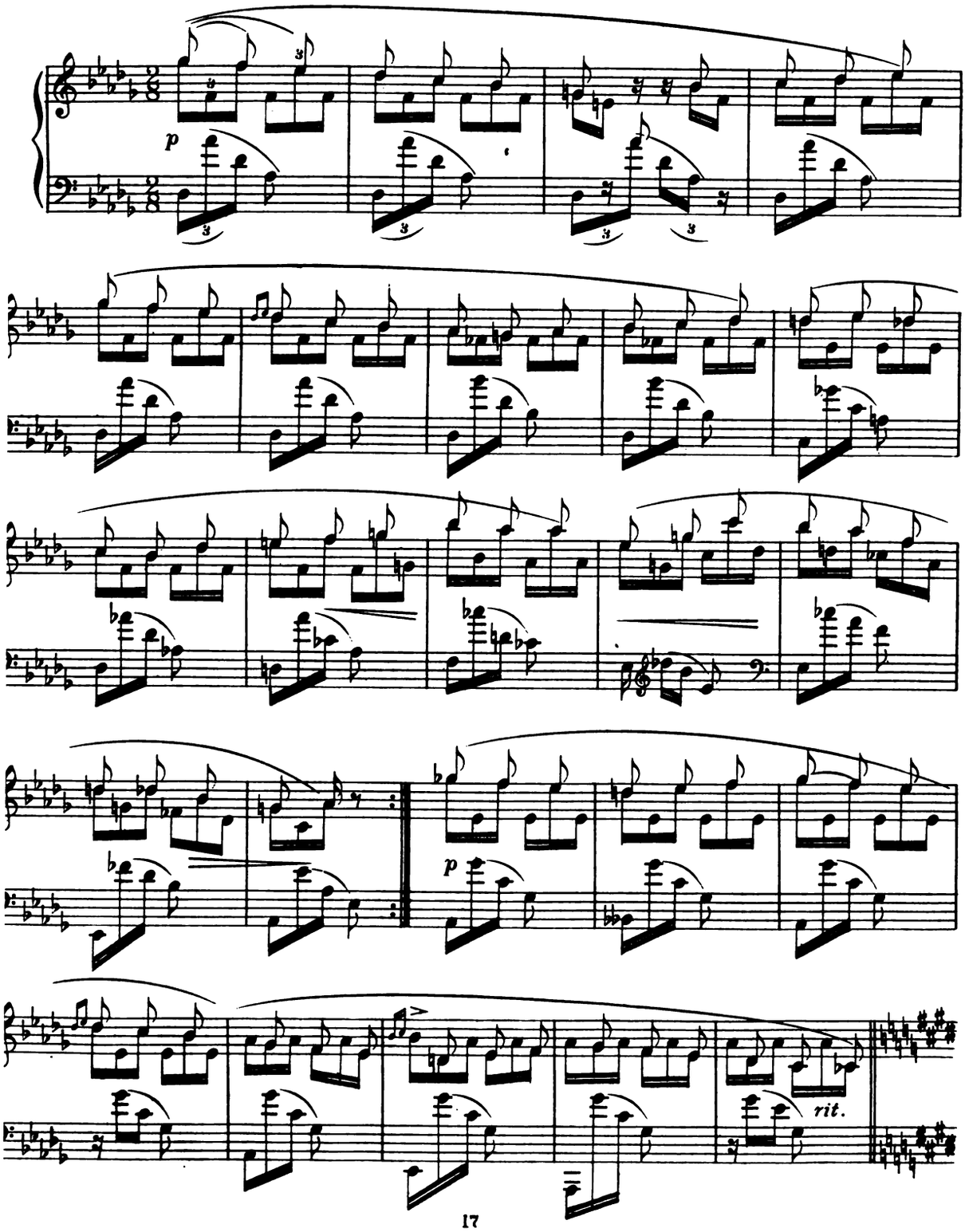
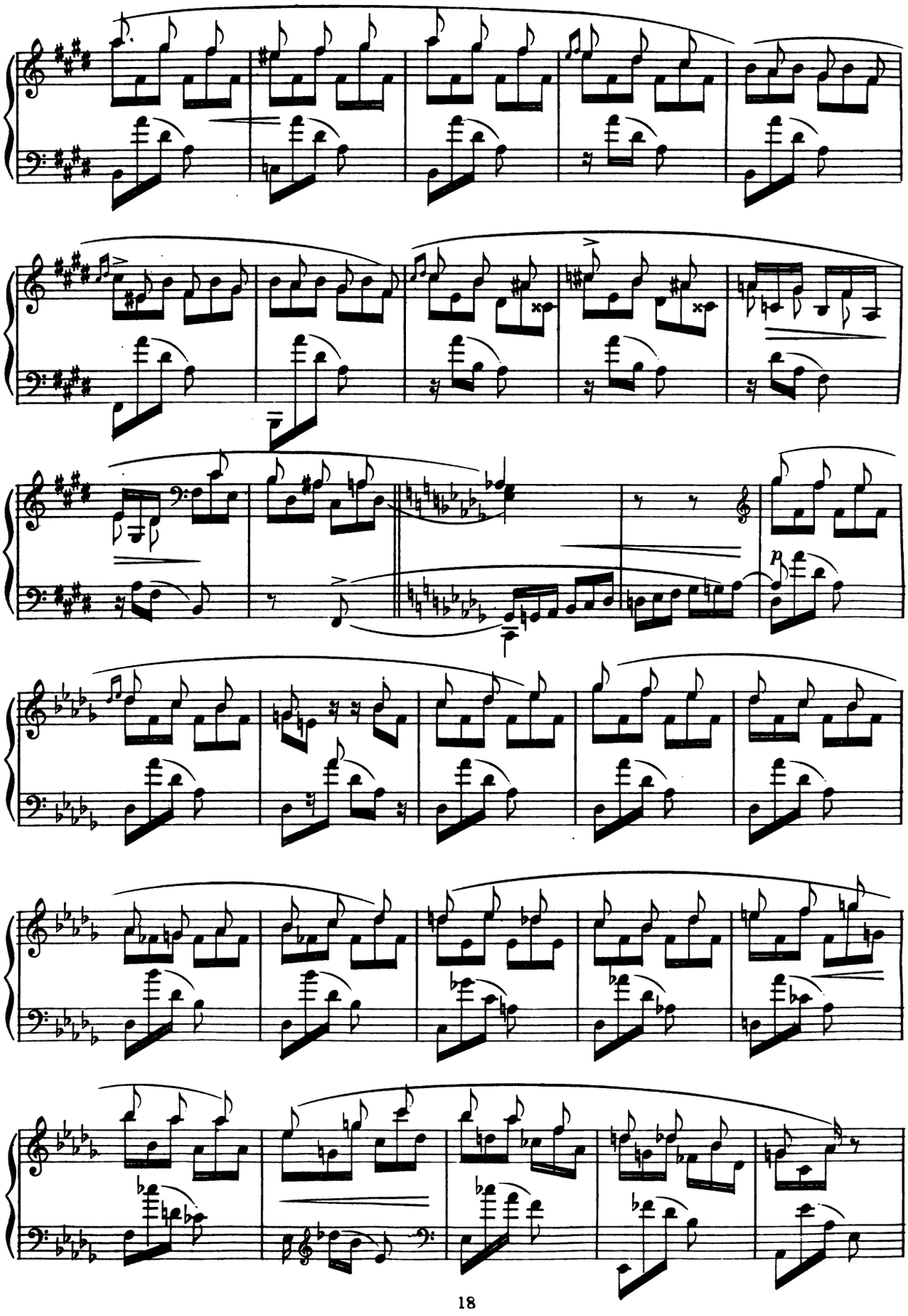
I. TWO PIECES

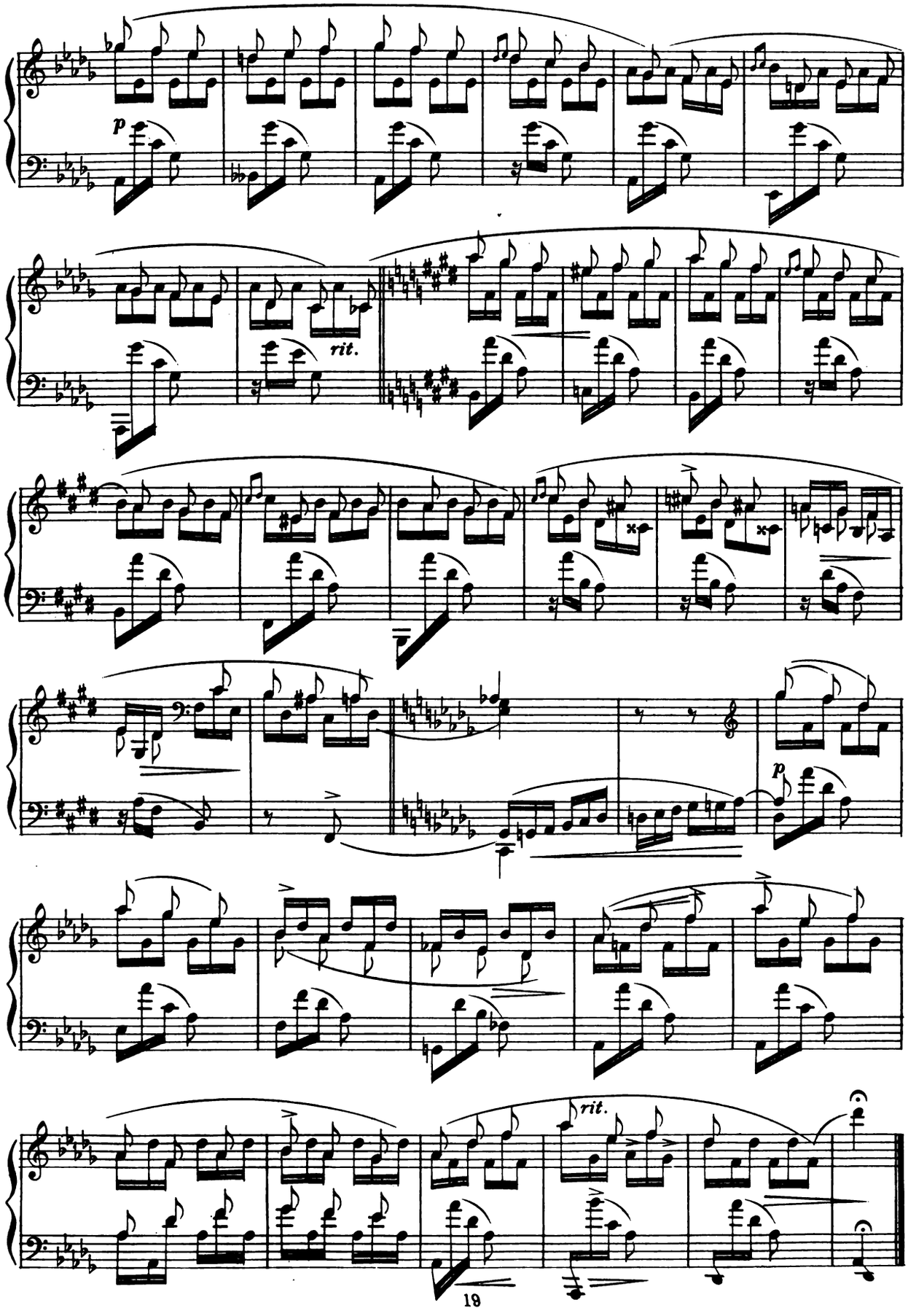
FROM THE 'PHANTASIESTÜCKE,' OPUS 12

I. "EVENING"

Molto affetuoso.



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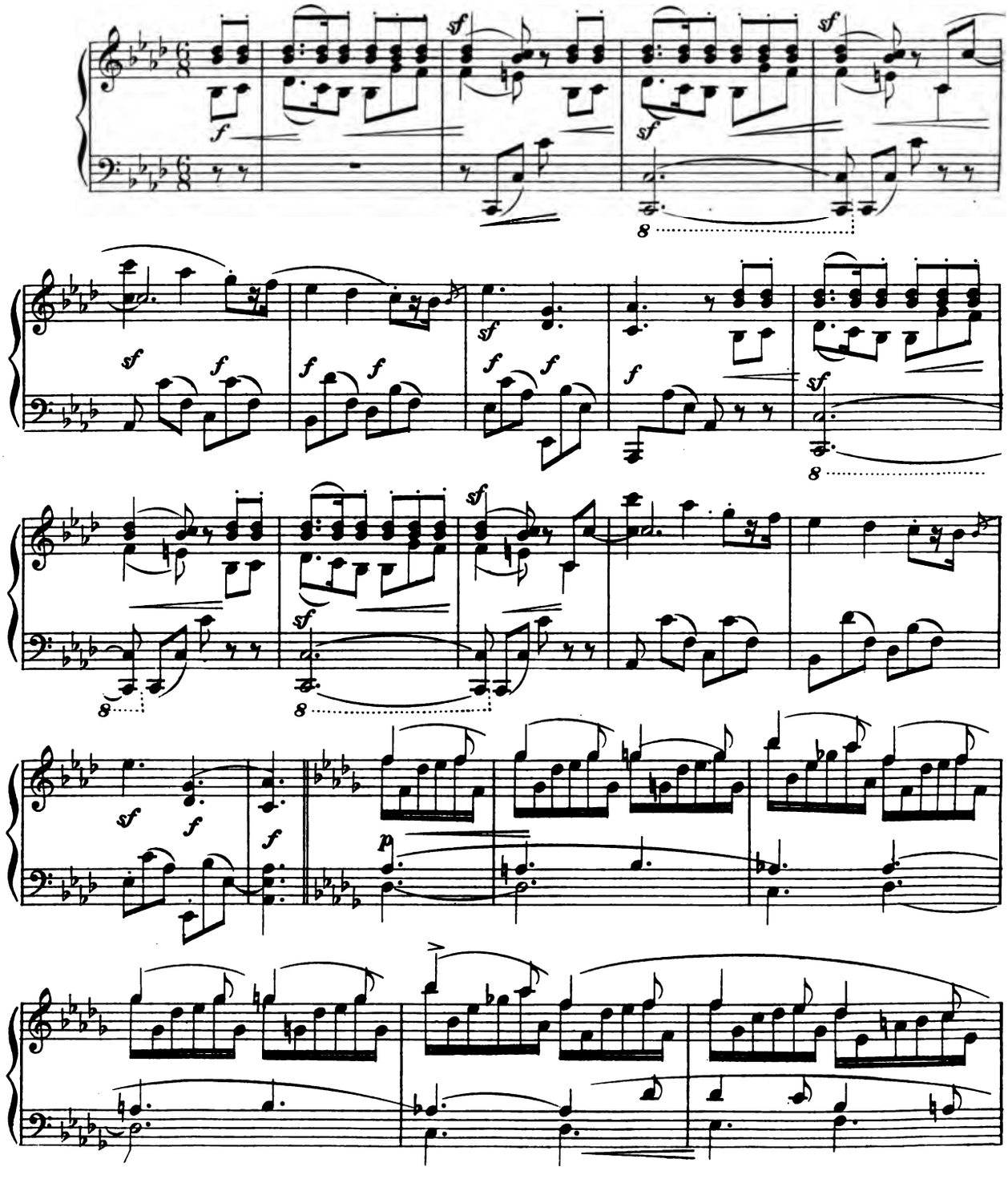
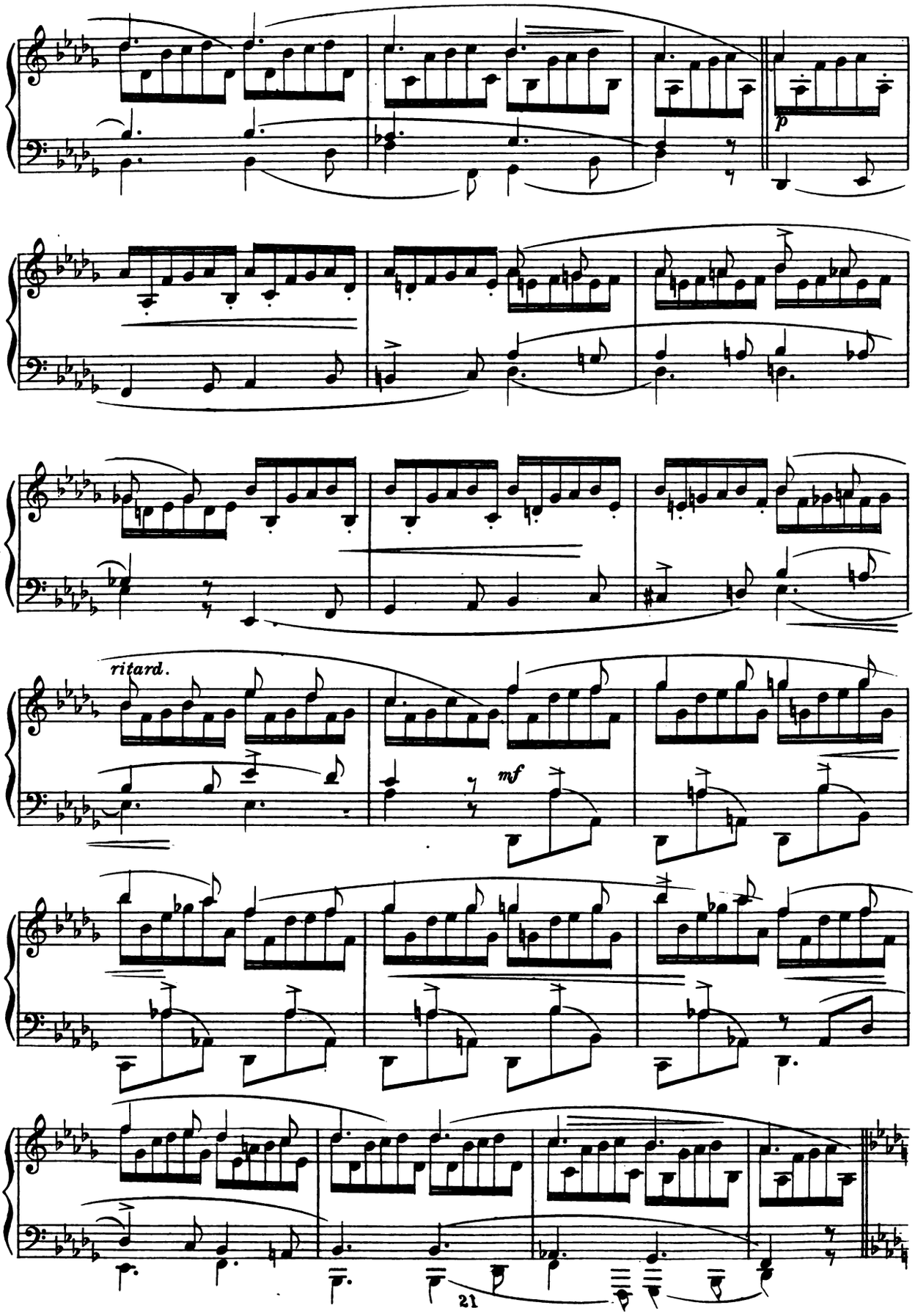
TWO PIECES, CONTINUED

FROM THE 'PHANTASIESTÜCKE,' OPUS 12

II. "SOARING"

Presto.

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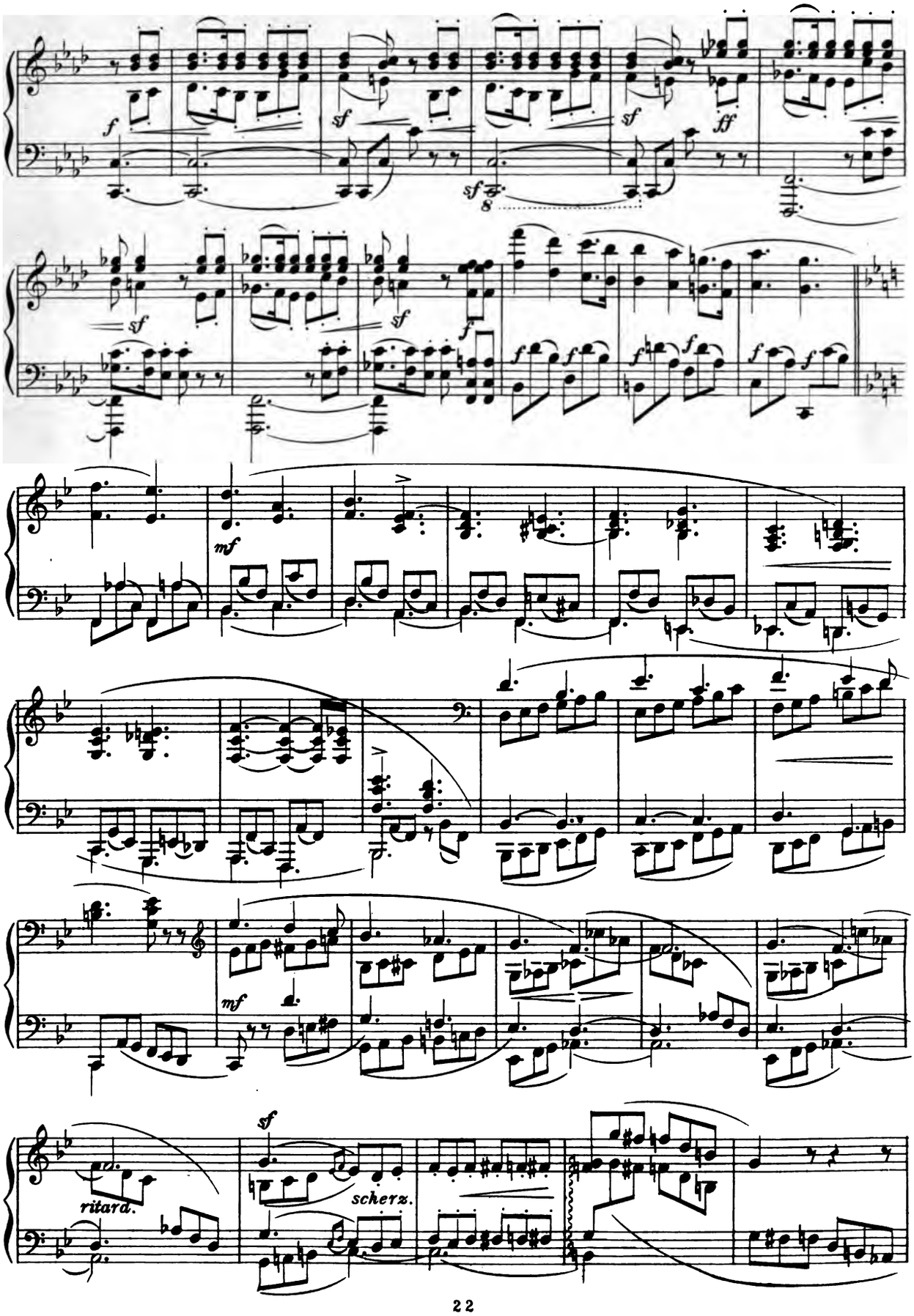
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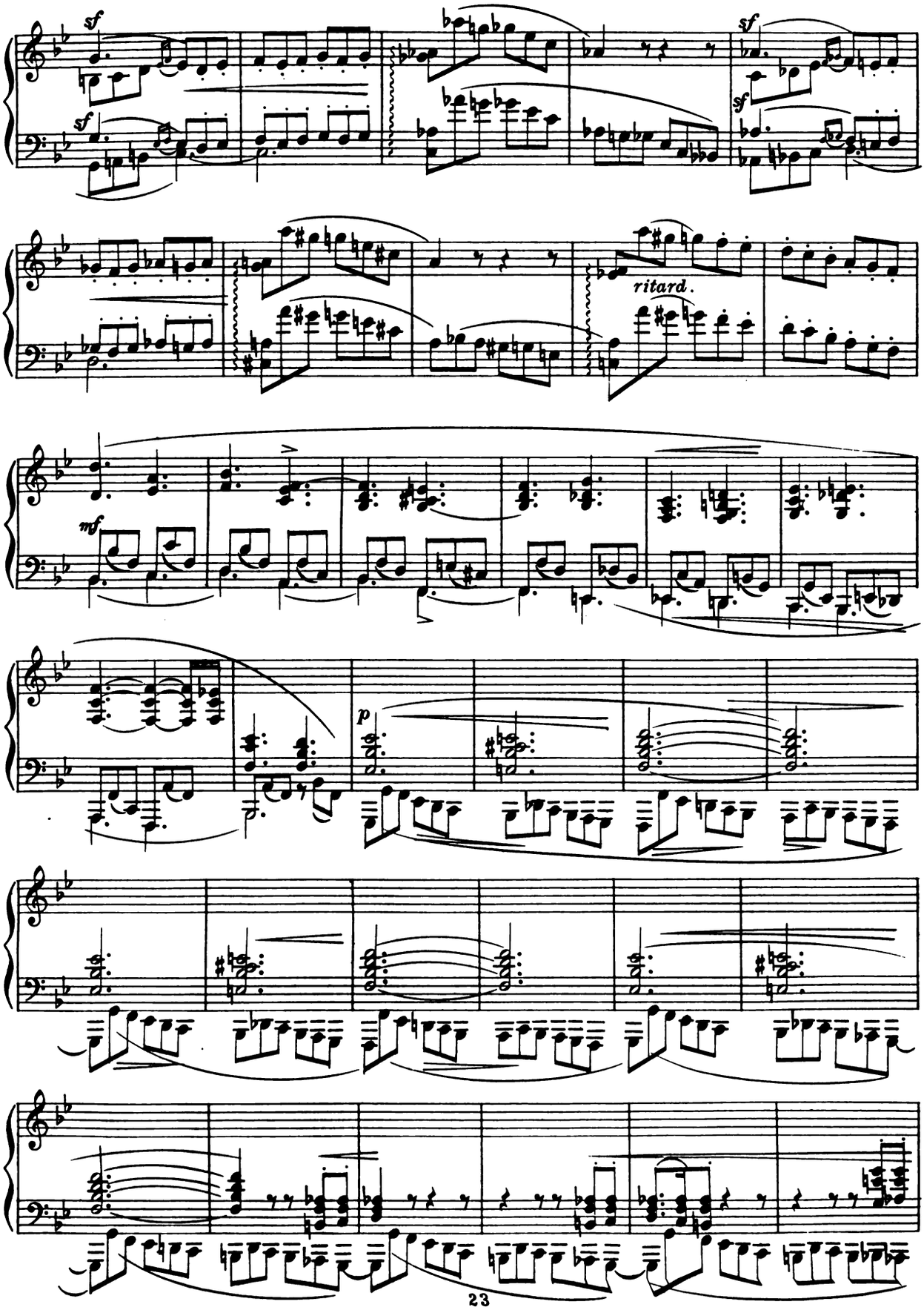
scherz.


sf
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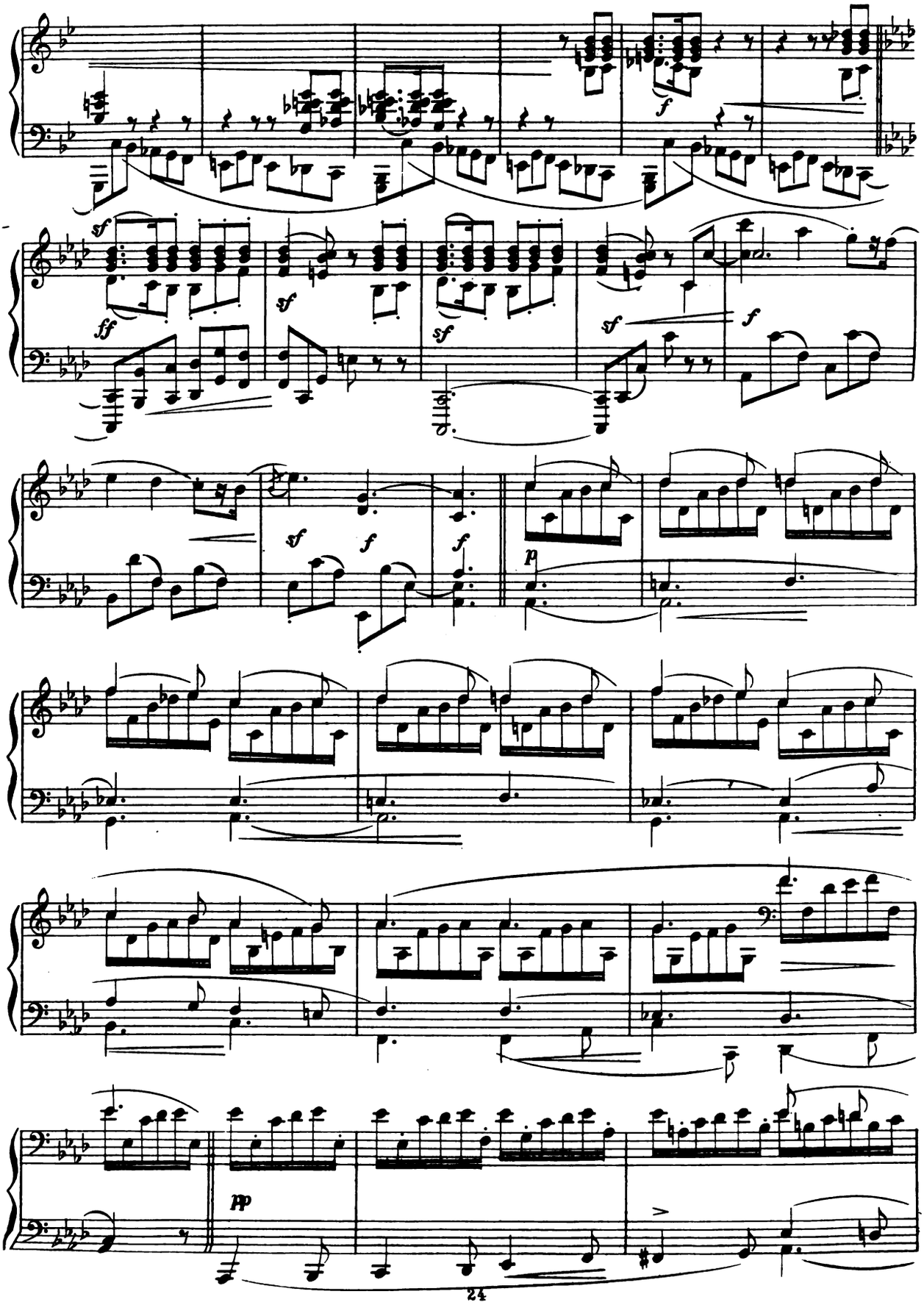
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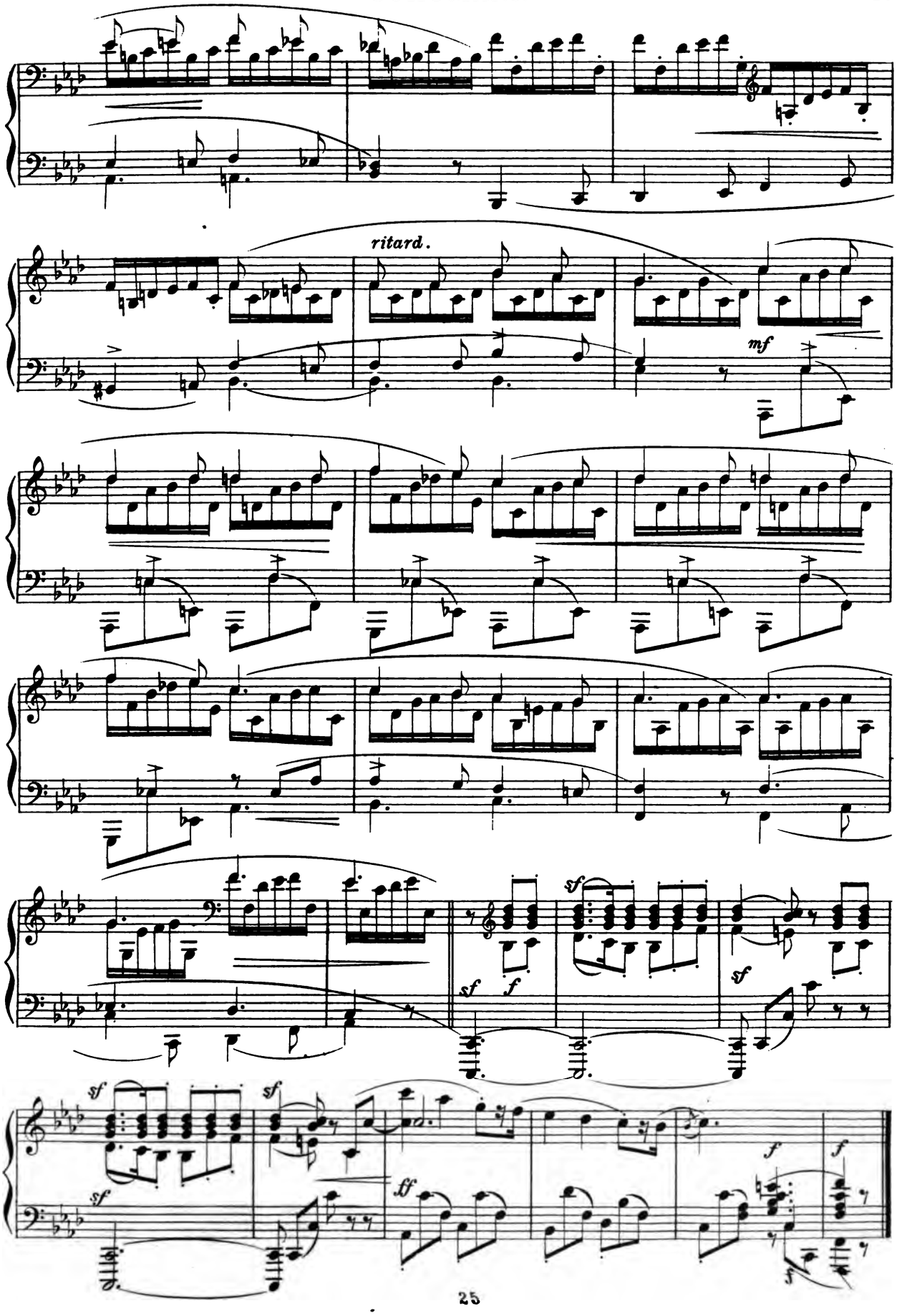
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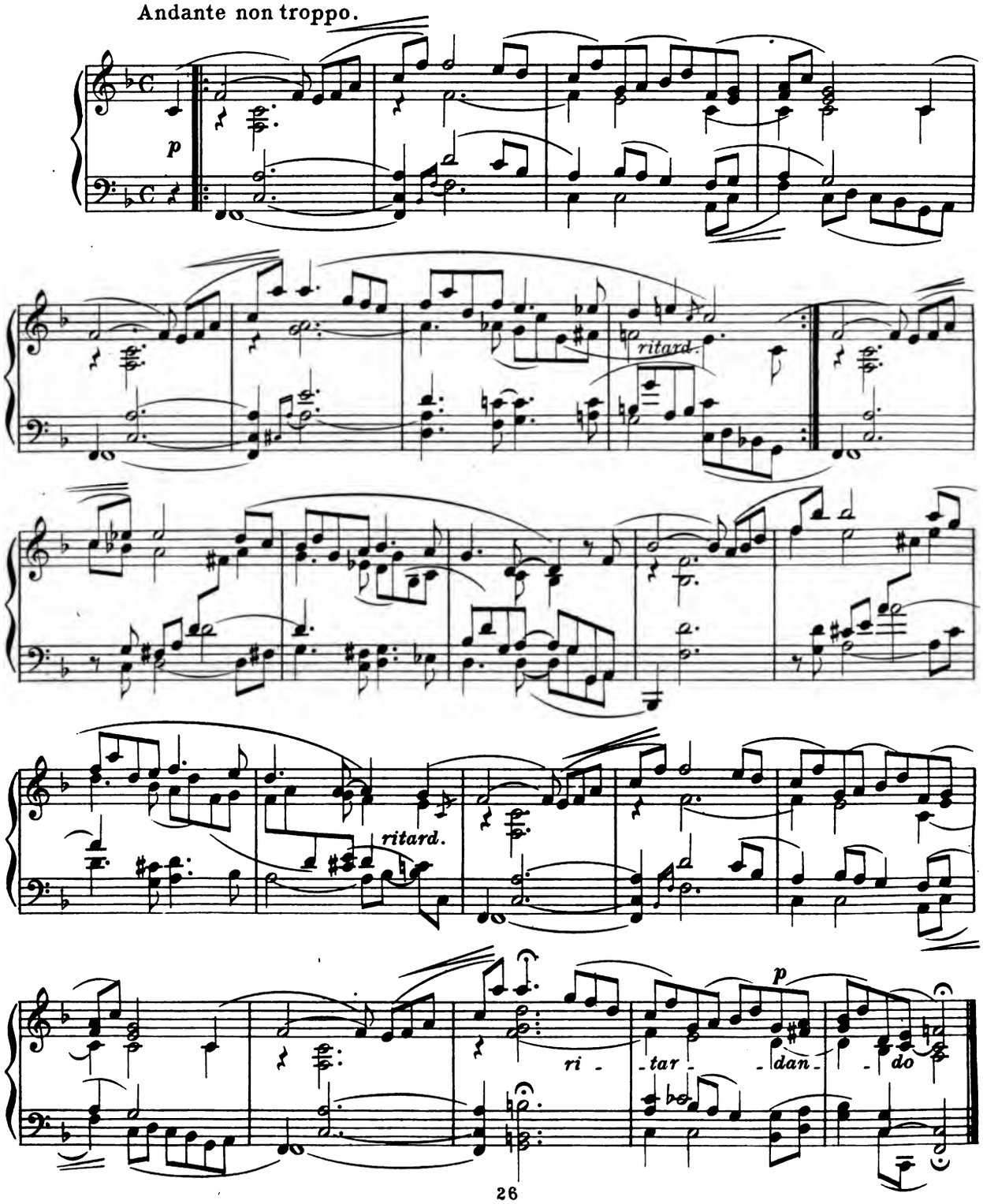
II. "DREAMING"

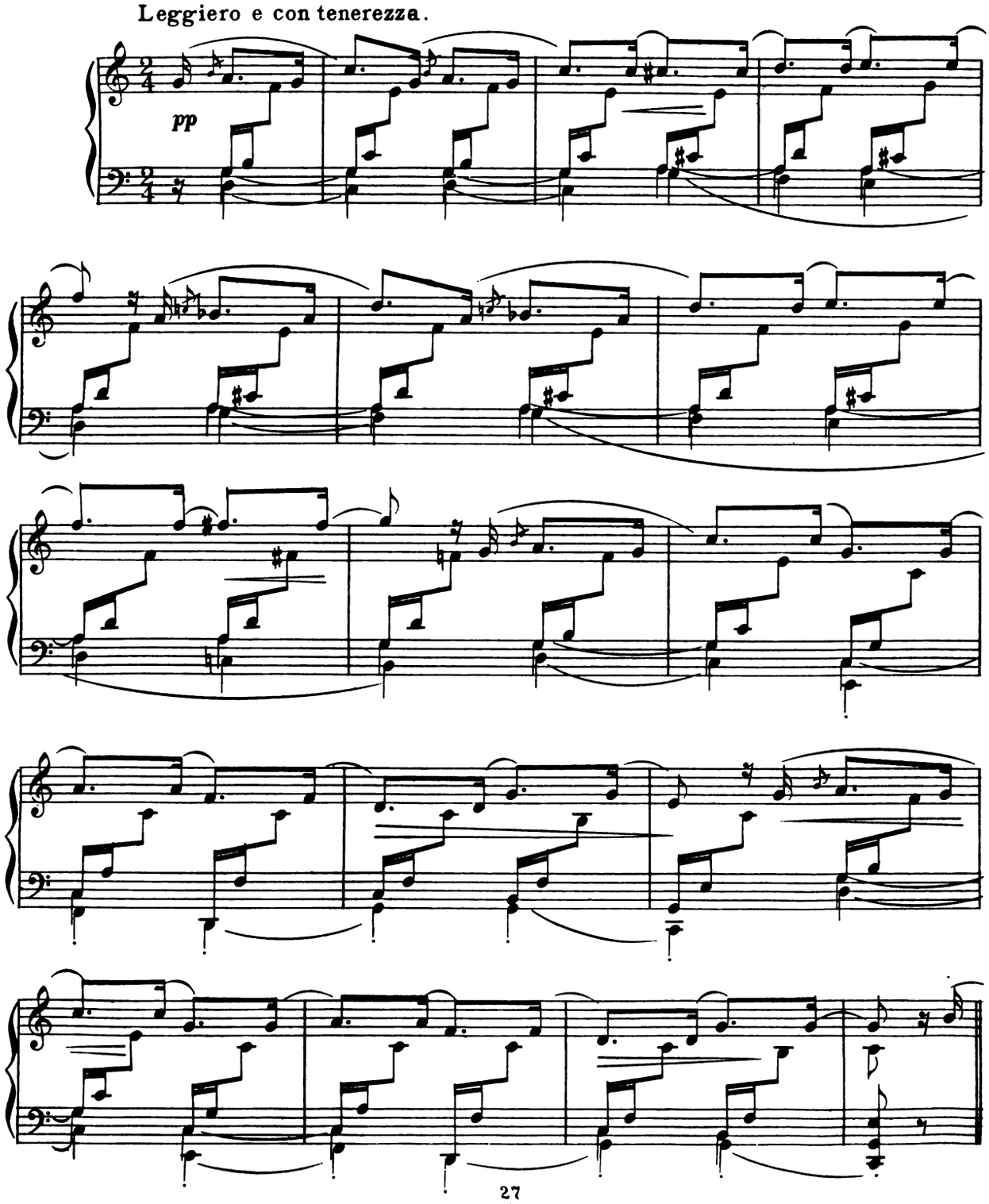
FROM THE 'KINDERSCENEN,' OPUS 15

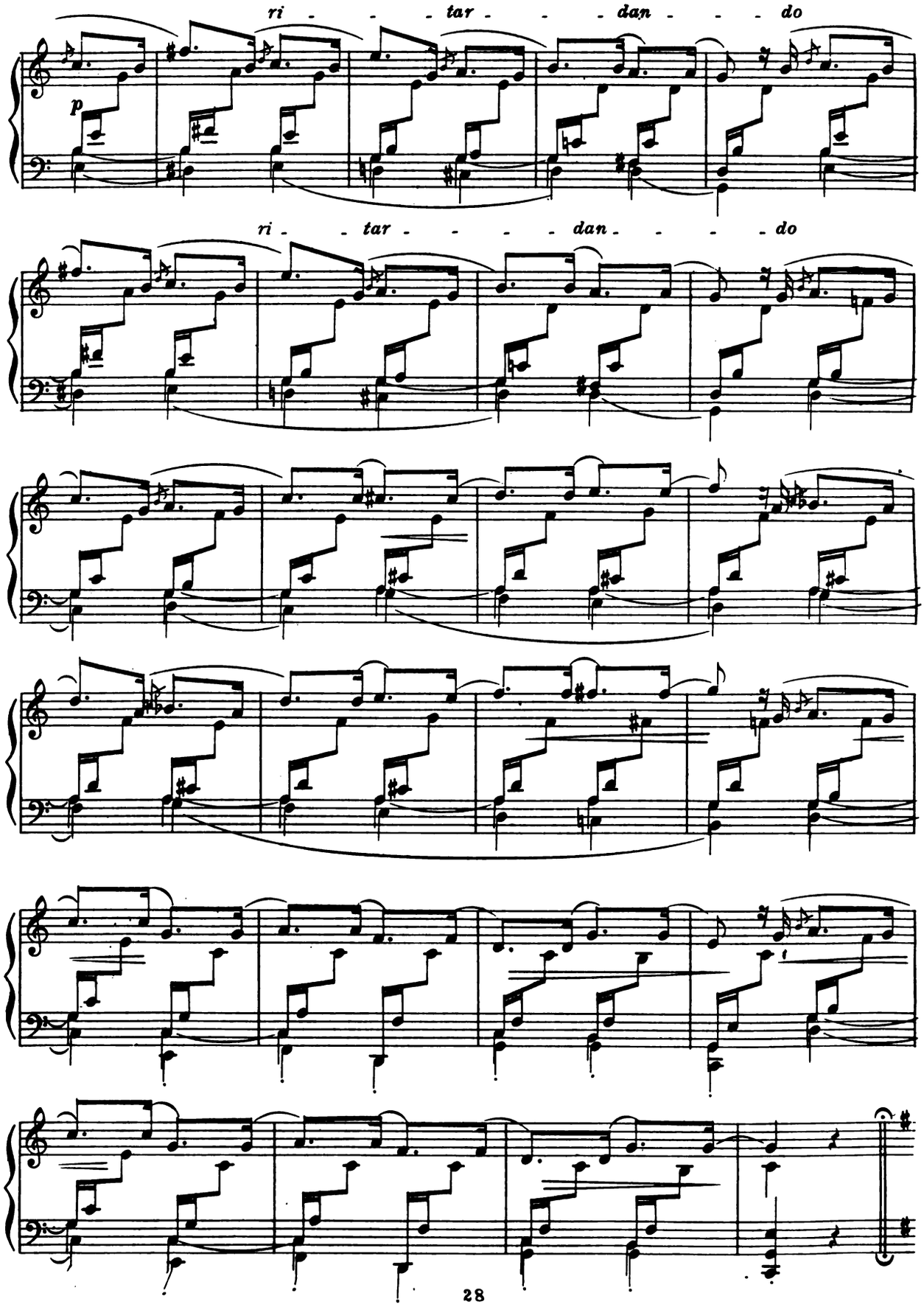


III. ARABESKE

OPUS 18

Leggiero e con tenerezza.

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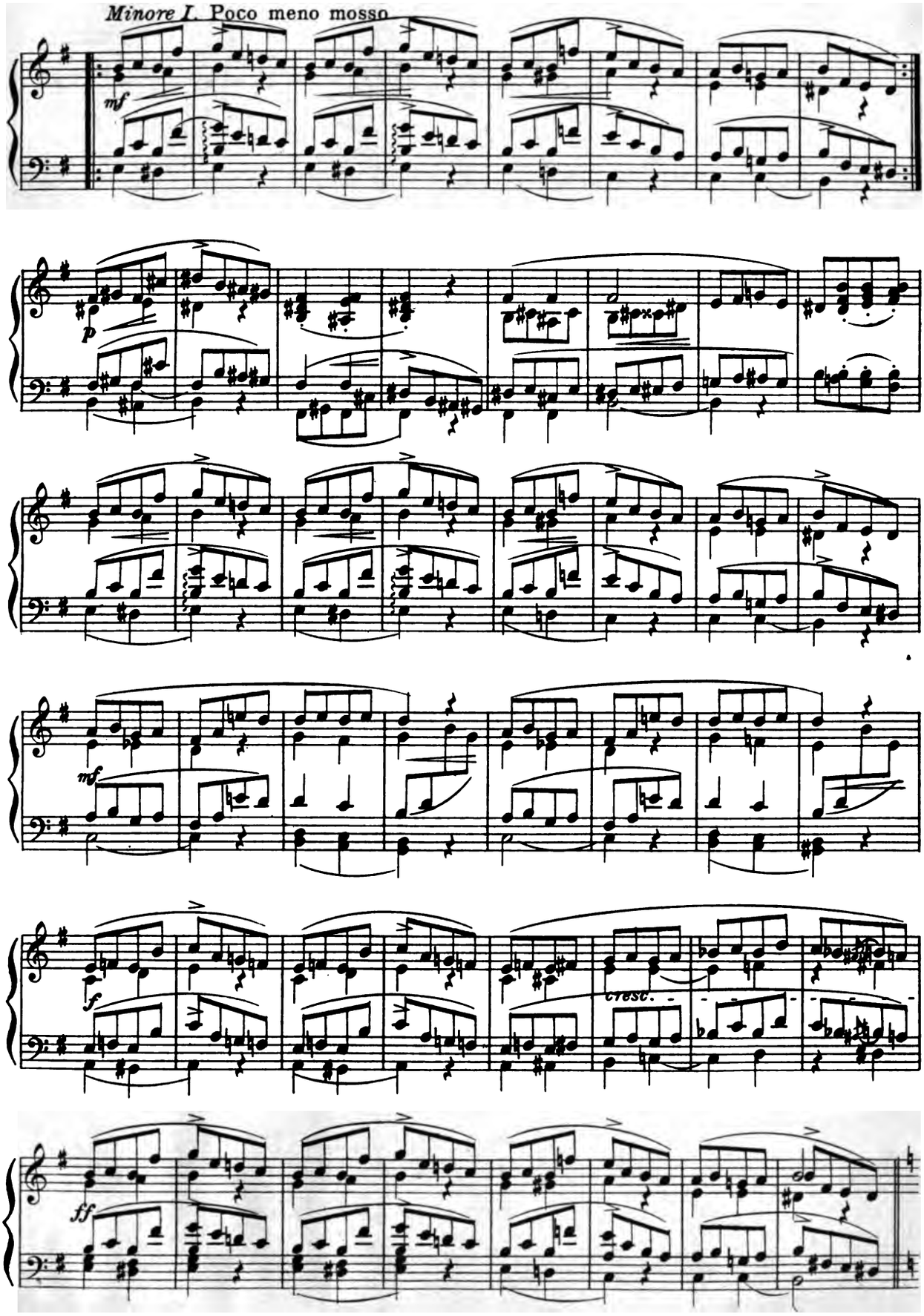
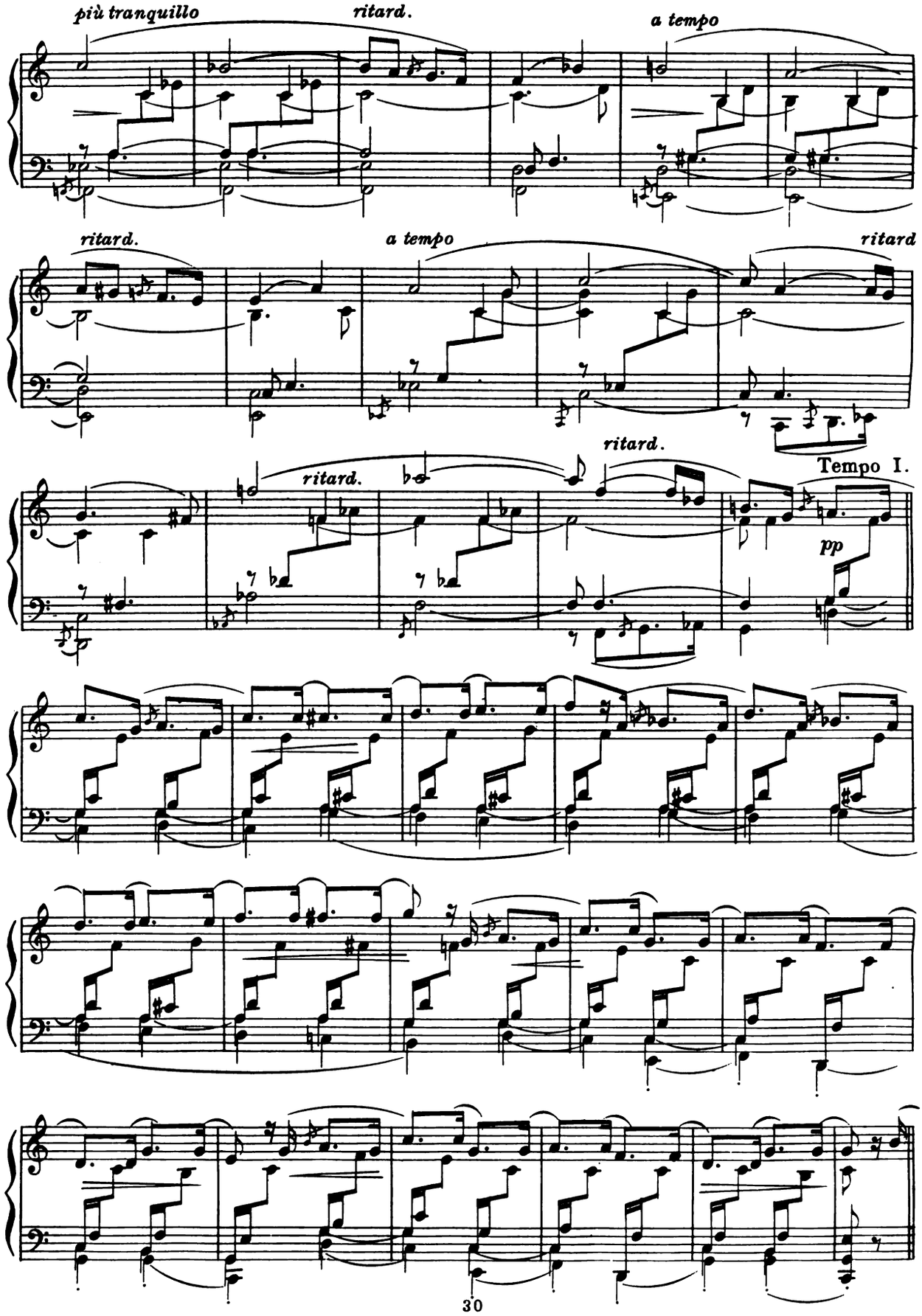
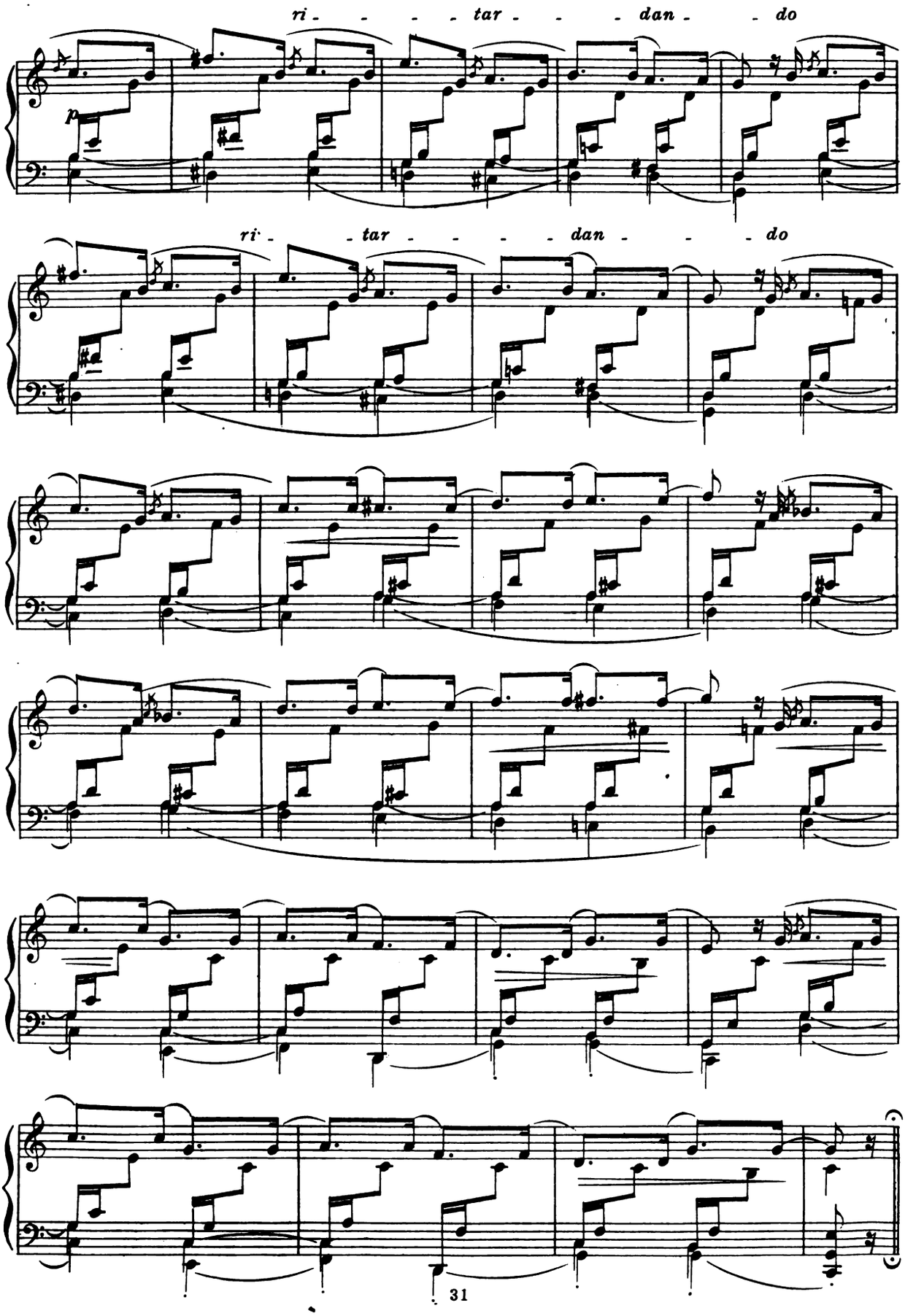
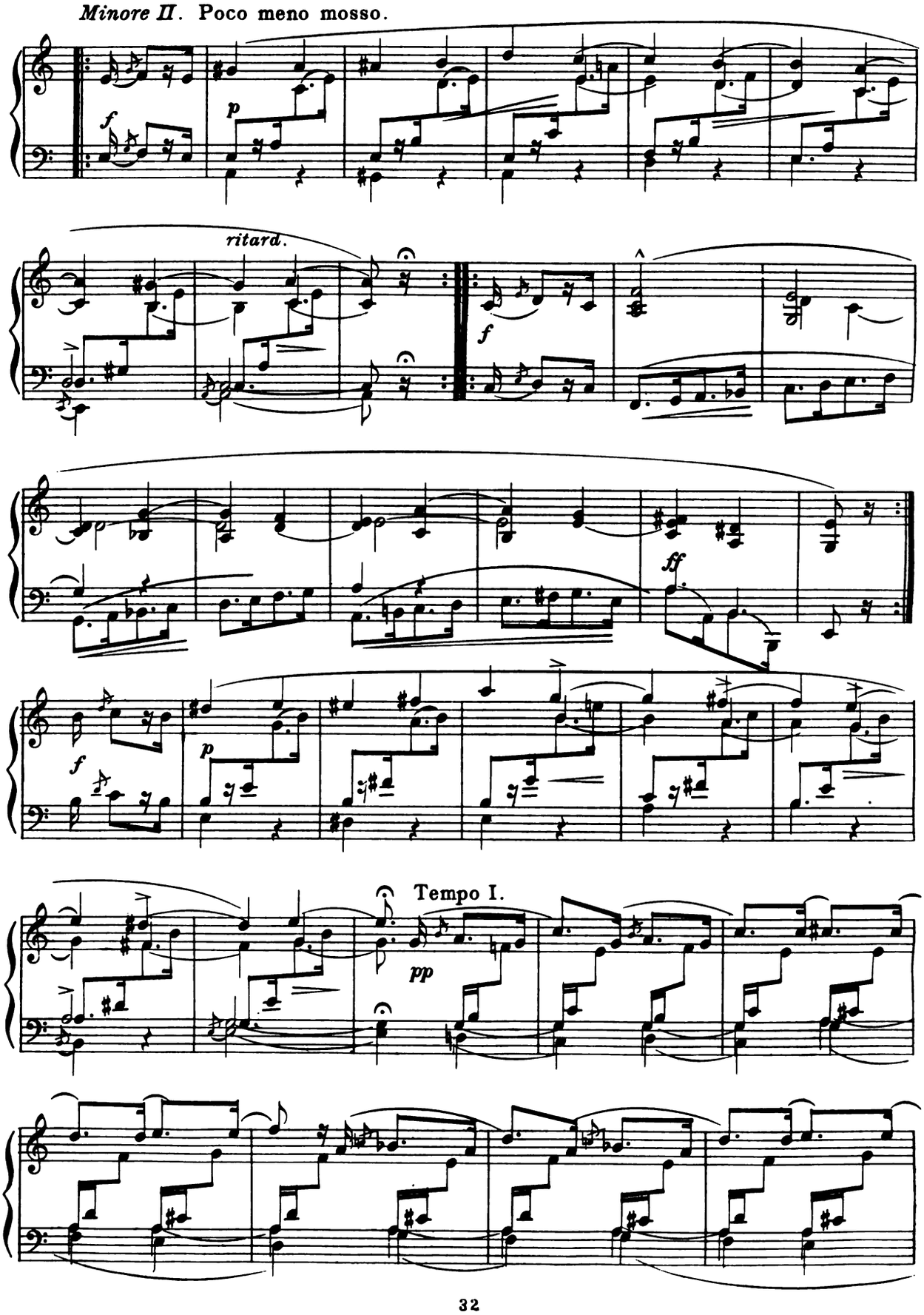
ri - - tar - - - - dan - - - - do

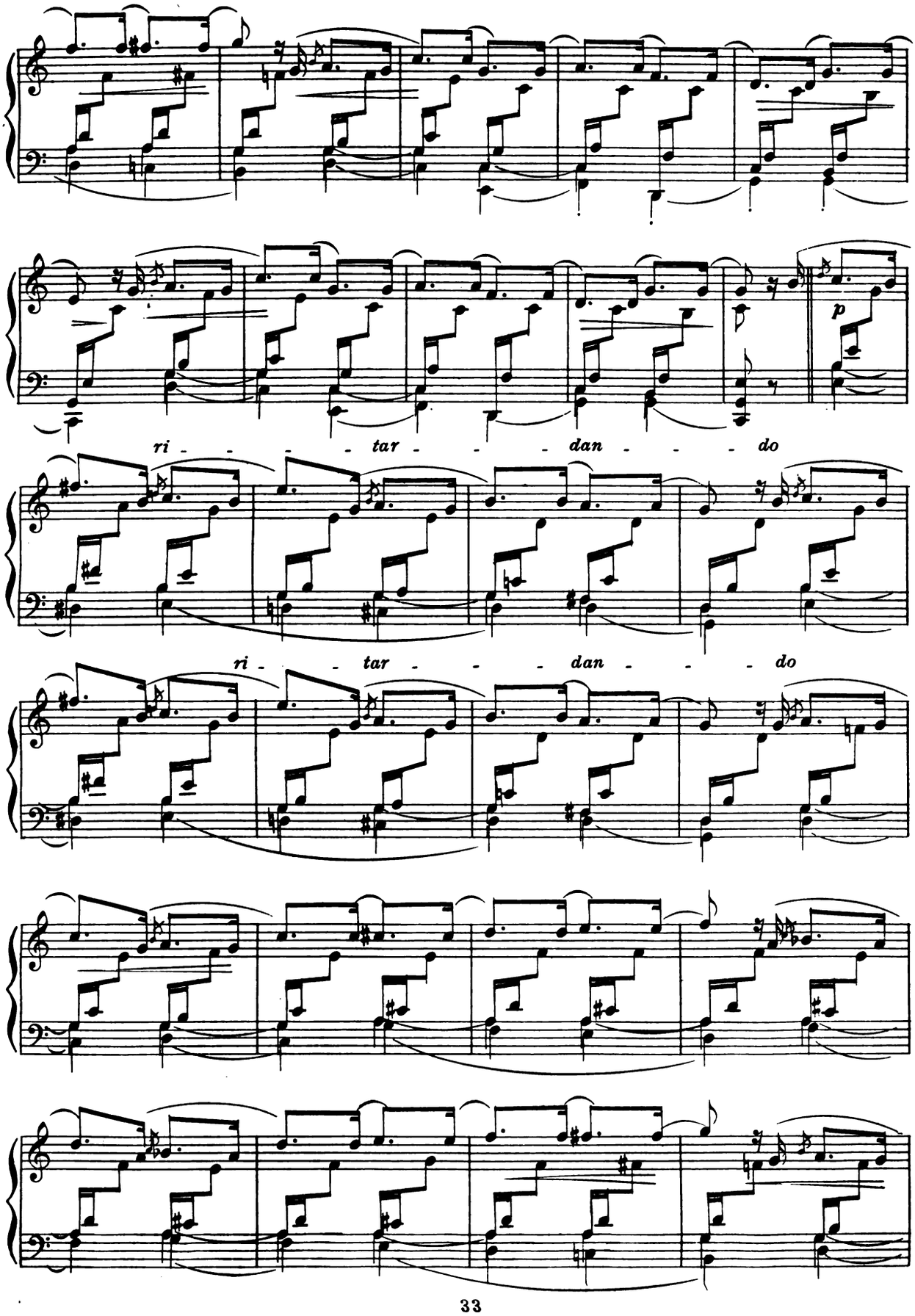

Minore I. Poco meno mosso
mf
p
mf
f
cresc.
ff


più tranquillo
ritard.
a tempo
ritard.
a tempo
ritard
ritard.
ritard.
Tempo I.
pp


ri - - - - - tar - - - - dan - - - do
p
ri - - tar - - - - - dan - - - - do

Minore II. Poco meno mosso.

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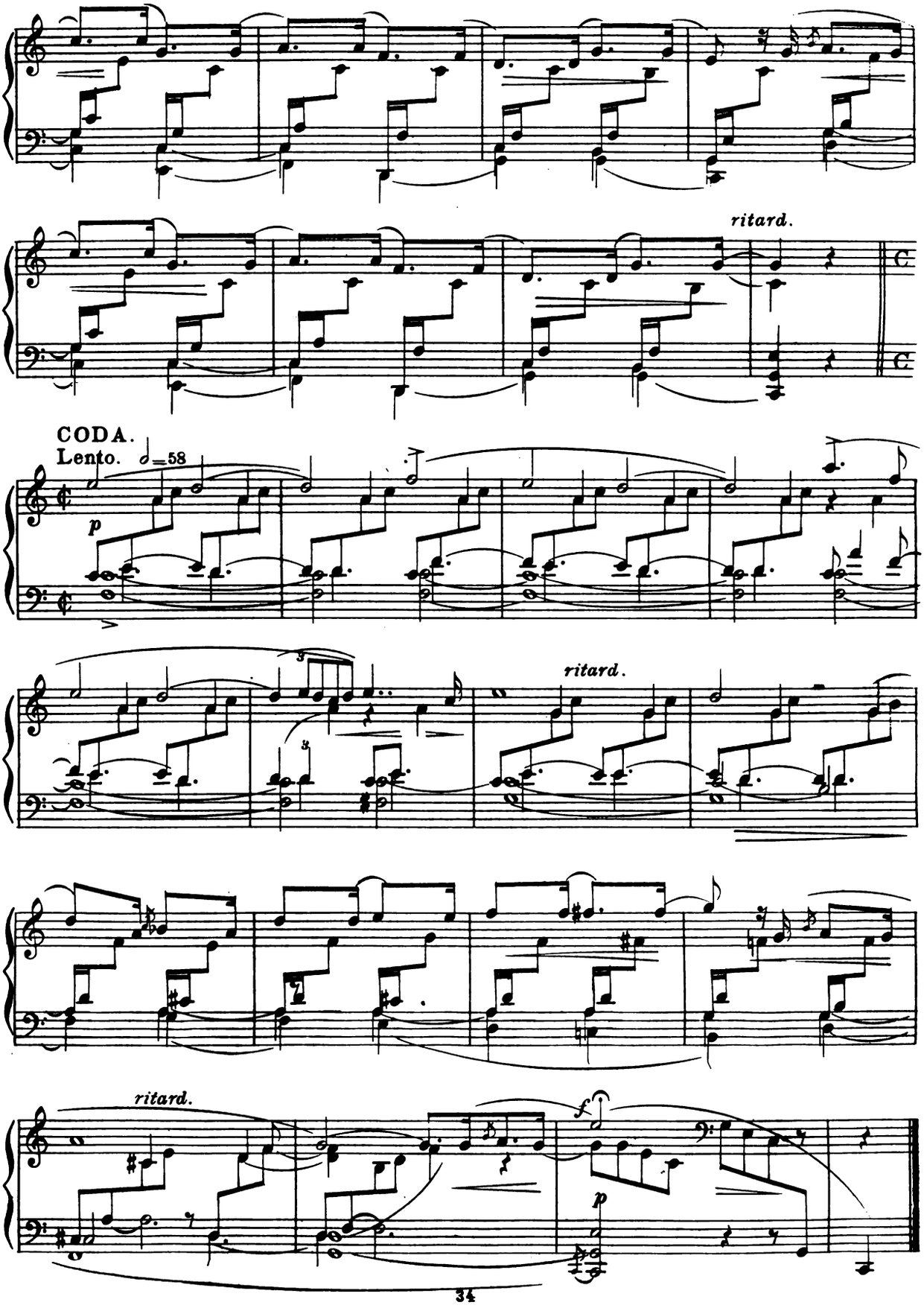
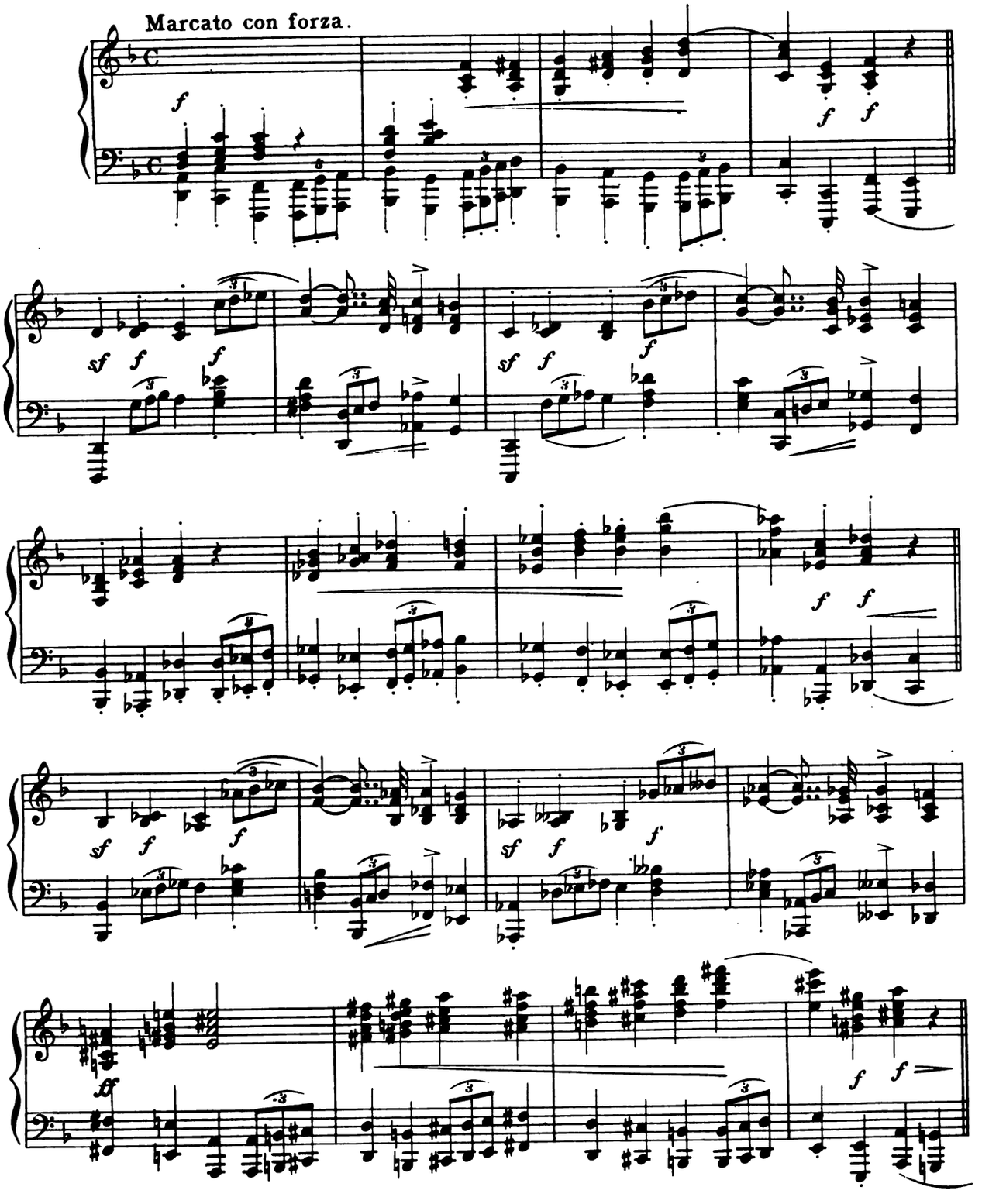
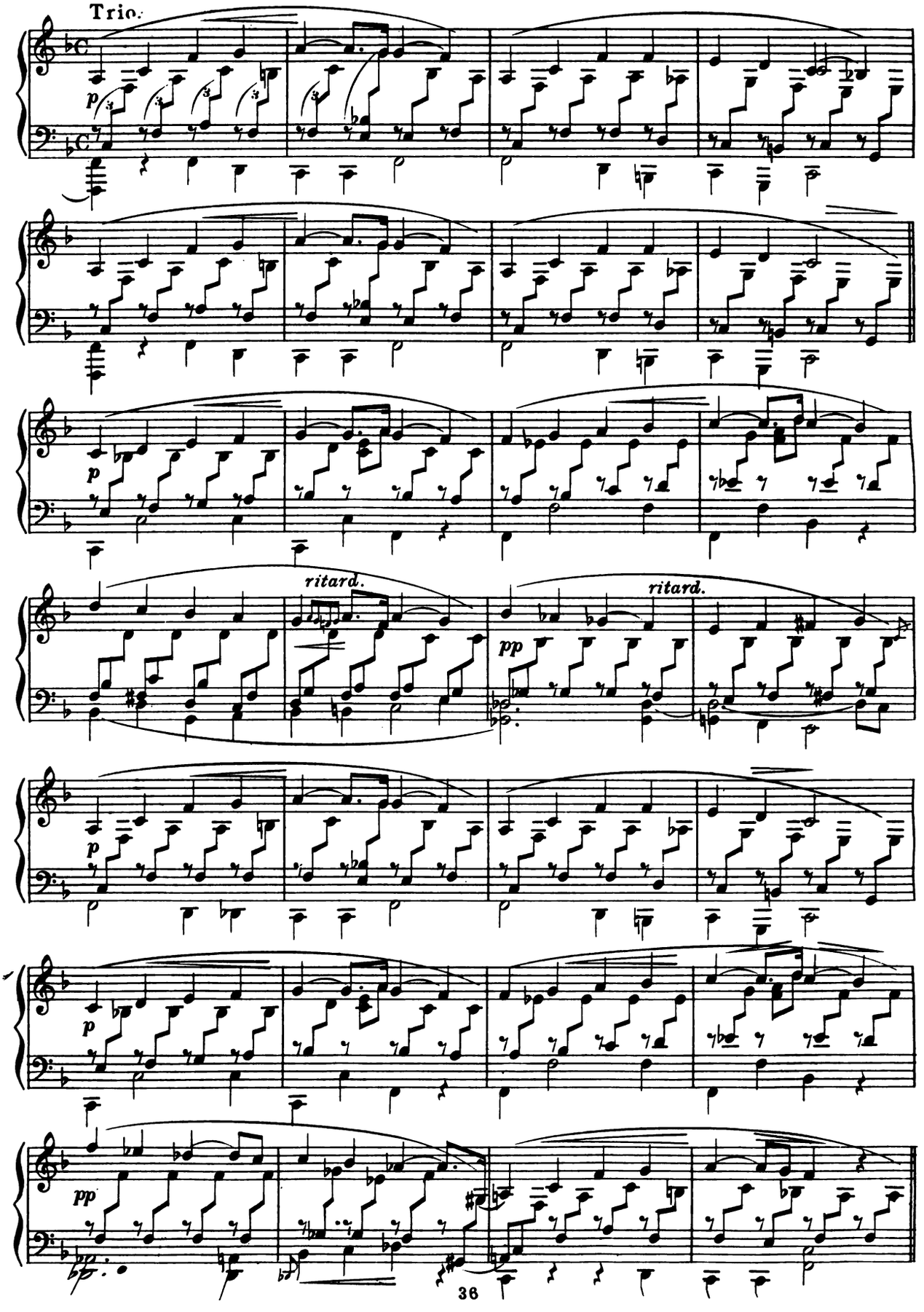

ritard.
CODA.
Lento. 𝅗𝅥=58
p
ritard.
ritard.
f
p

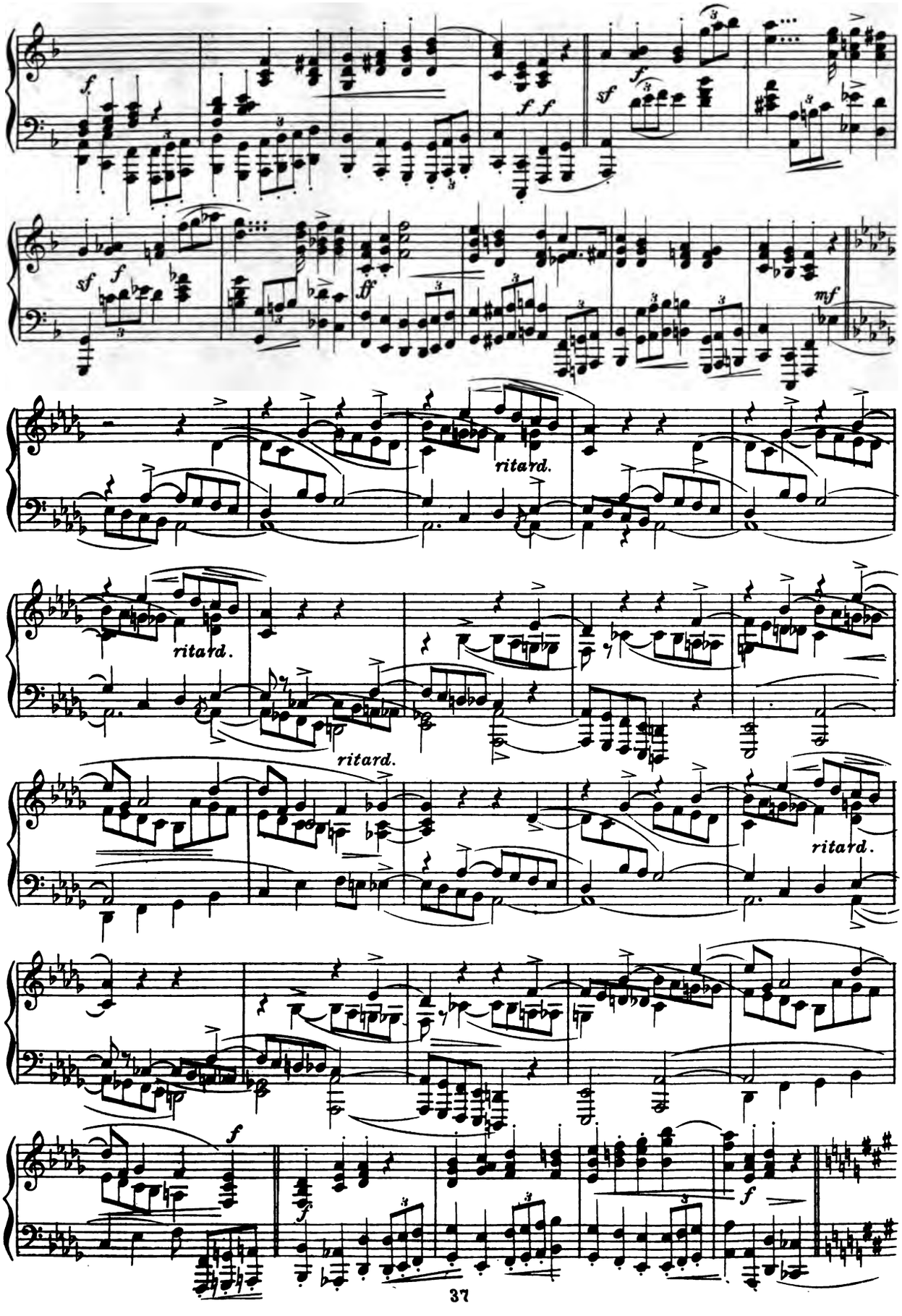
IV. TWO NOVELETTES

FROM OPUS 21

I




Trio.
p
ritard.
ritard.
pp
p
p
pp


ritard.
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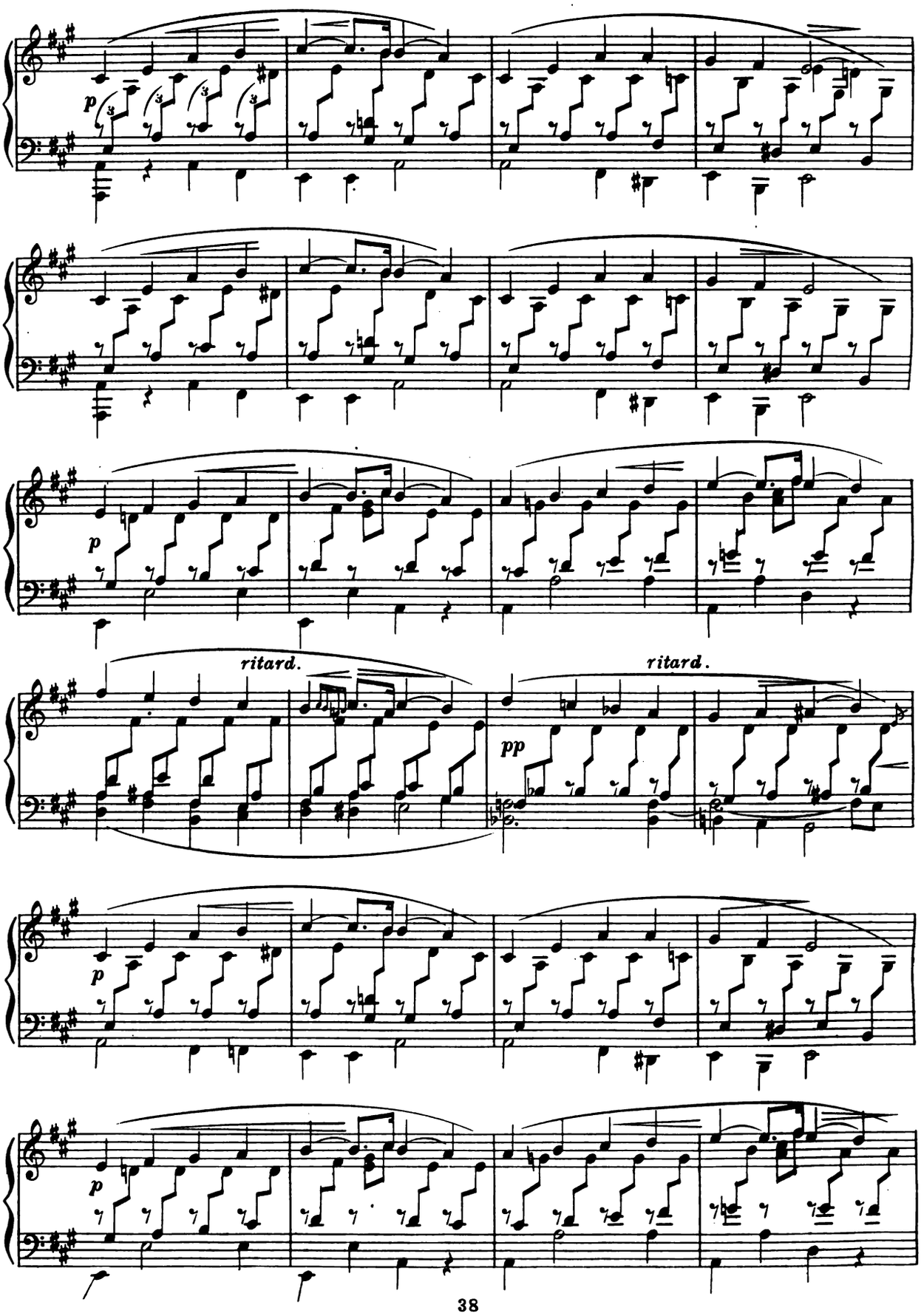
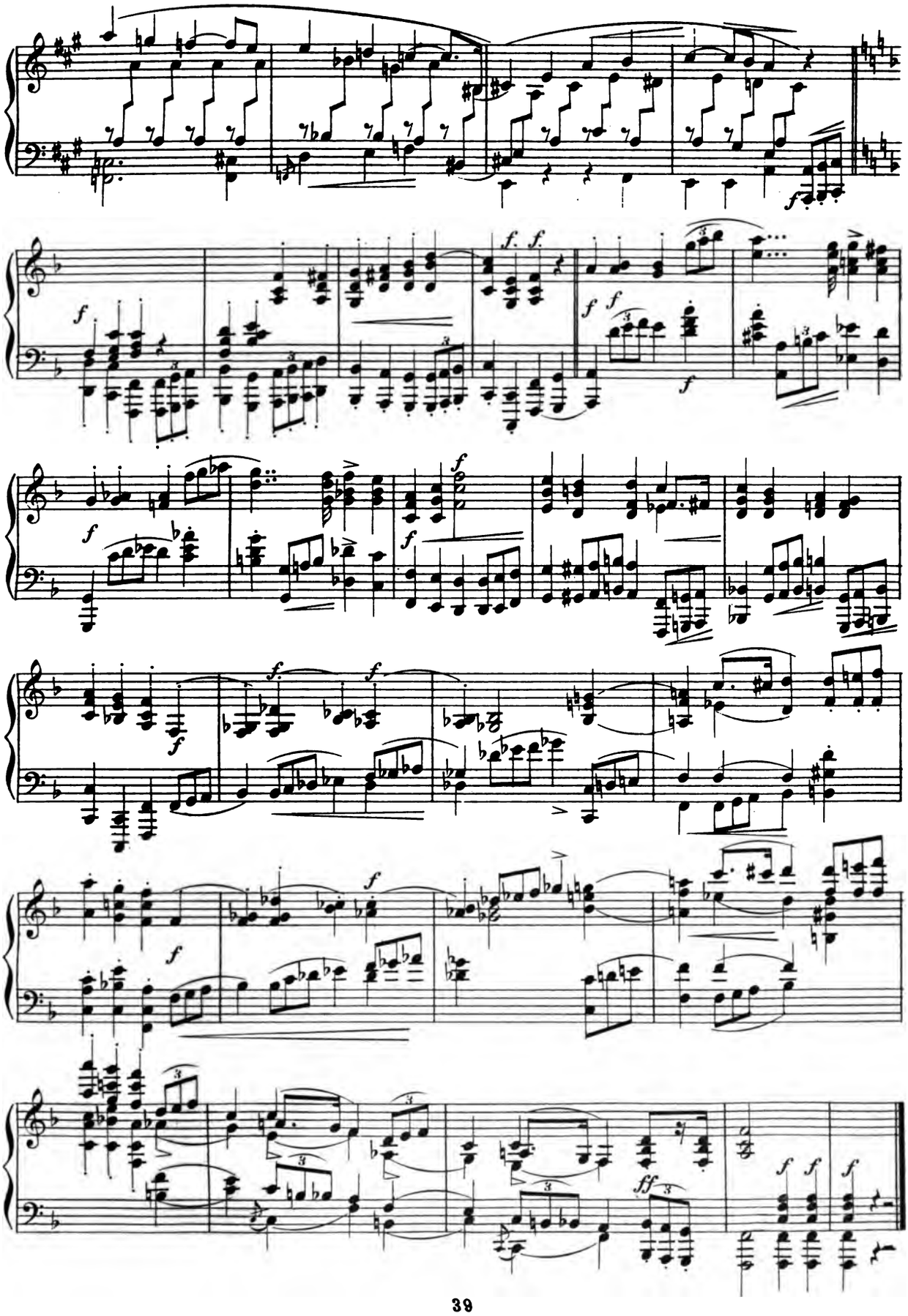
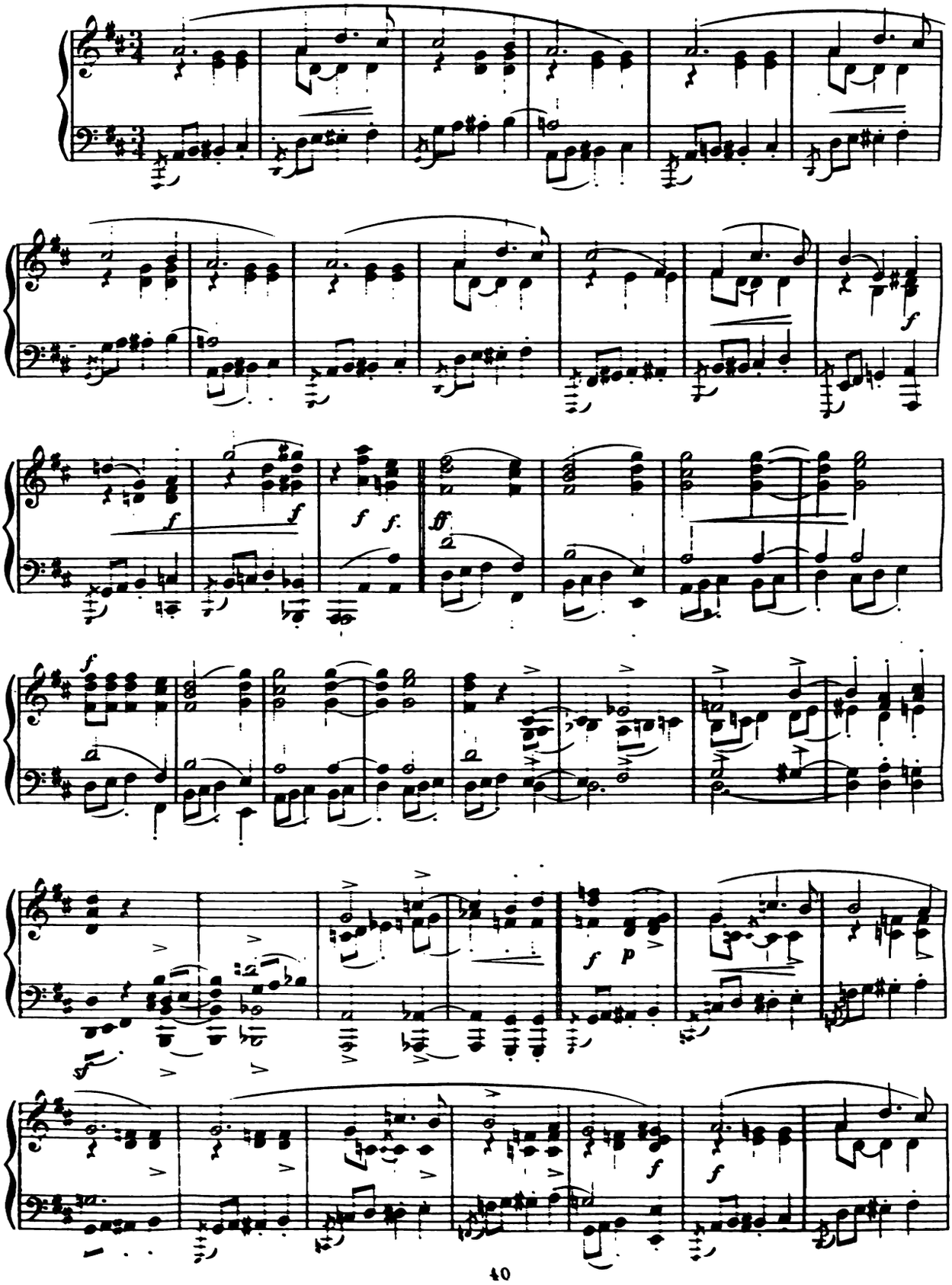

p
p
ritard.
ritard.
pp
p
p

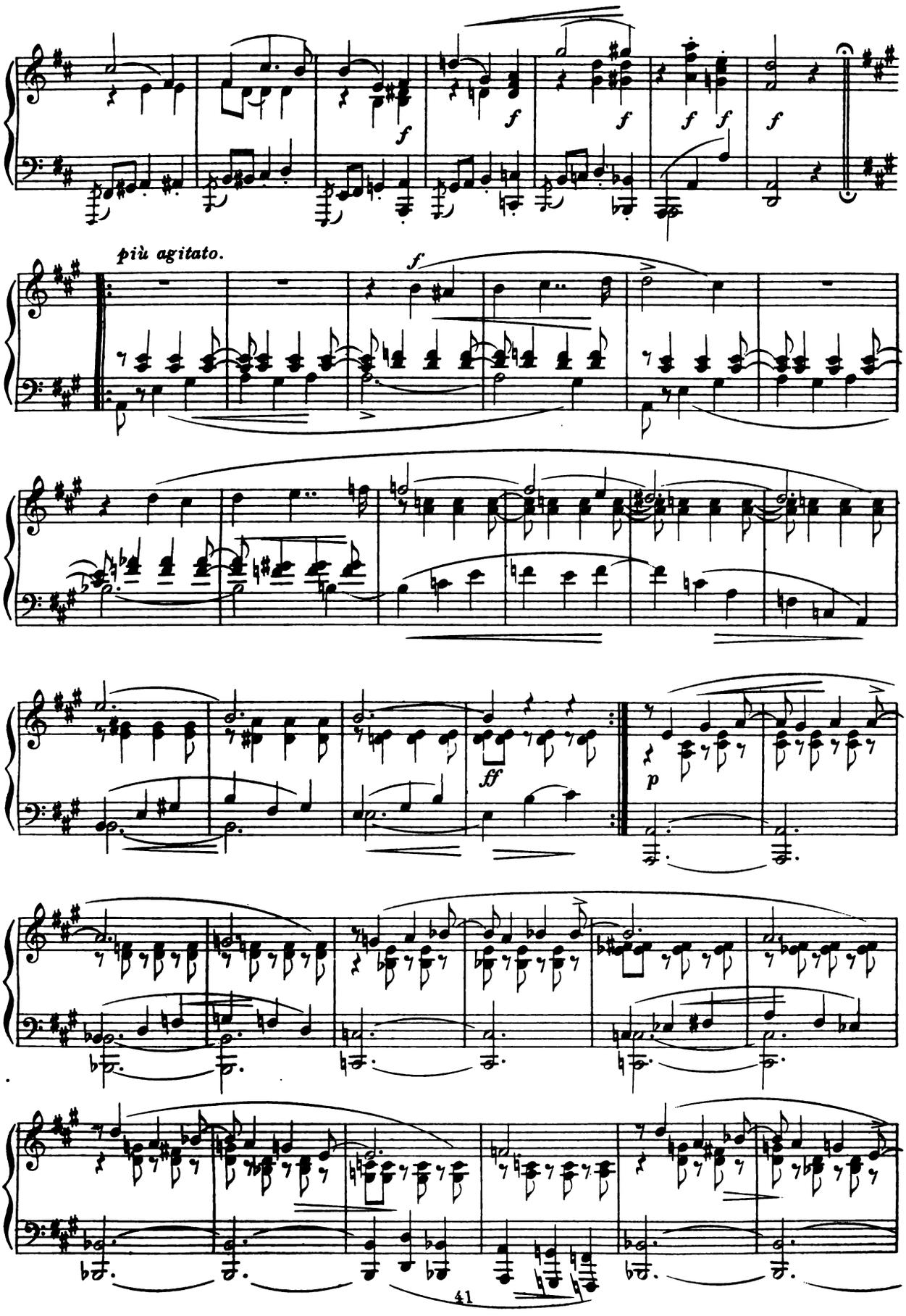


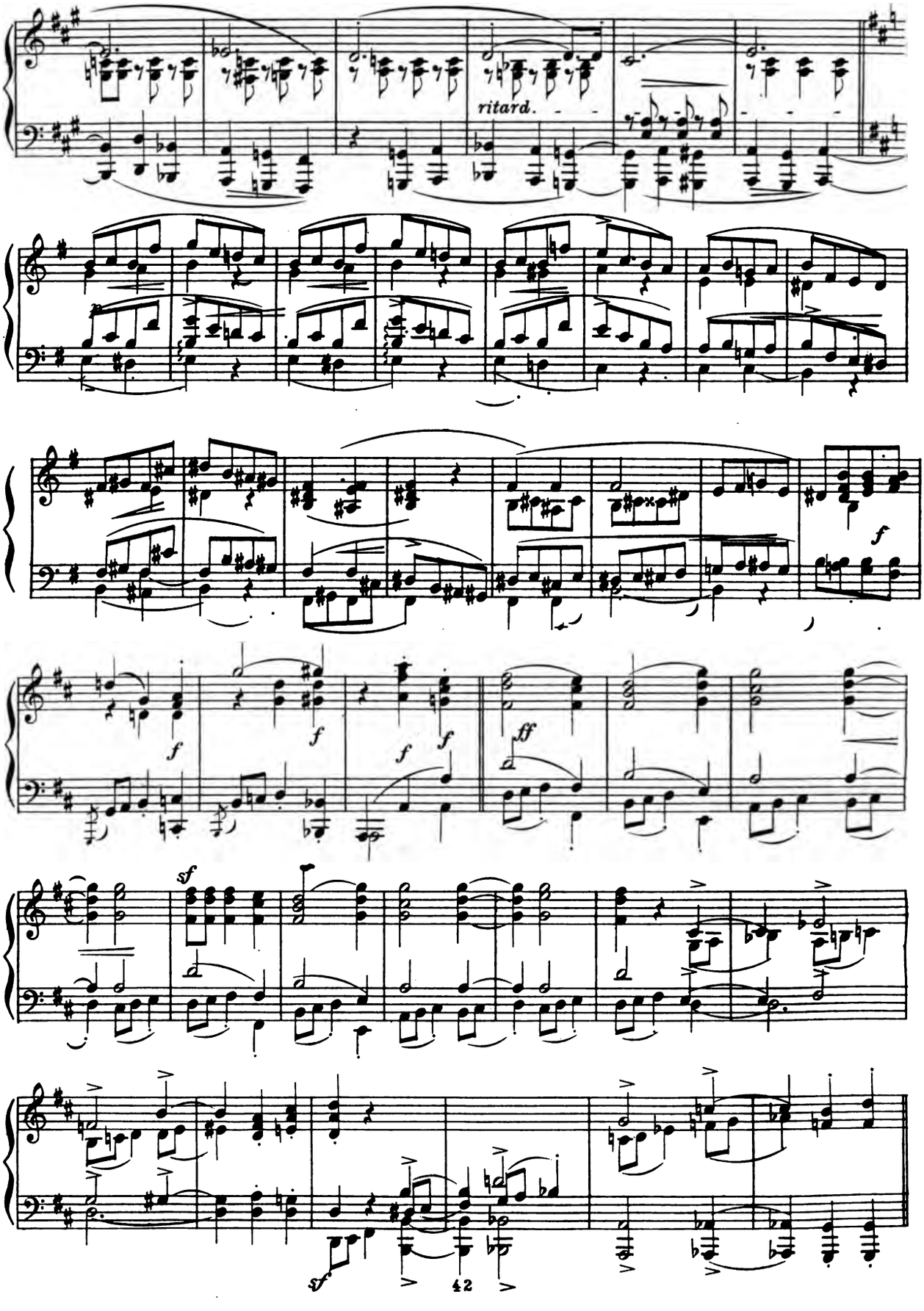
TWO NOVELETTES, C'T'D

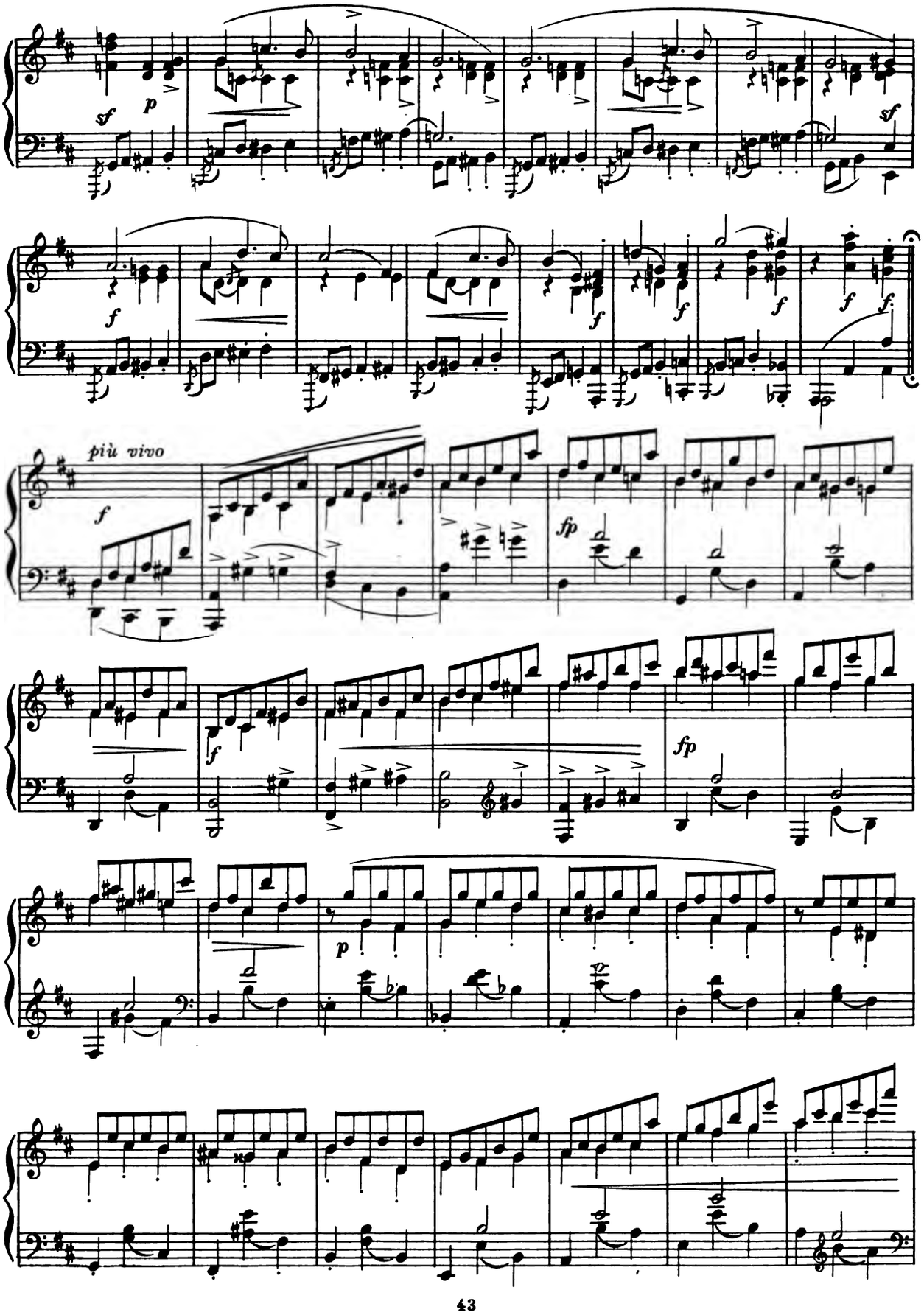
II

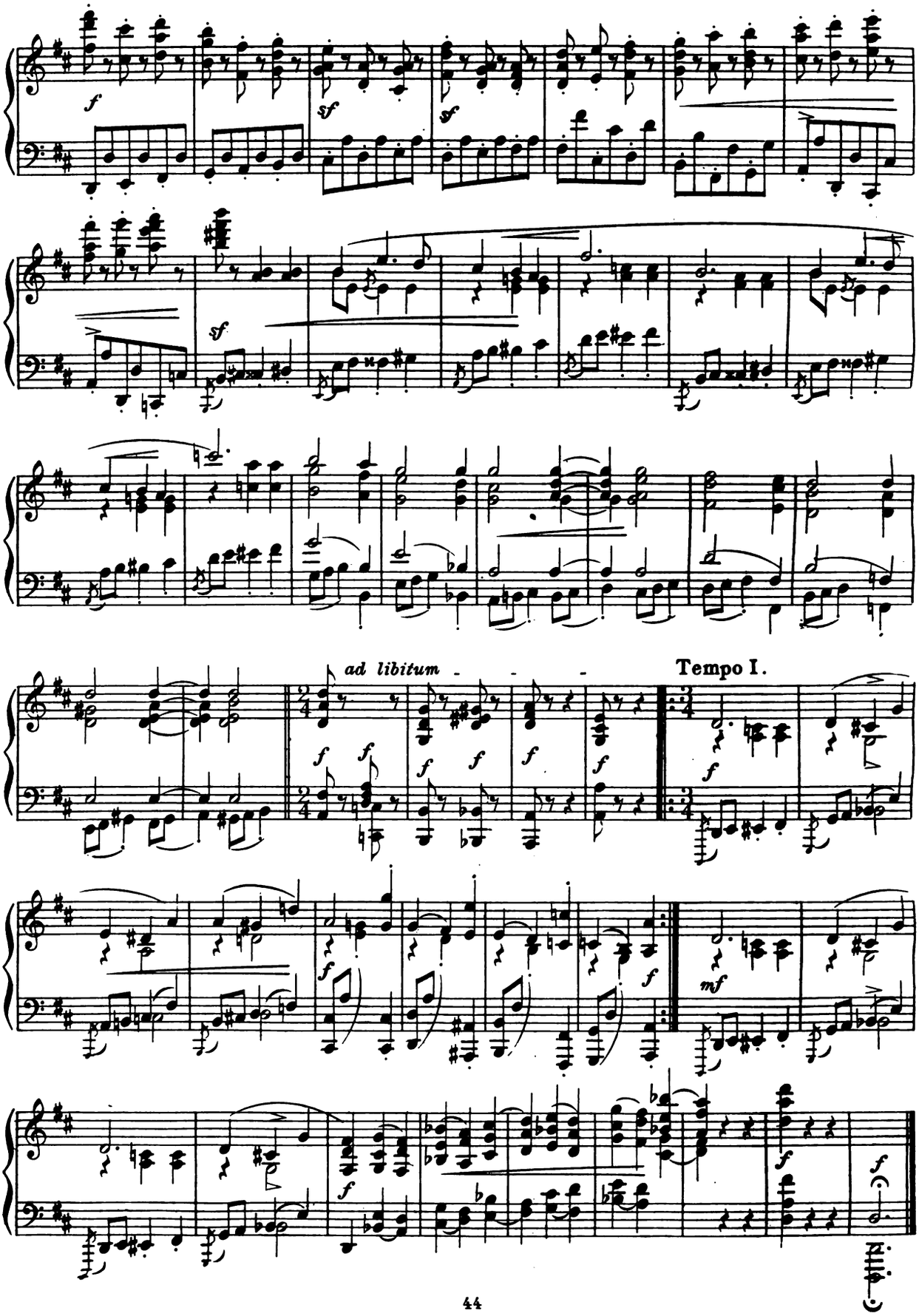
Tempo di Ballo e giocoso.




più agitato.
f
ff
p

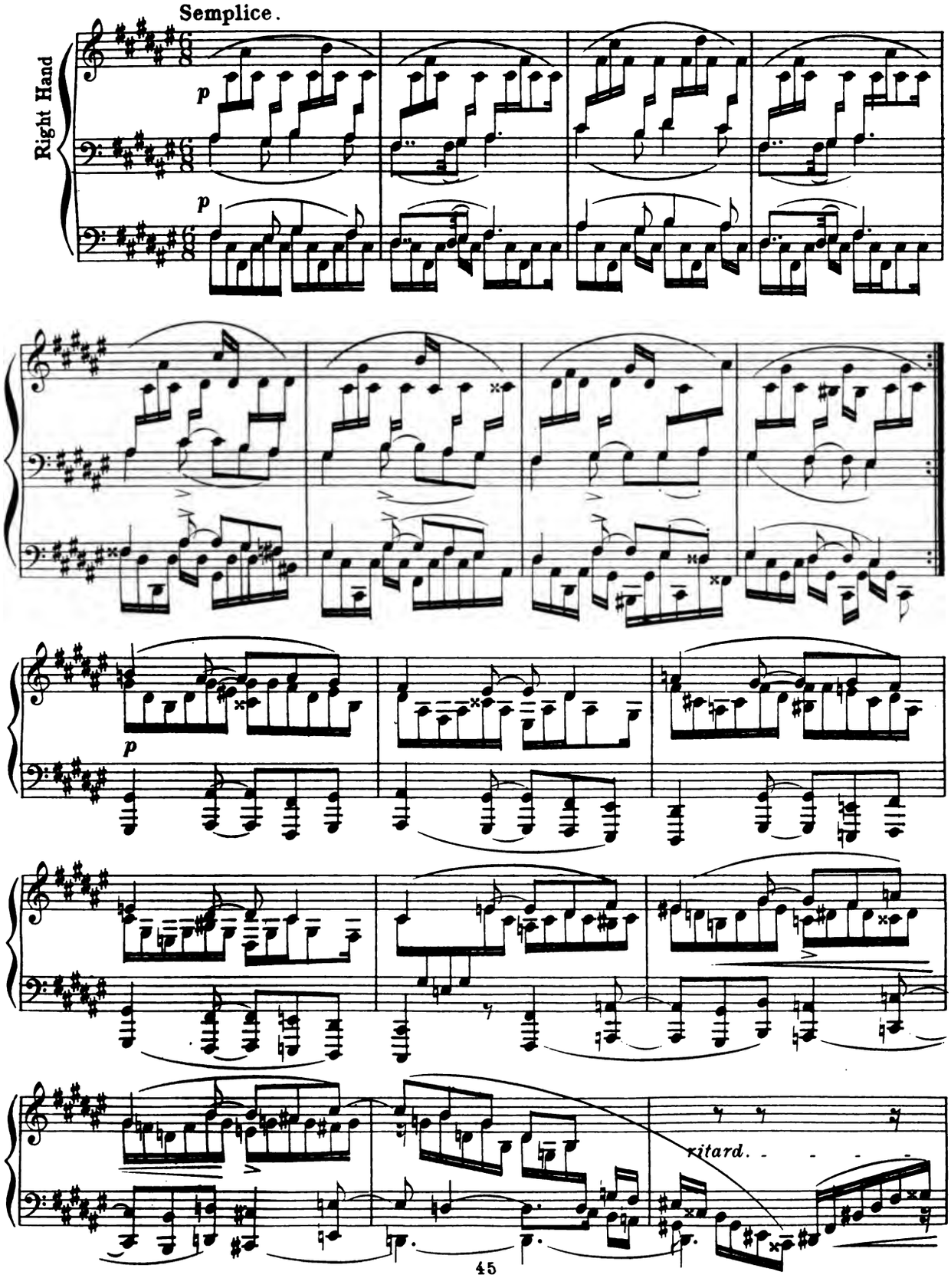

ritard.
f
f
f
f
f
ff
sf
sf

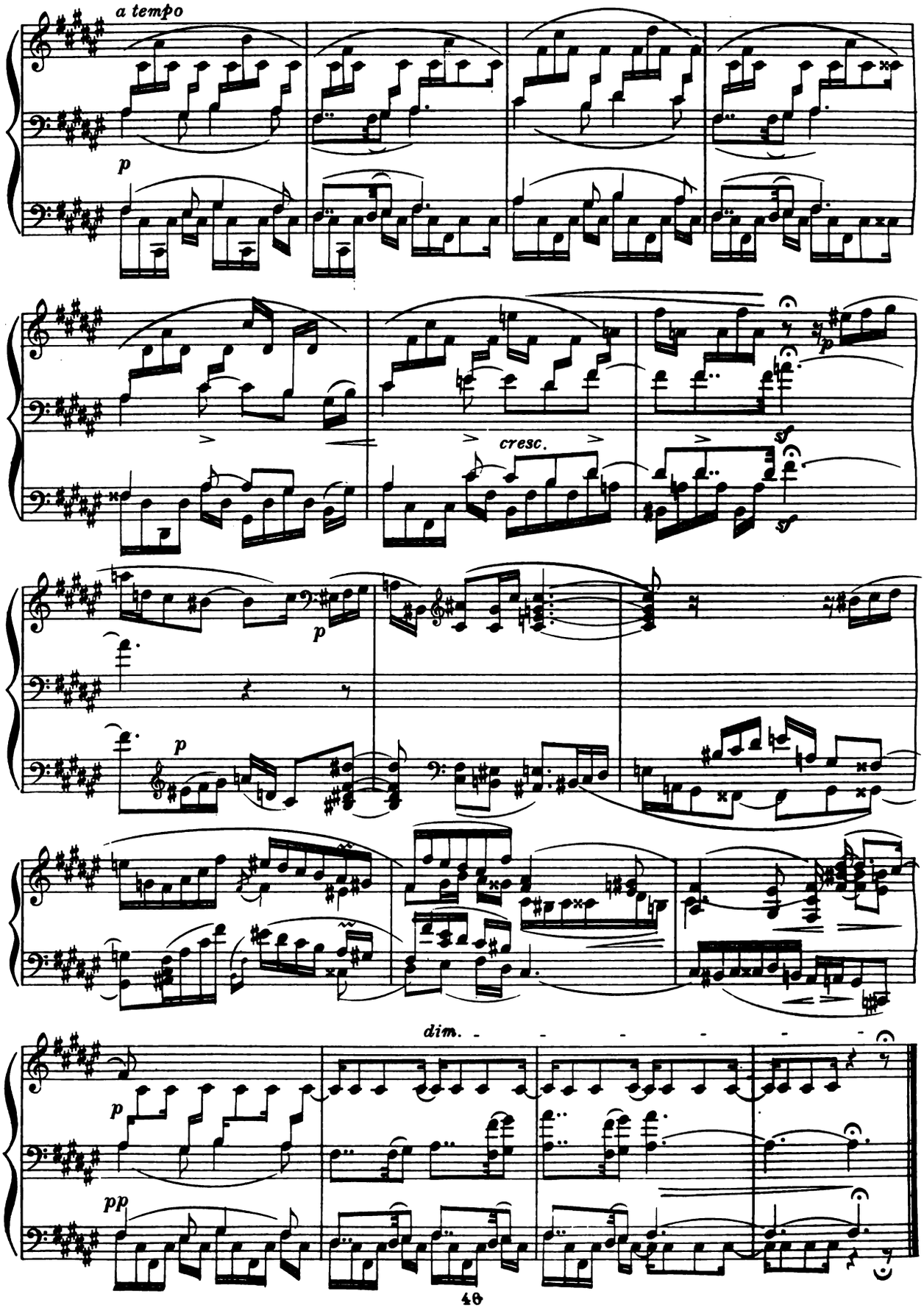

più vivo


ad libitum
Tempo I.

V. ROMANCE

OPUS 28, NO. 2

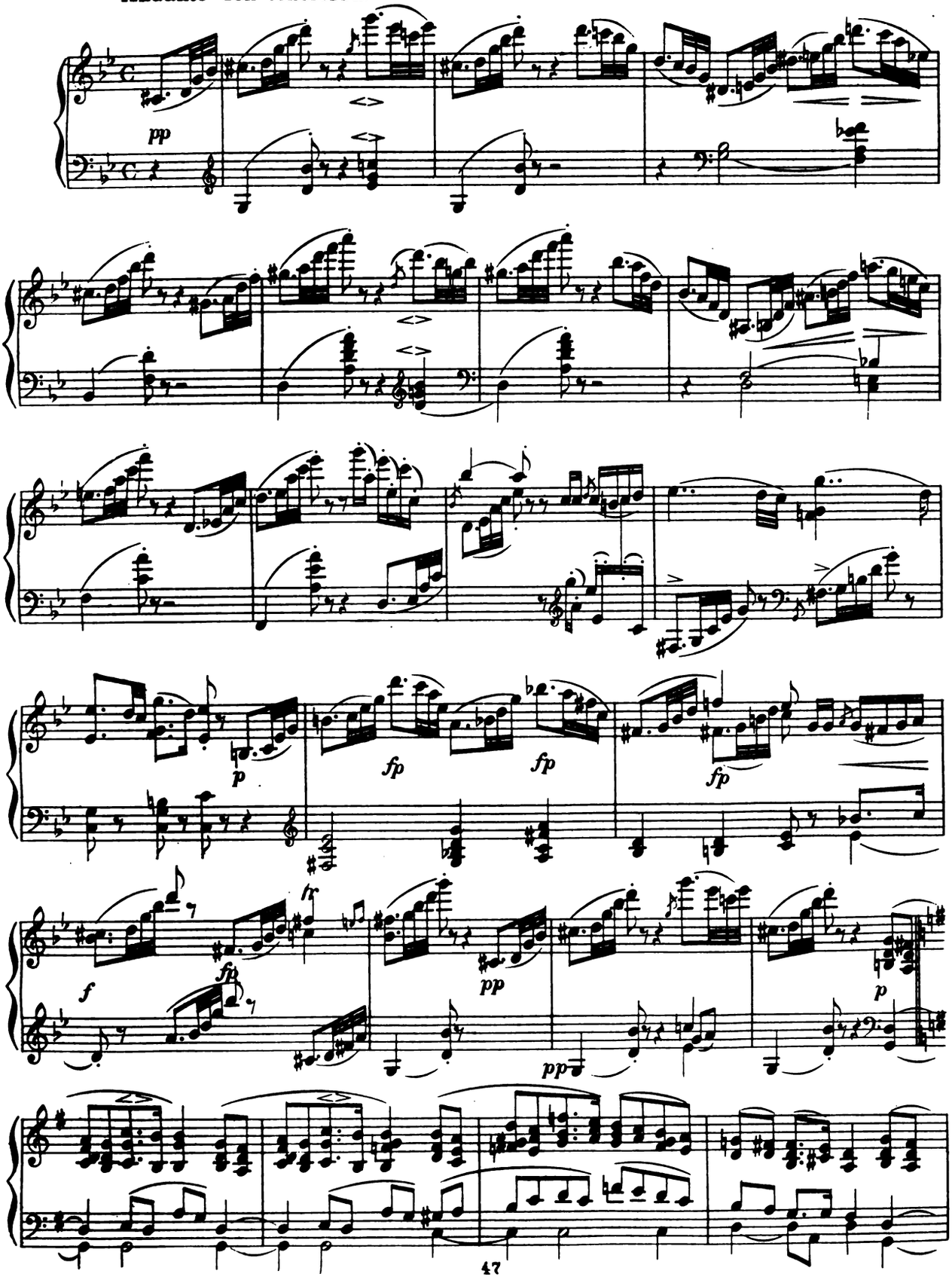


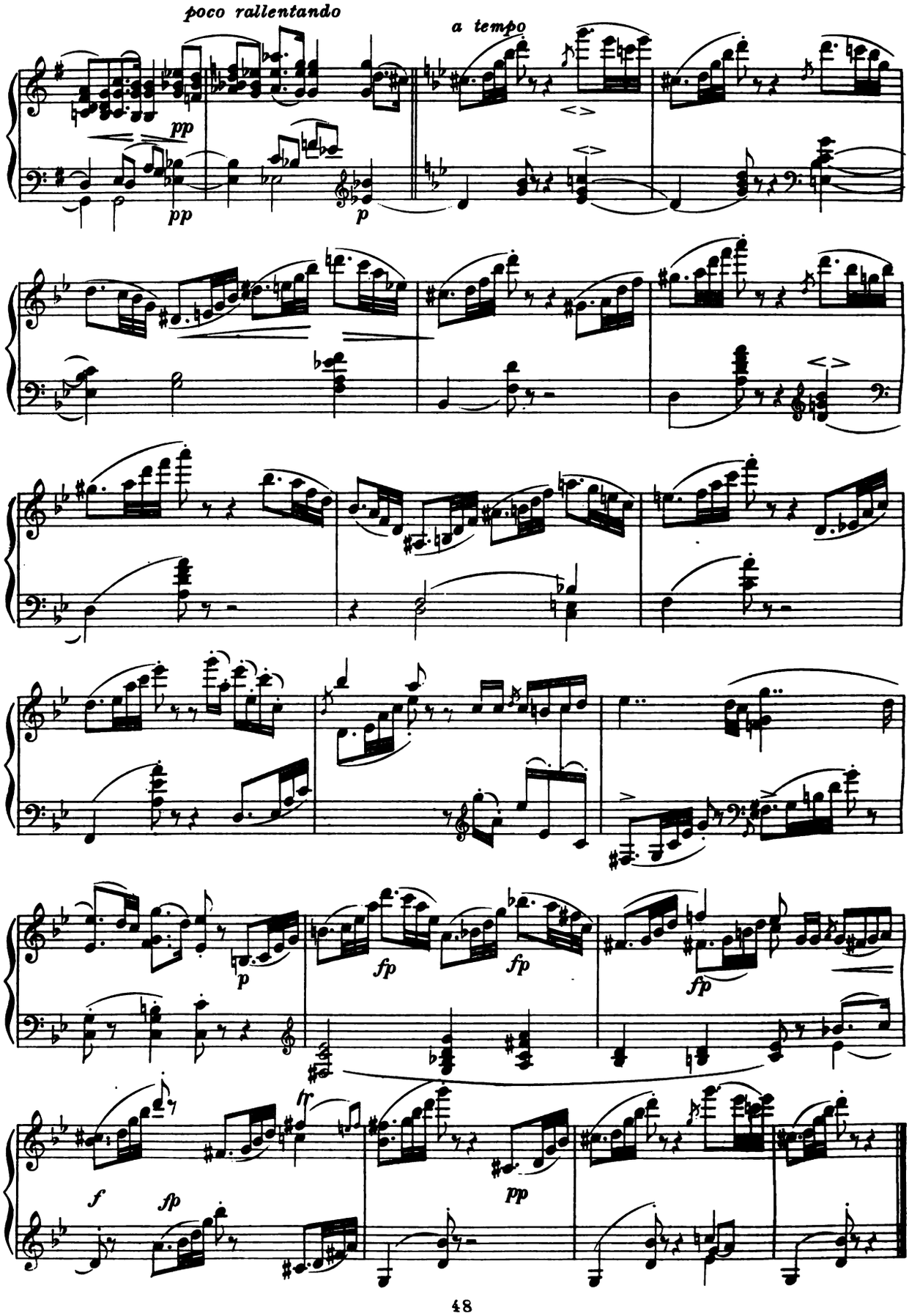

a tempo
p
cresc.
sf
dim.
pp

VI. "THE PROPHET BIRD"

FROM THE 'WALDSCENEN,' OPUS 82

Andante con tenerezza.




poco rallentando
a tempo
pp
pp
p
p
fp
fp
fp
f
fp
tr
pp

MASTERS IN MUSIC

The February issue of
MASTERS IN MUSIC
will have for its subject
SCHUMANN

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A Portrait of Schumann

The Art of Schumann: *Brief extracts giving a summary of what the most eminent critics consider the essentials of his genius*

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SONGS

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SCHUMANN

SONGS

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

EDITED BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

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SCHUMANN

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

SCHUMANN

BORN 1810; DIED 1856

ROBERT SCHUMANN

This portrait shows Schumann as a young man. The sensitiveness and ideality of his expression are even more noticeable here than in the portrait of him in maturity reproduced in the previous issue of this Series.

ROBERT

SCHUMANN

BORN 1810: DIED 1856

A sketch of Schumann's life will be found in the preceding Part of MASTERS IN MUSIC, which dealt with Schumann's Piano Works.

The Editor *Explanatory Note*

IT was Schumann's custom, as has been pointed out by Sir Hubert Parry in the biographical sketch included in the foregoing Part of MASTERS IN MUSIC, to devote himself to only one branch of composition at a time, attaining thorough proficiency in it before he passed on to the conquest of another. Thus the most important piano works belong to the period of his youth, up to the year 1840; the best songs were written in 1840; 1841 was given chiefly to symphonies, 1842 to chamber-music, and subsequent years to larger choral works.

The extraordinary productivity of Schumann in the matter of songs, in the memorable year 1840, is testified to by the following list of his vocal compositions for that one year, taken from Wasielewski's 'Life':

'Song-Wreath' from Heine, opus 24; 'Myrtles,' four parts, opus 25; three poems by Geibel, opus 29; three poems by Geibel, opus 30; three poems from Béranger, by Chamisso, opus 31; six songs for chorus of male voices, opus 33; four duets by Burns, Grün, and others, opus 34; twelve poems by J. Kerner, opus 35; six poems by Reinick, opus 36; twelve poems from Rückert's 'Love's Spring,' opus 37[1]; twelve poems by Eichendorff, opus 39 [known as the 'Liederkreis' or 'Song-Cycle']; four poems by Andersen, and one from modern Greek, translated by Chamisso, opus 40; eight songs from Chamisso's 'Woman's Love and Life,' opus 42; three ballads and romanzas, opus 45; 'Poet's Love,' sixteen songs by Heine, opus 48; ballads and romanzas, opus 49; the same, three parts, opus 53; 'Belshazzar,' a ballad by Heine, opus 57; and three duets, opus 43.

This is a wonderful burst of song, indeed, from a man who before it had written hardly any songs, and who afterwards wrote but few really

[1] Three of these songs were composed by Clara Schumann.

great ones. In order to understand it, we must look a little more closely than we have yet done at the circumstances of Schumann's life in this and the immediately preceding years; for Schumann's art was so intimate a personal expression of himself that the bond between it and his experience is everywhere of the closest.

Schumann, as is well known, fell in love with Clara Wieck, the accomplished concert pianist and the daughter of his teacher, Friedrich Wieck, in the early 1830's. The extraordinary difficulties of his suit for her hand, however, are not so familiar to the public. They have been fully set forth in an article by Mr. Richard Aldrich, in the magazine 'Music,' (volume 18), and repay a careful reading. Wieck, who was apparently selfish to the last degree, steadily opposed the marriage, as unfavorable to his own pecuniary interest, his daughter being a source of large profit to him. There were no means, fair or foul, to which he would not descend. He forbade his daughter to see Schumann, circulated false and damaging stories about the young man, and finally, when the couple, in despair, were ready to take matters into their own hands, thwarted even so radical a step by going through the form of agreeing to their marriage provided they would carry out a long list of manifestly impracticable conditions.

Schumann, on the whole, and considering his impulsive temperament, bore this persecution with remarkable patience. He was made miserable by the dubious state of his hopes for many years; yet he continued to work zealously, and for the most part to keep his own counsel. When he does defend himself it is with frankness and straightforward manliness, as in this letter written in May, 1838:

> Your father calls me phlegmatic? 'Carnival' and phlegmatic! F-sharp-minor Sonata and phlegmatic! Being in love with such a girl and phlegmatic! And you can listen calmly to all this? He says that I have written nothing in the 'Journal' [Schumann's magazine of music] for six weeks. In the first place, it is not true; secondly, even if it were, how does he know what other work I have been doing? Up to the present the 'Journal' has had about eighty sheets of my own ideas, not counting the rest of my editorial work, besides which I have finished ten great compositions in two years, and they have cost me some heart's blood. To add to all this, I have given several hours' hard study every day to Bach and Beethoven, and to my own work, and conscientiously managed a large correspondence. I am a young man of twenty-eight with a very active mind, and an artist to boot; yet for eight years I have not been out of Saxony, and have been sitting still, saving my money, without a thought of spending it on amusement or horses, and quietly going my own way as usual. And do you mean to say that all my industry and simplicity, and all that I have done, is quite lost upon your father?
>
> One would always wish to be modest, but people don't give one a chance; so, for once in a way, I have been singing my own praises. Now you know what to think of me, and what you have got to expect.

This state of things went on until finally Schumann resolved to avail himself of the law in Saxony that when parents withhold their consent to a marriage without good reason, the consent of the courts may be substituted for it. It was difficult for both Schumann and Clara Wieck to have recourse to so radical and public an expedient, but, Wieck proving impregnable to all their appeals, they did at last take their case to the court, early in 1840; and in September of that year they were married.

Viewed in connection with this long probation and final happiness, the songs are obviously enough a spontaneous and inimitably eloquent expression of the fears and hopes, the disappointments, misgivings, and ultimate joy of the loyal lover. And thus they have a human interest as great as the artistic. Probably many lovers have been as devoted, as persistent, as wise and hopeful and patient, as Schumann, though few have been able to tell their story to the world in such appealing accents.

It only remains to add a few sentences from Schumann's letters of the period, bearing on his songs:

19th Feb., 1840.

I write nothing but songs now, long and short; also quartets for male voices. I can hardly tell you how delightful it is to write for the voice, in comparison to instrumental composition, and how agitated and excited I am when I sit down to work. Entirely original ideas occur to me; and I am seriously thinking of an opera, which would be easy, if I could only get rid of my editorial duties.

22nd Feb. [*to Clara Wieck*].

Don't be angry if I write you very little to-day. Since yesterday morning I have written about 27 pages of music (something new) [The 'Myrthen' songs, opus 25], and I can tell you nothing more about it, except that I laughed and cried over it with delight. Ah Clara, what bliss it is writing for the voice, and I have had to do without it for so long!

18th March [*to Clara Wieck*].

Here is a slight reward for your last two letters. They are my first published songs, so do not criticize them too severely. While I was composing them I was quite lost in thoughts of you. If I were not engaged to such a girl, I could not write such music,—and I mean that as a special compliment to you.

15th May [*to Clara Wieck*].

I have been composing so much that it really seems quite uncanny at times. I cannot help it, and should like to sing myself to death, like a nightingale. There are twelve songs of Eichendorff's, but I have nearly forgotten them, and begun something else.

L. Ehlert — *'From the Tone World'*

THERE are persons at the mention of whose names all the fairy-tales of our youth resound through our souls. Youth is ever a fairy-tale—it lies so far distant, is interwoven with so much of the mysterious and marvelous, and glows with the charm of its newness. Into this fairyland, with its childish games, its springtime filled with bright blossoms, its first blushing love, its horn of plenty of promises, that we press to our bosoms with a confidence still unshaken by disappointments, Schumann transports us. From his 'Scenes of Childhood,' on through the variegated student period with its fantastic associations of 'Kreislers' and 'Davidsbunds' through the delightful years of hobbledehoyhood, those years in which Florestan and Eusebius personify humorous counterparts, on through the exuberant hide-and-seek scenes of the 'Carnival,' to the 'Myrtles' and 'Woman's Love and Life'—what a world of pure, fresh feeling, what a breath of home, is wafted to us from all of these! How our emotions overflow from the deepest depths of our hearts—deeper in their way, it appears to me, than have been called forth by any other art at

any time. How vigorous and chaste is this music! It represents German youth, with all its poetry, although perhaps at times it may be eccentric and queer. It is the resonance of those old bells that called us to school and that rang in the blissful golden time of vacation; it is the same forest, the same nightingale, the same moon, to which we confided all our day-dreams. All that was lovely and stirring at home and abroad, the bubbling overflow of an unlimited and undisturbed fullness of life, is revived by Schumann's music.

Sir C. H. H. Parry — *'Studies of Great Composers'*

IN his songs Schumann showed powers with which no one till then would have credited him. There was no laborious process of developing his style in this particular branch of art; he no sooner faced it than his mastery seemed complete. In this respect he resembled Schubert, who had written many of his finest songs in the earliest years of his mature productive period. Schumann adopted much the same method of dealing with his poems that Schubert did. He did not aim at making tunes with accompaniment and fitting the words to them, but he looked to the poet's conception to guide his own inspiration. Everything available was made to minister to the purpose of intensifying the design, thought, and meter of the poet by the music. The pianoforte part and the voice part had well-balanced functions. The voice did all that was possible in the way of melodious declamation, and the accompaniment supplied color, character, rhythm, and all that must necessarily fall to its share, in the most perfect manner possible. Moreover, Schumann, by nature a poet himself, seized the purpose and spirit of the poems he set with an astonishingly powerful grip, and conveyed infinite shades and varieties of meaning in forms which are almost always perfect works of art in detail and in entirety. He expressed with equal success pathos, passion, bitterness, humor, joy, exultation, and even gaiety and sarcasm.

P. Spitta — *Grove's 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians'*

AS a composer of songs Schumann stands by the side of Schubert and Mendelssohn, the youngest of the trio of great writers in this class of music. Schubert shows the greatest wealth of melody, Mendelssohn the most perfect roundness of form; but Schumann is by far the most profoundly and intellectually suggestive. He displays a more finely cultivated poetic taste than Schubert, with a many-sided feeling for lyric expression far greater than Mendelssohn's. Many of his melodies are projected in bold and soaring lines such as we meet with in no other composer but Schubert; for instance, in the well-known songs 'Du meine Seele, du mein Herz' (op. 25, No. 1), 'Lied der Braut' (op. 25, No. 12), 'Liebesbotschaft' (op. 36, No. 6), 'Stille Thränen' (op. 35, No. 10), and others.

Still more frequently he throws himself into the spirit of the German Volkslied, and avails himself of its simpler and narrower forms of melody. Indeed, his songs owe their extraordinary popularity chiefly to this conspicuously national element. The reader need only be reminded of the song 'O Sonnenschein' (op. 36, No. 4), of Heine's 'Liederkreis' (op. 24), and of the Heine songs 'Hör' ich das Liedchen Klingen,' 'Allnächtlich im Traume,' 'Aus alten Märchen' (op. 48, Nos. 10, 14, 15), of most of the songs and ballads (op. 45, 49, 53), and above all of the Wanderlied 'Wohlauf, noch getrunken den funkelnden Wein' (op. 35, No. 3), which sparkles with youthful life and healthy vigor. Besides these there are many songs in which the melody is hardly worked out, and which are—as is also frequently the case with his pianoforte works—as it were, mere essays, or germs, of melodies. This style of treatment, which is quite peculiar to Schumann, he was fond of using when he wished to give the impression of a vague, dreamy, veiled sentiment; and by this means he penetrated more deeply into the vital essence and sources of feeling than any other song-writer. Such a song as 'Der Nussbaum' (op. 25, No. 3), or 'Im Walde,' by Eichendorff (op, 39, No. 11), are masterpieces in this kind. Besides this, Schumann always brought a true poet's instinct to bear on the subtlest touches and most covert suggestions in the poems which he chose for setting, and selected the musical expression suited to their purport.

Schubert and Mendelssohn set verses to tunes; Schumann wrote poems to them in music. He was the first who ventured to close on the dominant seventh when his text ended with a query (as in op. 49, No. 3). With him also the vocal part often does not end in the common chord, but the true close is left to the accompaniment, so as to give an effect of vague and undefined feeling. The part filled by the pianoforte in Schumann's songs is a very important one. With Schubert and Mendelssohn we may very properly speak of the pianoforte part as an "accompaniment," however rich and independent it occasionally appears. But with Schumann the word is no longer appropriate, the pianoforte asserts its dignity and equality with the voice; to perform his songs satisfactorily the player must enter fully into the singer's part and the singer into the player's, and they must constantly supplement and fulfil each other. It was evidently of moment in the history of his art that Schumann should have come to the work of writing songs after ten years' experience as a composer for the pianoforte, and after instituting an entirely new style of pianoforte music. This style supplied him with an immense variety of delicate and poetic modes and shades of expression, and it is owing to this that he displays such constant novelty in his treatment of the pianoforte part. The forms of phrase which he adopts in his "accompaniments" are infinitely various, and always correspond with perfect fitness and ingenuity to the character of the verses. In some cases the pianoforte part is an entirely independent composition, which the voice merely follows with a few declamatory phrases (op. 48, No. 9, "Das ist

ein Flöten und Geigen"); while in others, in contrast to this, the voice stands out almost alone, and the pianoforte begins by throwing in a few soft chords which nevertheless have their due characteristic effect (op. 48, No. 13, "Ich hab' im Traum"). In Schumann's songs the proper function of the pianoforte is to reveal some deep and secret meaning which it is beyond the power of words, even of sung words, to express; and he always disliked and avoided those repetitions of the words of which other composers have availed themselves in order to fill out in the music the feeling to which the words give rise. When he does repeat he always seems to have a special *dramatic* end in view rather than a musical one, and often makes the piano supplement the sentiment aroused by the text, while the voice is silent. [For example, see Selection VII.—Ed.] He is particularly strong in his final symphonies [postludes], to which he gave a value and importance, as an integral portion of the song, which no one before him had ventured to do, often assigning to it a new and independent musical thought of its own. Sometimes he allows the general feeling of the song to reappear in it under quite a new light; sometimes the musical phrase suggests some final outcome of the words, opening to the fancy a remote perspective in which sight is lost (a beautiful example is op. 48, No. 16, "Die alten bösen Lieder"). Nay, he even continues the poems in music, of which a striking instance is the close of the 'Woman's Love and Life' (op. 42), where by repeating the music of the first song he revives in the fancy of the lonely widow the memory of her early happiness.

The realm of feeling revealed to us in Schumann's songs is thoroughly youthful, an unfailing mark of the true lyric; the sentiment he principally deals with is that of love, which in his hands is especially tender and pure, almost maidenly coy. The set of songs called 'Woman's Love and Life' gives us a deep insight into the most subtle and secret emotions of a pure woman's soul; deeper, indeed, than could have been expected from any man; and in fact no composer but Schumann would have been capable of it.

H. T. Finck — *'Songs and Song-Writers'*

SCHUMANN'S music, like Mendelssohn's, is autobiographic. While Mendelssohn's songs are all sunshine, one does not have to sing many of Schumann's to realize that his life was often darkened by mists and storm-clouds. He was neither wealthy nor was his genius appreciated at its true value; and he fought many battles with obtuse critics and shallow Philistines, not so much on his own behalf as for the sake of other men of genius who were unduly neglected. We are concerned here with only one of the serious episodes in his life—his courtship. To most men the period of courtship is the heyday of life; but the course of Schumann's love did not run smooth. In 1836, at the age of twenty-six, he found him-

self enamoured of Clara, the daughter of his piano teacher, the eminent Friedrich Wieck. The father did not favor the suit, because he did not believe that a romantic dreamer like Schumann, who had up to that time devoted himself to art for art's sake, without much regard for pecuniary profits, would be able to support a wife in comfort.[1] Schumann thereupon tried to improve his worldly affairs by transferring his musical paper, the 'New Journal of Music,' to Vienna; but the venture proved a failure, and he returned to Leipsic. The uncertainty whether he would be able to call Clara his own lasted four years. Wieck remained obdurate, although by 1840 Schumann's income amounted to about a thousand thalers a year. The case was at last, in accordance with the German custom, brought before the courts, which, after much vexatious delay, decided in favor of the young couple, and they were married on September 12, 1840.

It was during this period of alternating hopes and doubts that Schumann wrote his best music for piano, as well as for the voice. Up to the year 1840 he had composed only for the piano; and the letters to Clara of the years 1838 and 1839 contain abundant indications that she was in his mind all the time: "I have buried myself in the dream-world of the piano and can play and talk about nothing else but you," he wrote. On February 19, 1840, we find him in a new field: "I am now writing nothing but songs, great and small," he says to a friend. "I can hardly tell you how delightful it is to write for the voice, as compared with instrumental composition; and what a tumult and stir I feel within me when I sit down to it. I have brought forth quite new things in this line." Three days later he writes to Clara: "Since yesterday morning I have written twenty-seven pages of music (something new), of which I can tell you nothing more than that I laughed and wept for joy in composing them." It was the famous song-cycle 'Die Myrthen' ('Myrtle Wreath'), opus 25, which he dedicated to his "beloved bride." In sending her his "first printed songs" ('Liederkreis,' opus 24), the following month, he wrote: "When I composed them my soul was within yours. Without such a bride, indeed, no one could write such music—which I intend as a special compliment." And again, on May 15, he writes to his bride: "Once more have I composed so much that it seems almost uncanny. Alas! I cannot help it; I could sing myself to death, like a nightingale. Twelve Eichendorff songs I have written; but these I have already forgotten and have commenced something new."

This was his state of mind throughout the year when he married, and the result was more than a hundred songs, including the best he ever wrote. They were published as groups, or cycles, among which must be named: (1) the 'Liederkreis,' opus 24, his first printed songs, nine in all, two of which—'Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen' and 'Mit Myrthen und Rosen'—are gems; (2) 'Myrthen,' twenty-six songs, the best being

[1] See the account of Schumann's courtship in the Explanatory Note at the beginning of this number. Wieck's general character justifies us in attributing a less generous motive to his opposition than solicitude for his daughter.— ED.

'Die Lotosblume,' 'Lass mich ihm am Busen hangen,' and 'Der Nussbaum'; (3) the Eichendorff 'Liederkreis,' to which belong the superb 'Waldesgespräch,' and the 'Frühlingsnacht'; (4) the 'Kerner cycle,' opus 35, twelve songs, of which the best are 'Wanderlust,' 'Frage,' 'Stille Thränen'; (5) the 'Frauenliebe-und-Leben' ('Woman's Love and Life'), with the superb 'Er, der Herrlichste von Allen,' 'Seit ich ihn gesehen'; (6) 'Dichterliebe' ('Poet's Love'), which includes the best of all his songs, 'Ich grolle nicht,' besides the admirable 'Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,' 'Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,' and 'Ich hab' im Traum geweinet'; (7) the 'Liebesfrühling' ('Springtime of Love') cycle, the best two numbers of which, 'Warum willst du And're fragen?' and 'Liebst du um Schönheit?' as well as 'Er ist gekommen,' were written by Clara, who therewith placed herself at the head of all song-writers of her sex. The suspicion that Schumann may have assisted her is silenced by the fact that the first-named song—the best of the three—does not suggest his style so much as Mendelssohn's. 'Liebst du um Schönheit?' is more Schumannish, and the opening bar, which recurs again and again, is a stroke of genius that haunts the memory delightfully.

Clara Schumann's edition of her husband's songs, published by Breitkopf and Härtel, comprises (with her own three) two hundred and forty-eight numbers. It is in four volumes, and the songs are printed in the order of their appearance. A critical study of them makes it only too obvious that Felix Draeseke was right when he said that Schumann began genius and ended talent. The seventeen songs I have referred to all belong to the year 1840, and so do the only others beside them that seem to me to have the gift of eternal youth—'Sonntags am Rhein,' 'An den Sonnenschein,' and the famous ballad 'The Two Grenadiers.' Among the one hundred and nineteen songs of the third and fourth volumes there is only one—'Er ist's'—that rises above mediocrity. To understand this we must know that after 1840, with a few unimportant exceptions, he did not write any more songs till nine years later, a time when the cerebral disease to which he succumbed in 1856 had already weakened his creative power and reduced his genius to talent. This terrible affliction enables us to comprehend the lack of ideas in these later songs, and their triviality, which otherwise would seem inexplicable in a man so critical as Schumann was. It lessens our wonder at the fact that one who adored Schubert as he did should have been willing to place before the world such utterly commonplace new settings of the Mignon songs, which his idol had clothed with eternal music; and it makes us forgive even the chalk-and-water insipidity of his 'Lieder-Album' for children, opus 79. Hans von Bülow was right when he declared that the *ipsissimus* Schumann was the early Schumann, up to opus 50. Schumann seemed to have a presentiment of his fate when he declared, after the great song-harvest of 1840, that he was satisfied with what he had done and could not promise that he would produce anything further in that line.

It has been assumed for a long time that Schumann, coming after

Schubert, and benefiting by his example, must necessarily represent a higher phase in the development of the *lied*. He is supposed, in particular, to have assumed a more critical attitude toward the poems he set to music and to have increased the significance and importance of the piano part. Schubert's alleged uncritical attitude toward poets and poetry is, however, largely a figment of the imagination; and, on the other hand, the eminent historian Ambros has pointed out that Schumann is by no means impeccable, but was guilty of some gross lapses of taste. One great advantage Schumann had. Surviving Schubert by twenty-eight years, he had a whole new generation of poets to draw upon; above all, Heine, who became the favorite of lyric composers from the moment of his appearance shortly before Schubert's death, because of his terse form and intense emotionalism. Schumann made a specialty of him; but so, no doubt, would Schubert have done, had he lived longer; and I must say that, much as I admire the emotional realism of Schumann's settings of some of Heine's songs, I wonder at his failure to be inspired by others he attempted (which could not have happened to Schubert); and none of them—not even 'Ich grolle nicht,' one of the most superb songs ever written—seems to me quite so inspired as four of Schubert's six Heine songs: 'Der Atlas,' 'Ihr Bild,' 'Am Meer,' and 'Der Doppelgänger.' There is a spontaneity and an inevitableness about these that Schumann never quite attains, even at his best.

Though we have seen that only twenty of Schumann's two hundred and forty-five songs are of the highest order of merit, these twenty are so superlatively good that they will always insure him a place in the front rank of song-writers. Specialists and students will, of course, find interesting details of vocal treatment, harmony, and rhythm in many of his other songs. Schumann was fond of syncopations and anticipations, which give his rhythms and harmonies a unique interest. His pictorial or descriptive power does not equal Schubert's; he never could have penned the 'Erl-King.' On the other hand, he had a humorous vein, which Schubert lacked, and which ranges from "student's joviality" to "Heine's bitterest irony," as Dr. Spitta remarks, with slight exaggeration. He was particularly successful in reproducing in music that "mixture of humor and tragedy" which is characteristic of Heine. Several of his songs give musical expression to "that mirth of Heine's which seems always on the verge of tears," as Mr. Fuller-Maitland remarks. In his use of "germs of ideas to give the impression of a vague, dreamy, veiled sentiment," he is also unique. That he had the mystic veneration of the German romanticists for all the phases of nature is made manifest in many of his songs. All the best traits of his genius are united in 'Ich grolle nicht.' I am aware that some have affected to sneer at this song because it is so popular. But popularity in the case of a composer like Schumann, who never stoops to conquer, is a sign of merit, not of demerit. Indeed, Schumann has been more lucky than some other writers in winning the widest popularity for his best effusions.

THE WORKS OF SCHUMANN

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

AS translations of German poems into English are never entirely satisfactory from the literary point of view, however necessary from the musical, the originals of Schumann's texts will be given in the following notes, just as was done with Franz's and Schubert's songs (see MASTERS IN MUSIC, Parts 14 and 22).

I. 'Dedication' — *Opus 25, No. 1*

WIDMUNG

Rückert

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', O du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!
Du bist die Ruh', du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir werth,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!
Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', O du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!

THE 'Myrthen,' opus 25, are a collection of twenty-six songs, on texts by Rückert, Goethe, Heine, Burns, Byron, and others. The text of 'Dedication,' the first of the series, is by the well-known German poet, Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866). It is a love-song, of the intensely emotional and romantic kind especially congenial to Schumann's temperament. The first stanza of impassioned apostrophe to the beloved is set to a soaring, beautifully spontaneous melody, accompanied by a most original and happily conceived rhythmic figure, which much intensifies the ardor of the utterance. With the second stanza—"Thou art rest and peace"—comes a beautifully fitting modulation to E-major, while the rhythm of the accompaniment becomes less agitated, and the melody itself is almost religious in its depth of feeling. Worthy of note, too, is the subtly conceived "enharmonic change" by which the original key of A-flat is regained, the note C-sharp, in the voice part, being made to pass into D-flat. There is a graceful postlude for the piano, in the true Schumann vein.

II. *'O Thou Art Like a Flower'* — *Opus 25, No. 24*

DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME

Heine

Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmuth
Schleicht mir in's Herz hinein.
Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Auf's Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.

THIS is one of the simplest and sincerest of the poems of that strange, self-contradictory genius, Heinrich Heine (1799–1856), who carried the school of German romantic poetry to its acme, and then held it pitilessly up to be ridiculed by his venomous sarcasm. His 'Book of Songs' has supplied the texts for hundreds of songs by scores of composers, chief among whom is Schumann, who has been said to have stood in the same relation of musical interpreter to Heine that Schubert stood in to Goethe. 'Du bist wie eine Blume' has inspired over a hundred composers.

Of all these, it is safe to say that few have caught the quiet, earnest spirit of the poem as Schumann has done. The melody is entirely simple and direct, breathing profound feeling. Especial attention should be paid to the art with which the idea of "Wehmuth," or longing, is conveyed by the harmony, and to the emotional climax reached in the prayer of the last two lines.

III. 'Serenade' — *Opus 36, No. 2*

STÄNDCHEN

Reinick

Komm' in die stille Nacht,
Liebchen, was zögerst du?
Sonne ging längst zur Ruh',
Welt schloss die Augen zu.
Rings nur einzig die Liebe wacht.

Liebchen, was zögerst du?
Schon sind die Sterne hell,
Schon ist der Mond zur Stell',
Eilen so schnell, so schnell.
Liebchen, mein Liebchen, drum eil' auch du!

Einzig die Liebe wacht,
Ruft dich all-überall.
Höre die Nachtigall,
Hör' meiner Stimme Schall,
Liebchen, O komm in die stille Nacht!

THE charm of these verses, already great, is enhanced by the delightful setting of Schumann. Particularly fascinating is the momentary pause of the voice after the fourth line, and the two phrases that the accompaniment sings alone. Also the gradual crescendo beginning at the thirteenth measure from the end is of most charming effect. But the distinguished beauty of this song lies not in any details; it is in the whole conception, so delicate, tender, and graceful.

IV. 'Moonlight' — *Opus 39, No. 5*

MONDNACHT

Eichendorff

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel
Die Erde still geküsst,
Dass sie im Blüthenschimmer
Von ihm nur träumen müsst'.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Aehren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis' die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus'.

SCHUMANN'S cycle of twelve songs on texts by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857) contains some of his most perfect bits of lyrical writing. This song, 'Moonlight,' illustrates well his power to seize sympathetically the mood of a poem, and enhance it by his music. The quiet regularity of the chord accompaniment, the light shimmering purity of its harmony, suggest irresistibly the tranquillity and luminous clearness of a moonlight night. In the third stanza there is a slight element of human passion, quickly subsiding, however, into the original serenity. The whole song should be sung with great evenness, restraint, and purity of feeling.

V. 'Spring Night' — *Opus 39, No. 12*

FRÜHLINGSNACHT

Eichendorff

Ueber'm Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervögel zieh'n,
Das bedeutet Frühlings düfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blüh'n.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondes glanz herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain,
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
„Sie ist deine, sie ist dein!"

WITH its onrushing accompaniment in triplets, its constant modulations, and its fresh melody so full of impetuosity and passionate happiness, 'Frühlingsnacht' is one of the greatest and most inimitable of the Schumann songs. It bears the stamp throughout of what one sometimes hears called "an inspiration"—a spontaneous outburst, that is to say, of high feeling, embodied in wholly sufficing form, and entirely free of any impression of having been studied or in any way labored. These two pages are one of the great possessions of lyric art.

VI. 'Since Mine Eyes Have Seen Him' — *Opus 42, No. 1*

SEIT ICH IHN GESEHEN

von Chamisso

Seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub' ich blind zu sein:
Wo ich hin nur blicke, seh' ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel heller, heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht — und farblos alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele nicht begehr' ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen, still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub' ich blind zu sein.

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO (1781–1838), who has been well characterized as "that wonderful Frenchman who made Germany his home, and sang himself into the heart of the German people," was one of the sincerest and most unaffected of the German Romantic poets. His 'Frauenliebe und Leben,' or 'Woman's Love and Life,' a series of poems of remarkably chaste and simple feeling, supplied Schumann with the idea for one of his most characteristic series of songs, his opus 42. As one critic has truly remarked, no composer but Schumann could have so adequately and sensitively interpreted love from the woman's standpoint.

A comparison of this song, which is the first of the series, with 'Frühlingsnacht,' shows strikingly the versatility and scope of Schumann's power of expression. This is the dreamy, meditative, devotional side of love, as that was the passionate and exultant. How simple and naïve is the harmony, how unaffected the melody, how full of quiet yet profound emotion the final cadence of each stanza, with that wonderful soft F-sharp in the bass of the accompaniment! Schumann might have written on this score, as Beethoven did on one of his: "From the heart it has come; to the heart may it go."

The singer need hardly be reminded that in such a song all *tempo rubato* and sentimentality of every sort are out of place. Directness of utterance, perfect simplicity of sentiment, are the prime desiderata.

VII. 'He, the Best of All' — *Opus 42, No. 2*

ER, DER HERRLICHSTE VON ALLEN

von Chamisso

Er, der Herrlichste von Allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Muth.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also Er an meinen Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen,
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demuth ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich, nied're Magd, nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von Allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig binn ich dann,
Sollte mir das Herz auch brecken
Brick, O Herz, was liegt daran?

Er, der Herrlichste von Allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Muth.
Wie so milde, wie so gut!

THIS song, one of the most popular in the entire Schumann repertory, reproduces and intensifies the feeling of the words, which are a half-religious, half-impassioned panegyric of the beloved. Musically the song is remarkable for the breadth of its melody, the great variety of its treatment of the root-idea, and the charming echoes, by the piano part, of the phrases of the voice. It calls for a certain abandon and high fervor in the interpretation.

VIII. 'In May' — *Opus 48, No. 1*

IM WUNDERSCHÖNEN MONAT MAI

Heine

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

THE 'Dichterliebe,' or 'Poet's Love,' opus 48, is a setting of sixteen songs by Heine. 'Im wunderschönen Monat Mai' is one of the most celebrated of these songs, and justly. A technical point of especial interest is the ending on a "dominant seventh chord," which gives a curious sense of inconclusiveness. The flowing accompaniment, in which Schumann the piano-composer is clearly revealed, requires to be played with a light but well-maintained legato, and carefully phrased.

IX. 'When Thy Sweet Eyes' — *Opus 48, No. 4*

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

ANOTHER of the 'Dichterliebe' songs. One should especially note here the expressiveness with which Schumann has set the "Ich liebe dich" in the second stanza, and the consummate way in which the postlude for the piano carries out, by its deep pathos, the suggestion of the final line of the text. It is perhaps by these suggestions and hints of more than is actually said that Schumann most strongly exhibits his romanticism.

X. 'The Poet's Love' — *Opus 48, No. 7*

Ich grolle nicht,
Und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb!
Ich grolle nicht, ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht,
Das weiss ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht,
Und wenn das Herz auch bricht.
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst.
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht, ich grolle nicht.

THIS is the greatest of the 'Dichterliebe,' if not the greatest of all Schumann's songs. Its dramatic intensity, breadth, and cumulative force are marvelous. Note how the melody piles itself up, tier on tier, ever more impassioned and pathetic! The firm march of the bass down the diatonic scale still further intensifies the expression, seeming to suggest resistless and universal fate. Schumann's melodies are sometimes open to the charge of fragmentariness. Not so this great tune, which gathers ever new force as it proceeds irresistibly to its goal. Mr. H. T. Finck says of the 'Dichterliebe': "The union of the music with the poems is so intimate that, as has been aptly said, 'it is sometimes impossible to rid ourselves of the impression that they are the work of one man.'"

XI. 'The Two Grenadiers' — *Opus 49, No. 1*

DIE BEIDEN GRENADIERE

Heine

Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadier',
Der waren in Russland gefangen.
Und als sie kamen in's deutsche Quartier,
Sie liessen die Köpfe hangen.

Da hörten sie Beide die traurige Mähr':
Dass Frankreich verloren gegangen,
Besiegt und geschlagen das tapfere Heer,
Und der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen.

Da weinten zusammen die Grenadier'
Wohl ob der kläglichen Kunde.
Der Eine sprach: „Wie weh' wird mir,
Wie brennt meine alte Wunde!"

Der Andre sprach: „Das Lied ist aus,
Auch ich möcht mit dir sterben,
Doch hab' ich Weib und Kind zu Haus,
Die ohne mich verderben."

„Was schert mich Weib, was schert mich Kind,
Ich trage weit besser Verlangen;
Lass sie betteln gehn, wenn sie hungrig sind—
Mein Kaiser, mein Kaiser gefangen!

„Gewähr mir, Bruder, eine Bitt':
Wenn ich jetzt sterben werde,
So nimm meine Leiche nach Frankreich mit,
Begrab' mich in Frankreichs Erde.

„Das Ehrenkreuz am rothen Band
Sollst du auf's Herz mir legen;
Die Flinte gieb mir in die Hand,
Und gürt' mir um den Degen.

„So will ich liegen und horchen still,
Wie eine Schildwach', im Grabe,
Bis einst ich höre Kanonengebrüll
Und wiehernder Rosse Getrabe.

„Dann reitet mein Kaiser wohl über mein Grab,
Viel Schwerter klirren und blitzen,
Viel Schwerter klirren und blitzen;
Dann steig' ich gewaffnet hervor aus dem Grab
Den Kaiser, den Kaiser zu schützen!"

THIS stirring ballad of patriotism, one of Heine's 'Romances,' is set by Schumann with unfailing dramatic vigor, pathos, and spirit. The feeling of each stanza is remarkably enhanced by the appropriate music. The first stanza is straightforward and martial—a military narrative merely. Then comes the second, with its somber yet manly tone of grief at the news of France's ill-fortune in war. In the third, how expressive is the gloomy harmony put to the words of the old soldiers! With the fifth and sixth, the grief of the first grenadier rises gradually to a frenzy of despair—"Who cares for wife and child, when the emperor is taken?" Then comes the request that he may be buried in French earth, with his sabre and musket beside him; and with the splendid words,

"And thus I 'll lie like a sentinel
Who waits the sound of the battle,
Till chargers neighing and tramping around
Respond to the guns' mighty rattle,"

the magnificent battle-hymn of France, the Marseillaise, is heard in the music. It is heard through the last two stanzas, and then at the end of all come the somber organ-like harmonies of the postlude, suggesting the death and long oblivion of the loyal soldier.

'The Two Grenadiers' is the most universally loved of all Schumann's songs.

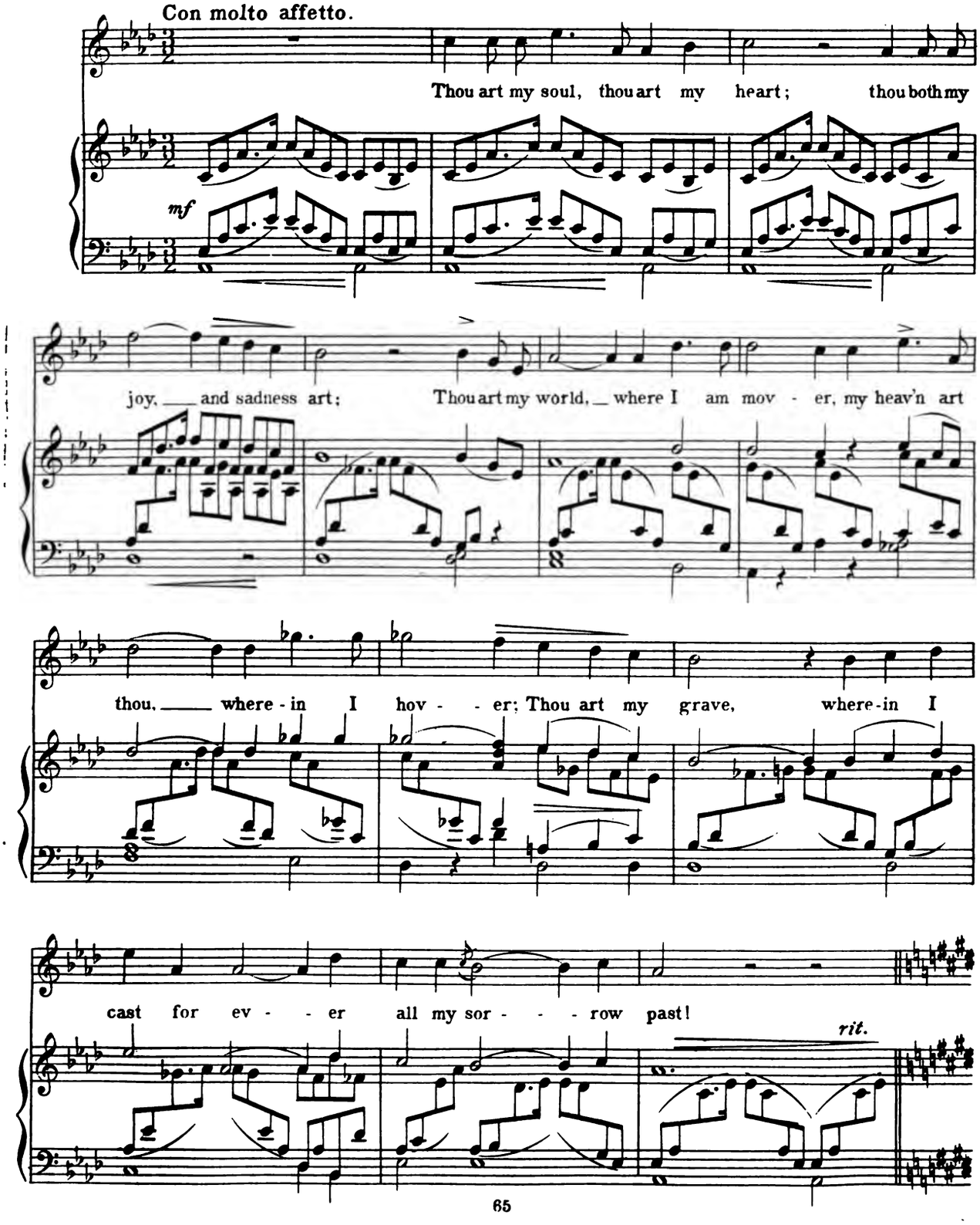
THE foregoing songs, the cream of Schumann's work in the lyrical style, afford us a good basis for forming an estimate of his general methods and results. It is interesting in the first place to notice how much variety there is in these eleven songs—a variety which is characteristic of his work as a whole. Only one of the songs, to be sure, 'The Two Grenadiers,' is of the dramatic, narrative type so much cultivated by such composers as Schubert and Loewe; but this one is enough to prove Schumann's power in what is, after all, from a purely artistic point of view, an inferior type. Of the highest type of song, on the other hand, the pure lyric or song of feeling, we have here ten examples of incomparable beauty and of remarkable variety. There is the expression of ardent passion in 'Spring Night' and 'He, the Best of All;' of gentle, profound, earnest feeling in 'Dedication,' 'Since Mine Eyes Have Seen Him,' and 'When Thy Sweet Eyes;' of delicate chivalry and romance in the 'Serenade,' 'Moonlight,' and 'In May;' of deep emotion tinged with a religious fervor in 'O Thou Art Like a Flower;' and of tragic love and sorrow in 'The Poet's Love.' This is a wonderful range of utterance for a single artist.

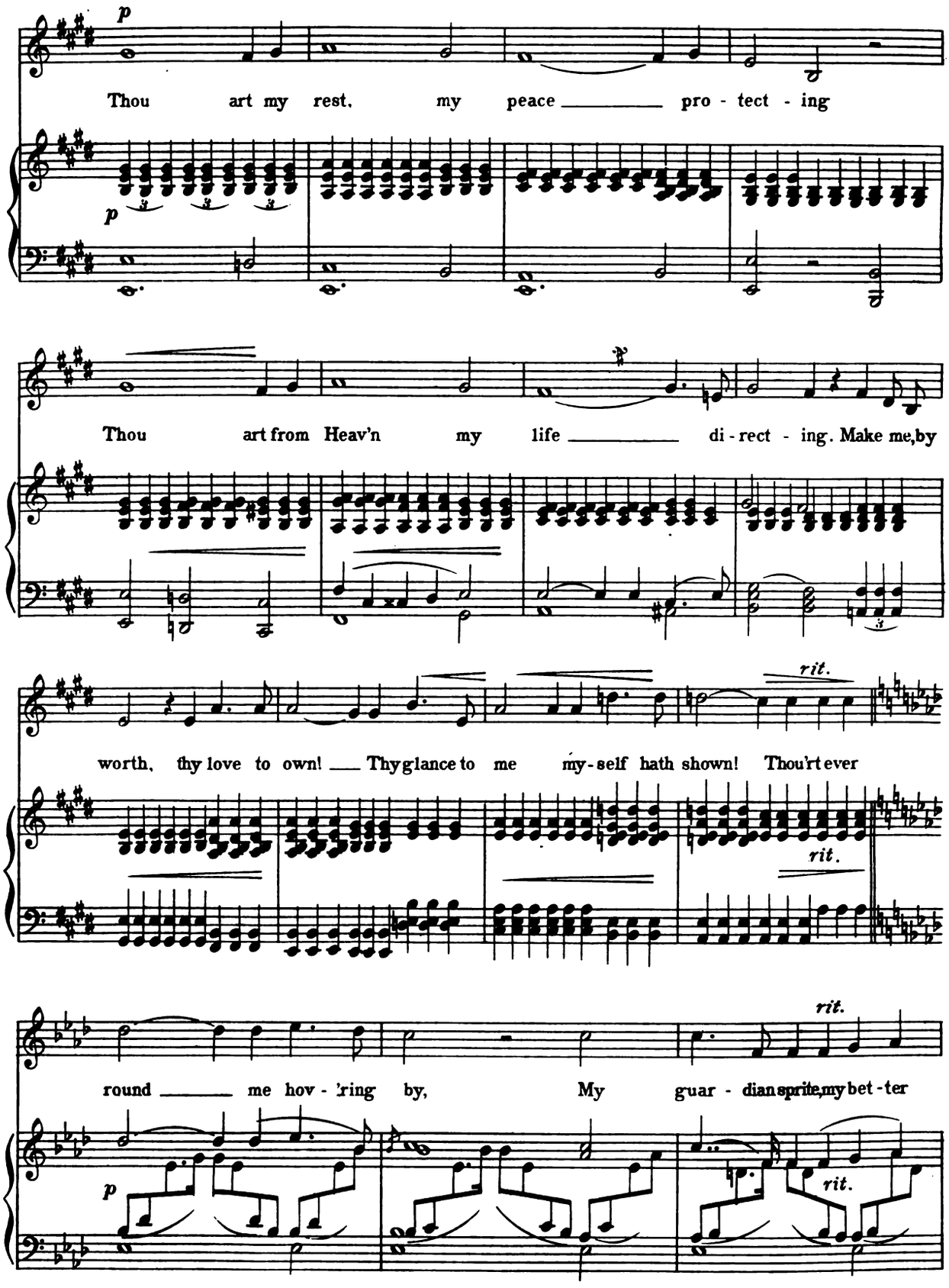
All the songs have in common, too, a spontaneity of melody, a dignity of spirit, and a perfection of workmanship that place them in the front rank of the masterpieces of lyrical music. There are perhaps only two other composers who can bear a searching comparison with Schumann in all these general qualities of excellence—Franz Schubert and Johannes Brahms. And Schumann surpasses even these masters in certain ways: he is more subtle and thoughtful than Schubert, more unsophisticated and in a sense more spontaneous than Brahms. Had he written nothing but songs, he would hold for all time one of the highest places in the musical pantheon.

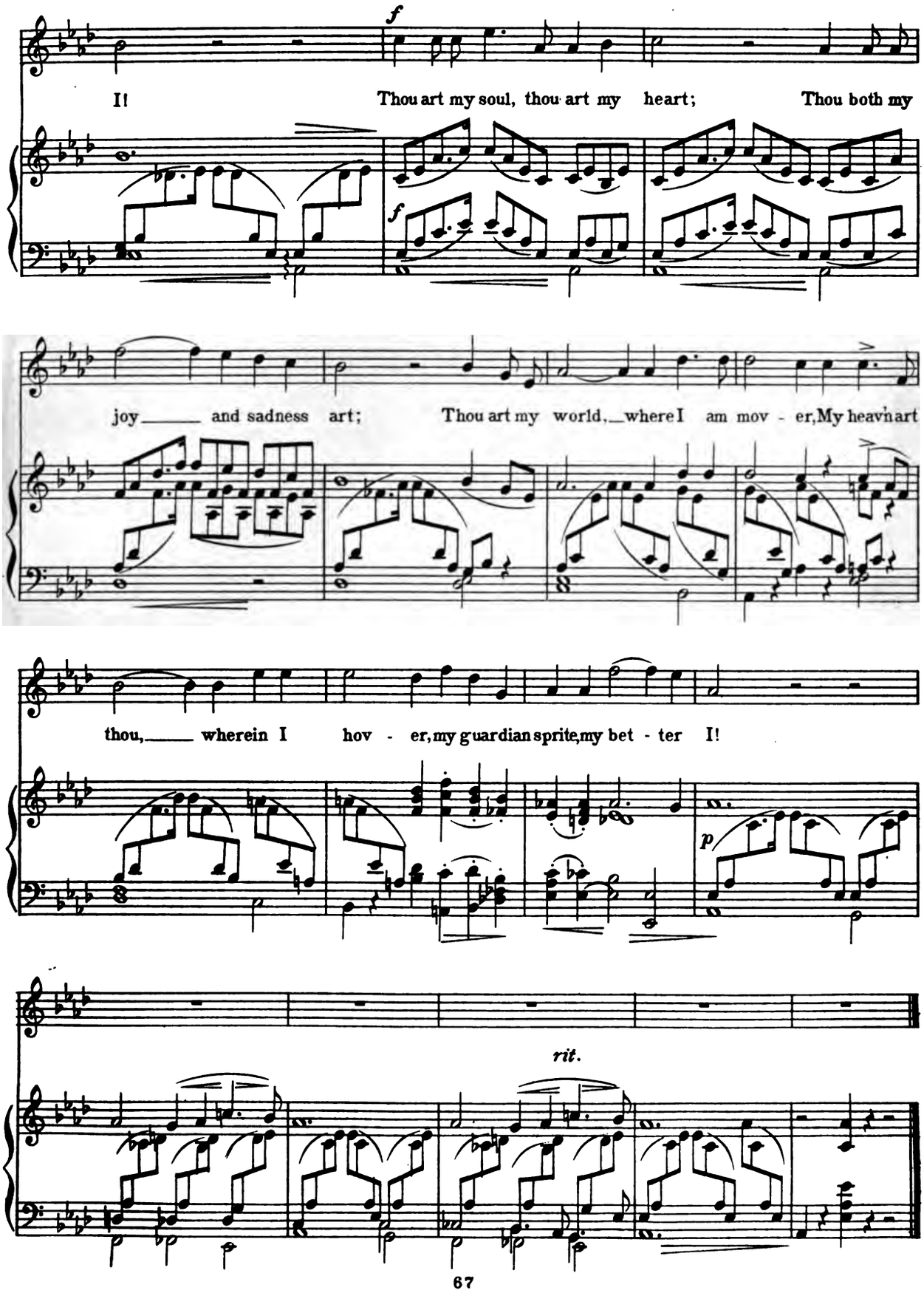
NOTE.—The list of Schumann's Principal Works, and the Bibliography of sources of information about him, will be found in the preceding issue of MASTERS IN MUSIC.

I. 'DEDICATION'

OPUS 25, NO. 1

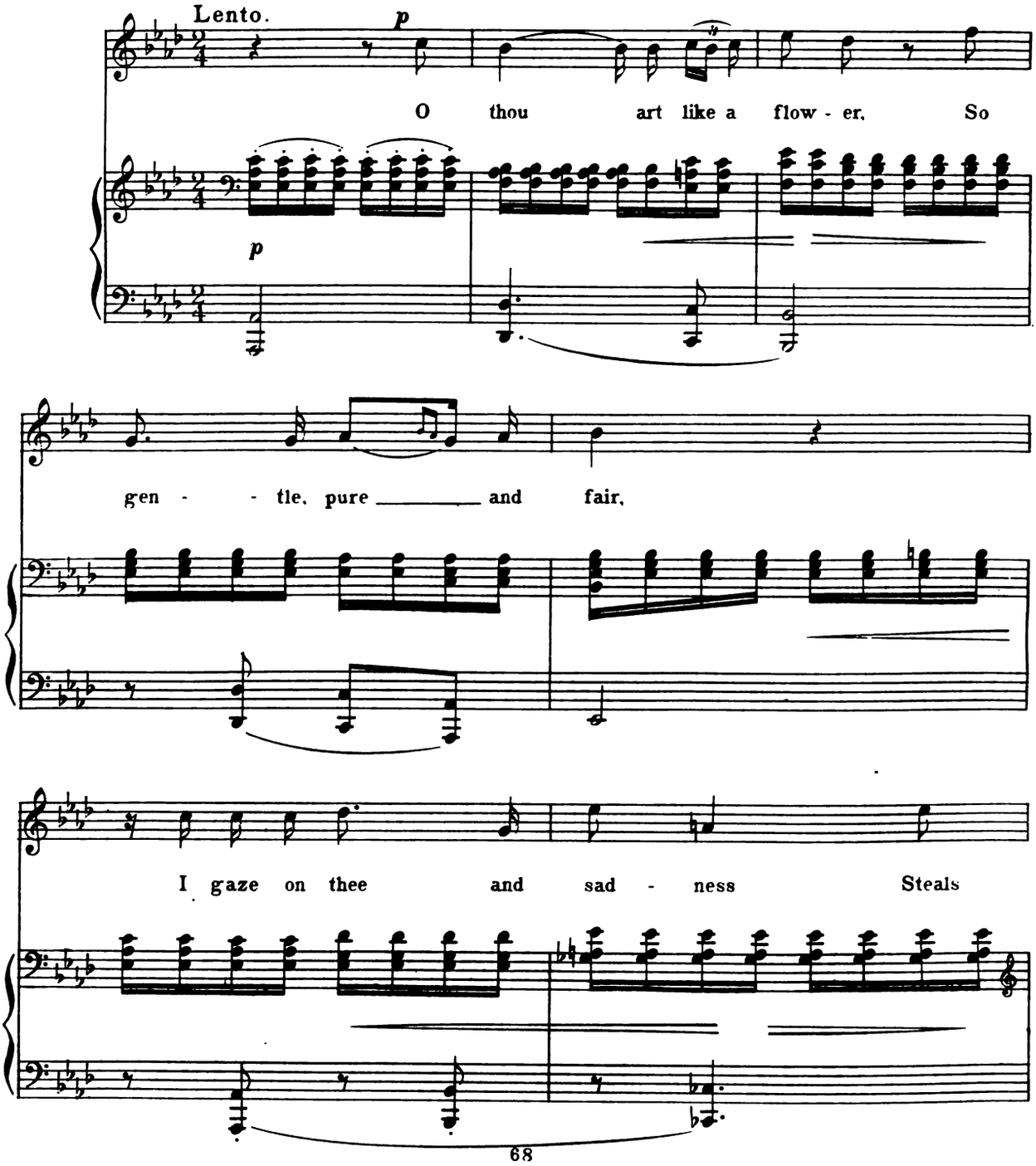


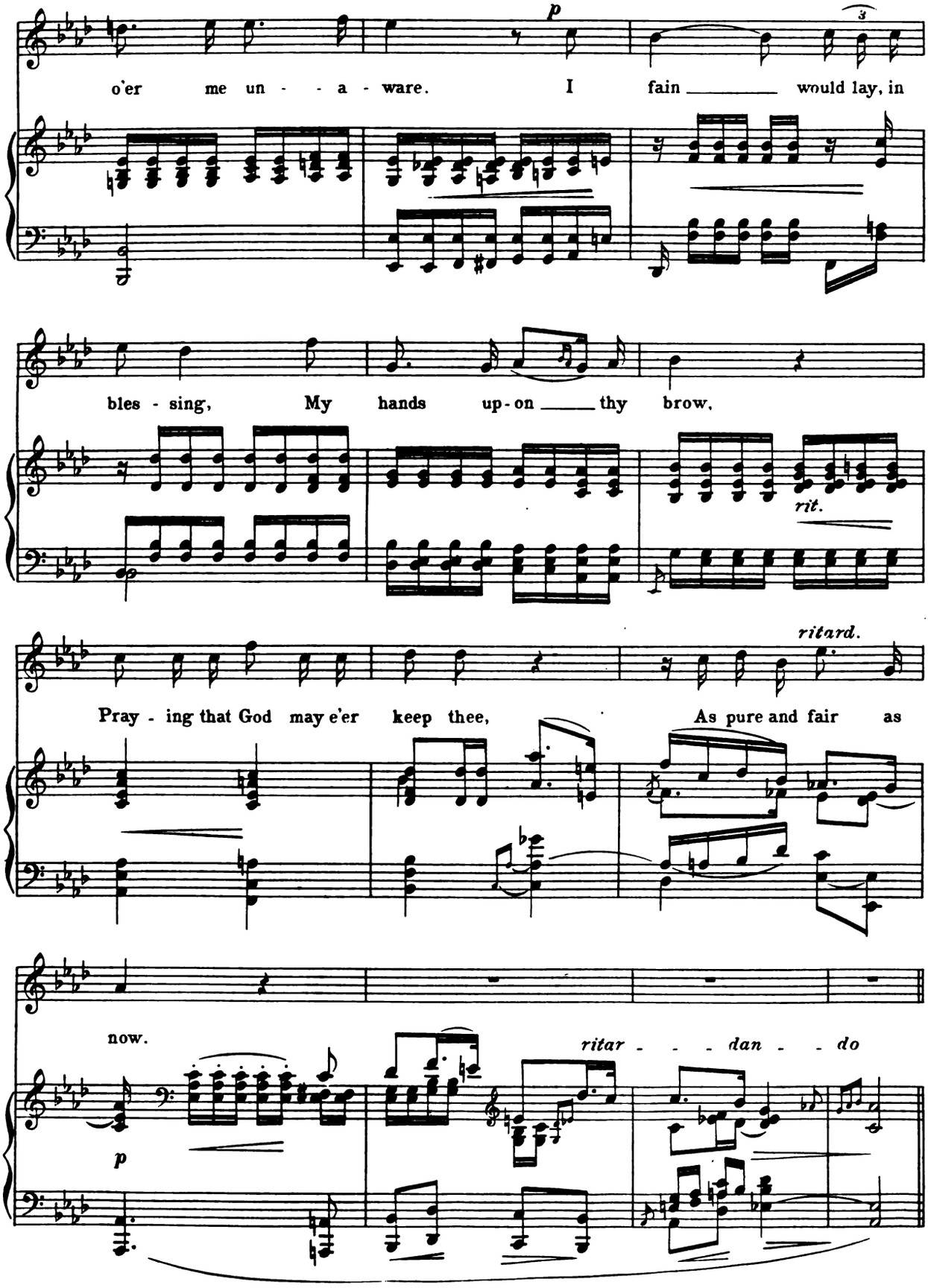

p
Thou art my rest, my peace pro - tect - ing
p
Thou art from Heav'n my life di - rect - ing. Make me, by
rit.
worth, thy love to own! Thy glance to me my-self hath shown! Thou'rt ever
rit.
rit.
round me hov - 'ring by, My guar - dian sprite, my bet - ter
p
rit.


f
II
Thou art my soul, thou art my heart;
Thou both my
joy and sadness art;
Thou art my world, where I am mov - er, My heav'n art
thou, wherein I
hov - er, my guardian sprite, my bet - ter I!
p
rit.

II. 'O Thou Art Like a Flower'

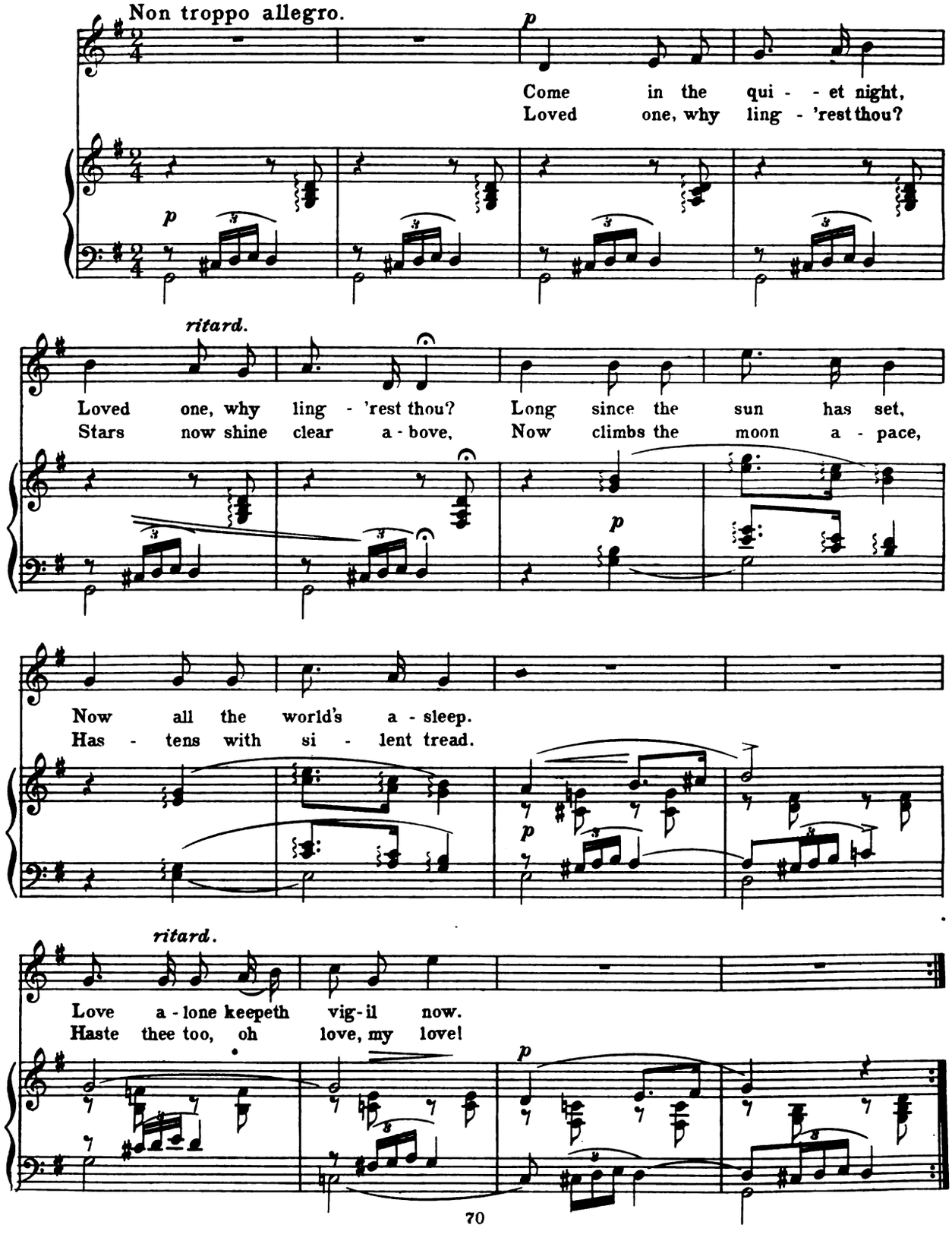
OPUS 25, NO. 24

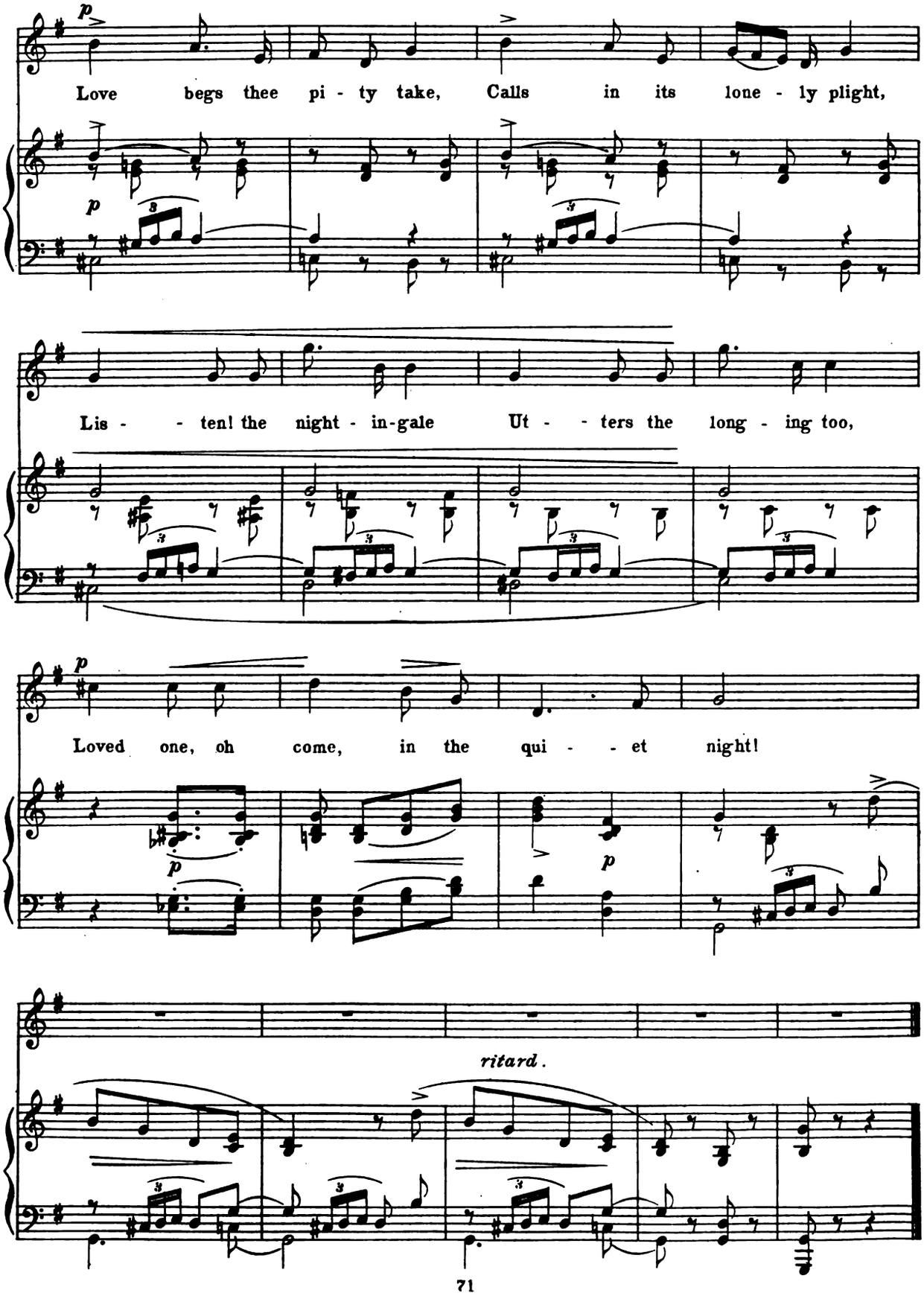



p
o'er me un - - a - ware. I fain would lay, in
bles - sing, My hands up-on thy brow,
rit.
ritard.
Pray - ing that God may e'er keep thee, As pure and fair as
now.
ritar - - - dan - - do
p

III. 'SERENADE'

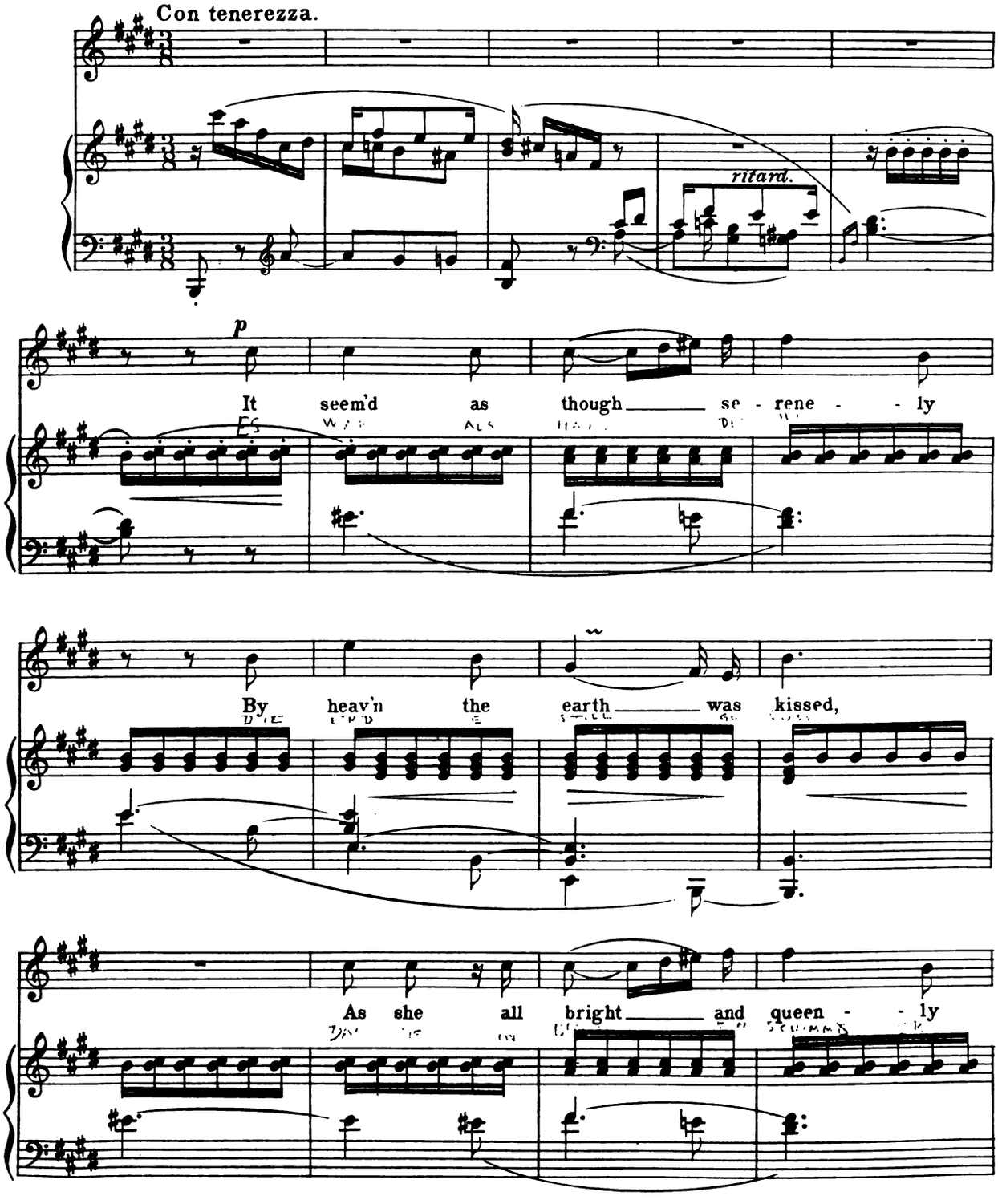
OPUS 36, NO. 2

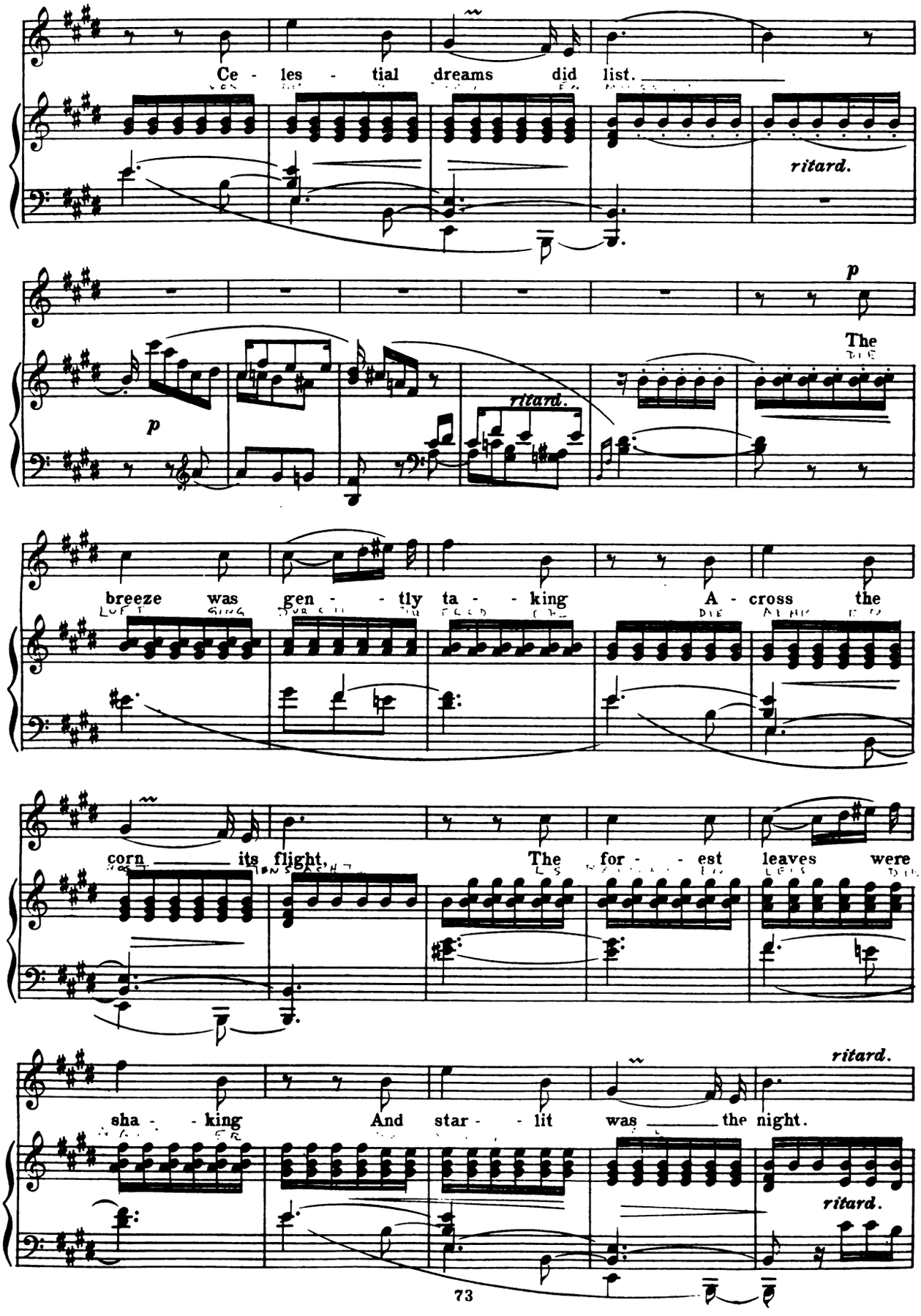


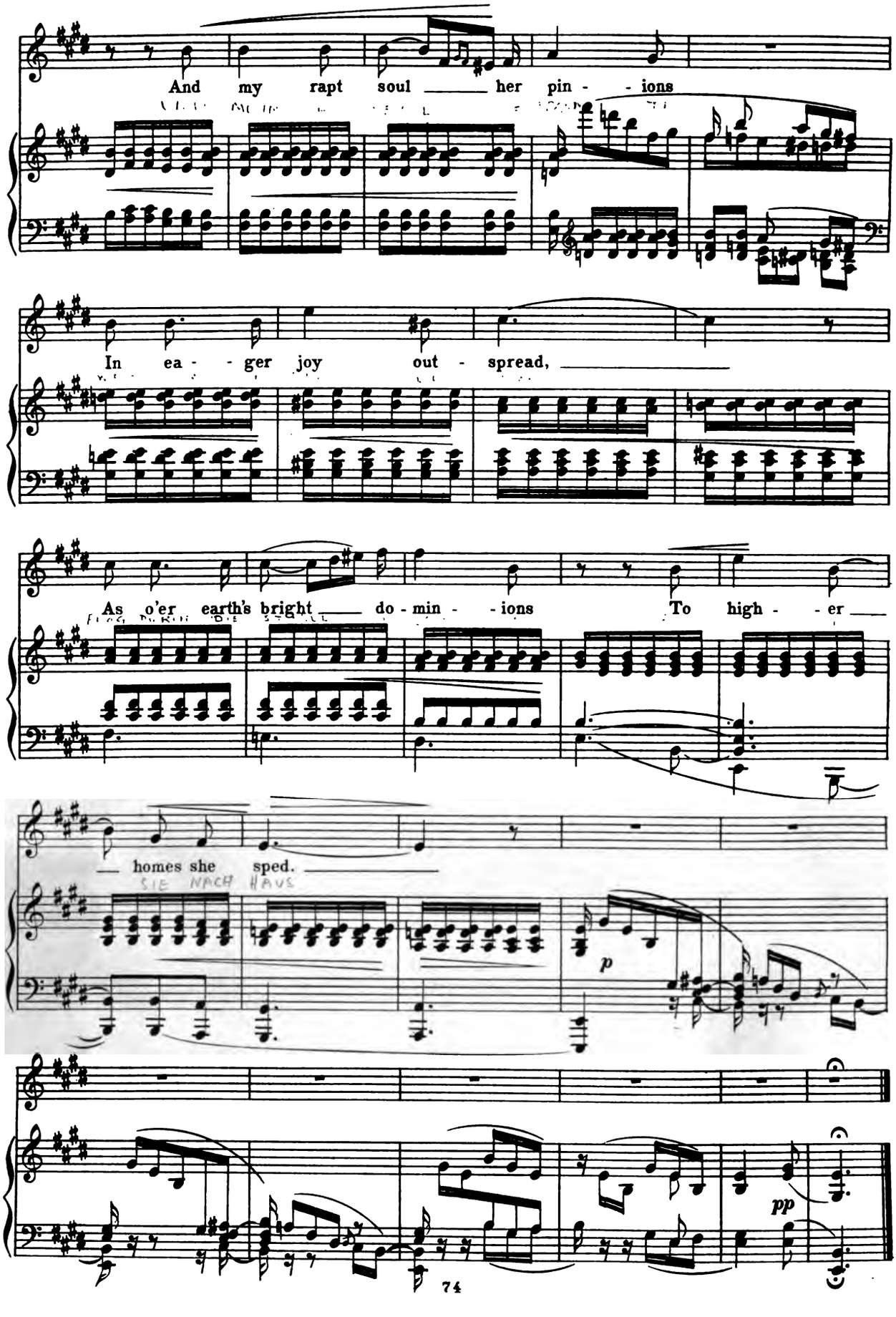

Love begs thee pi - ty take, Calls in its lone - ly plight,
Lis - - ten! the night - in-gale Ut - - ters the long - ing too,
Loved one, oh come, in the qui - - et night!
ritard.

IV. 'MOONLIGHT'

OPUS 39, NO. 5

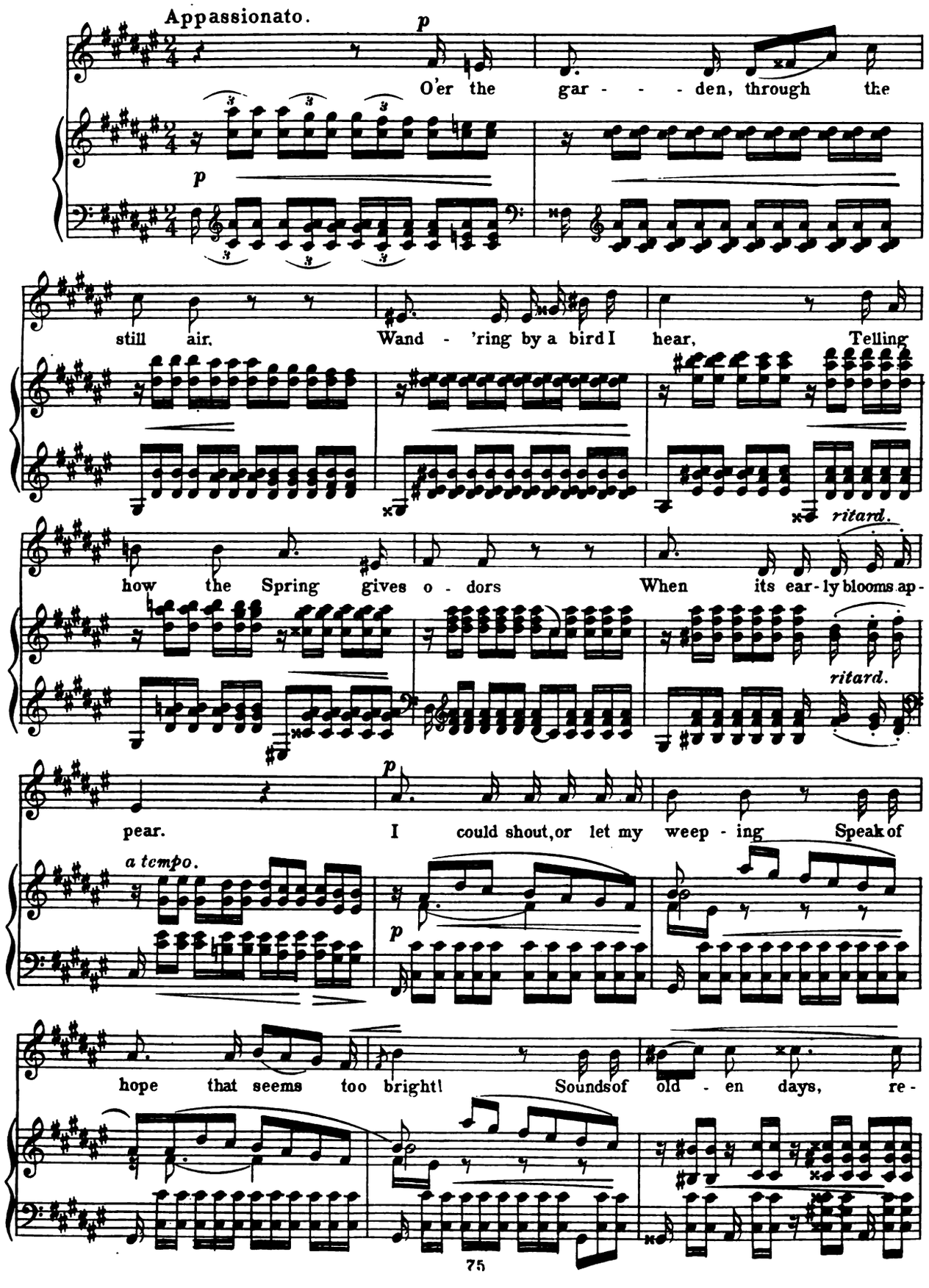


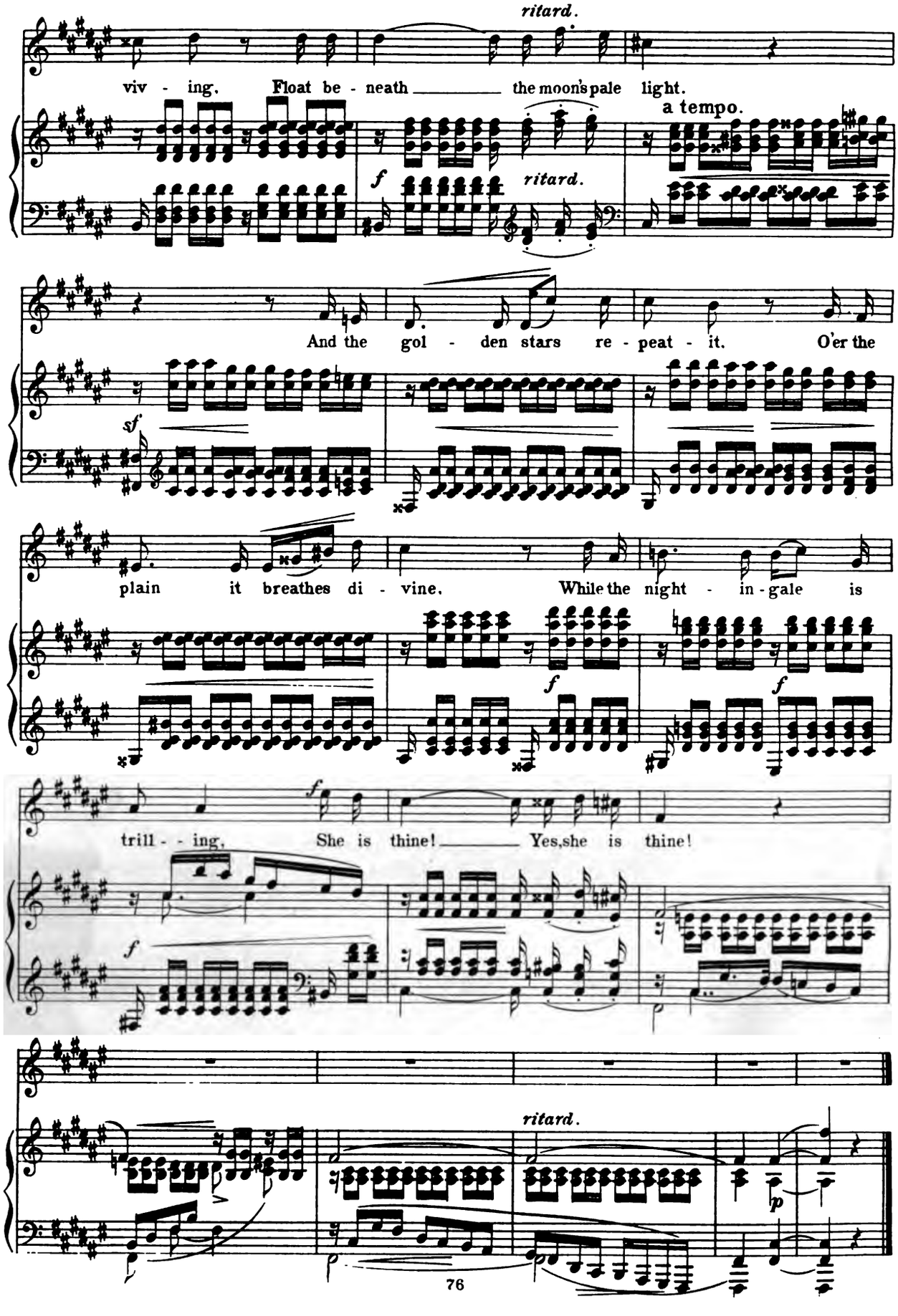

Ce - les - tial dreams did list.
ritard.
p
The
p
ritard.
breeze was gen - - tly ta - - king A - cross the
corn its flight, The for - - est leaves were
ritard.
sha - - king And star - - lit was the night.
ritard.


And my rapt soul her pin - - ions
In ea - - ger joy out - spread,
As o'er earth's bright do - min - - ions To high - - er
homes she sped.
SIE NACH HAUS
p
pp

V. 'SPRING NIGHT'

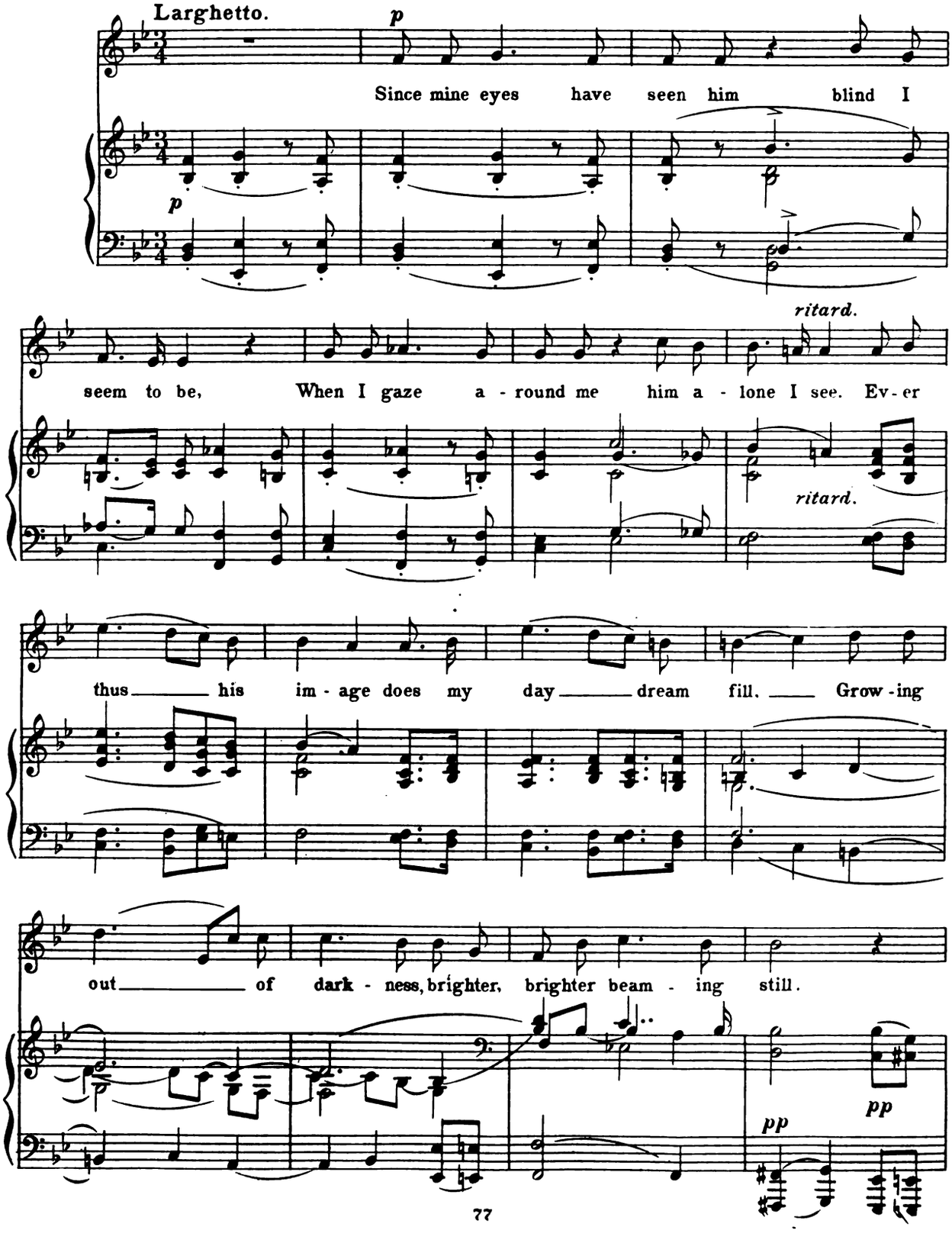
OPUS 39, NO. 12

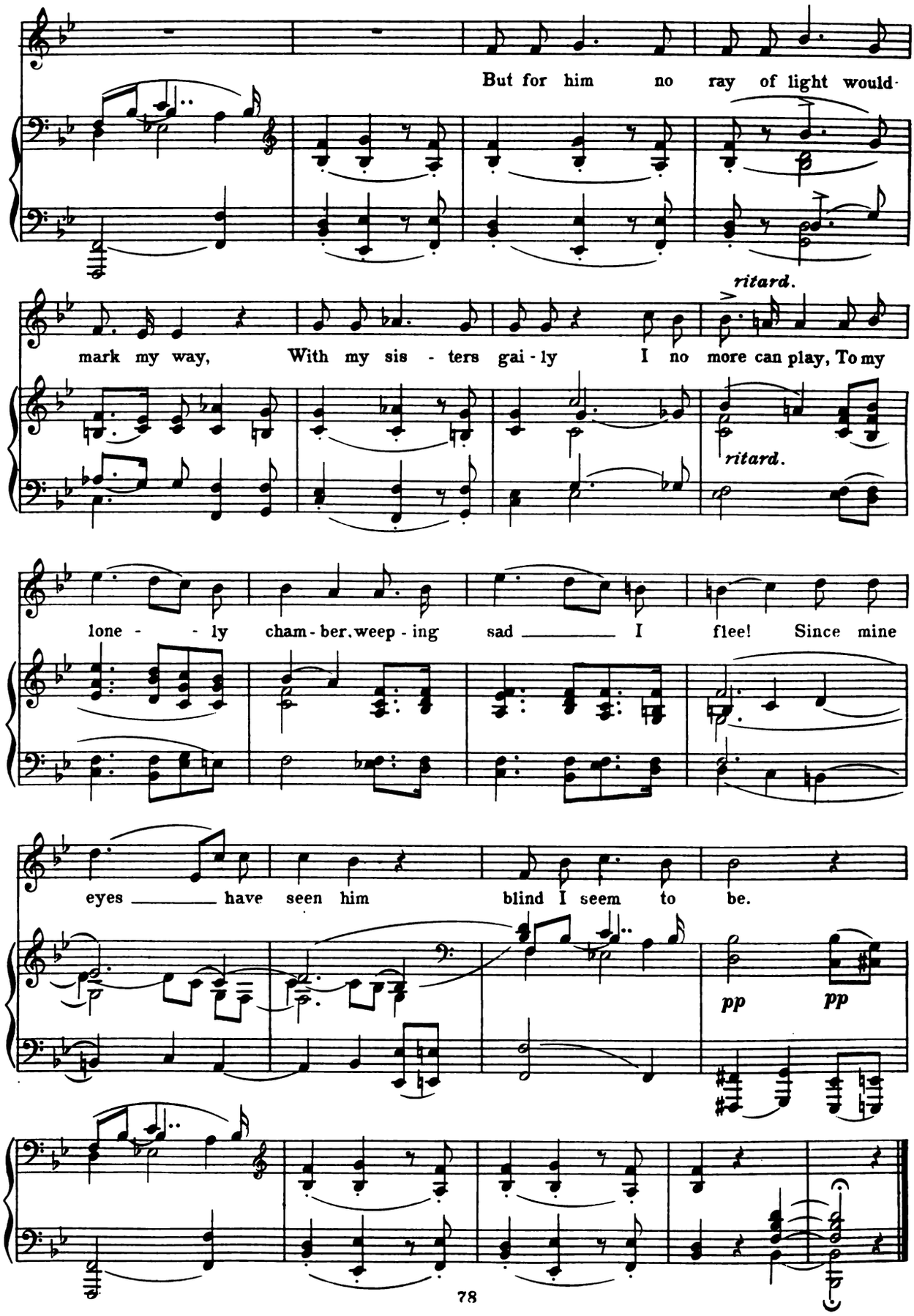



ritard.
viv - ing. Float be - neath the moon's pale light.
a tempo.
f
ritard.
And the gol - den stars re - peat - it. O'er the
sf
plain it breathes di - vine. While the night - in - gale is
f
f
f
trill - - ing. She is thine! Yes, she is thine!
f
ritard.
p

VI. 'Since Mine Eyes Have Seen Him'

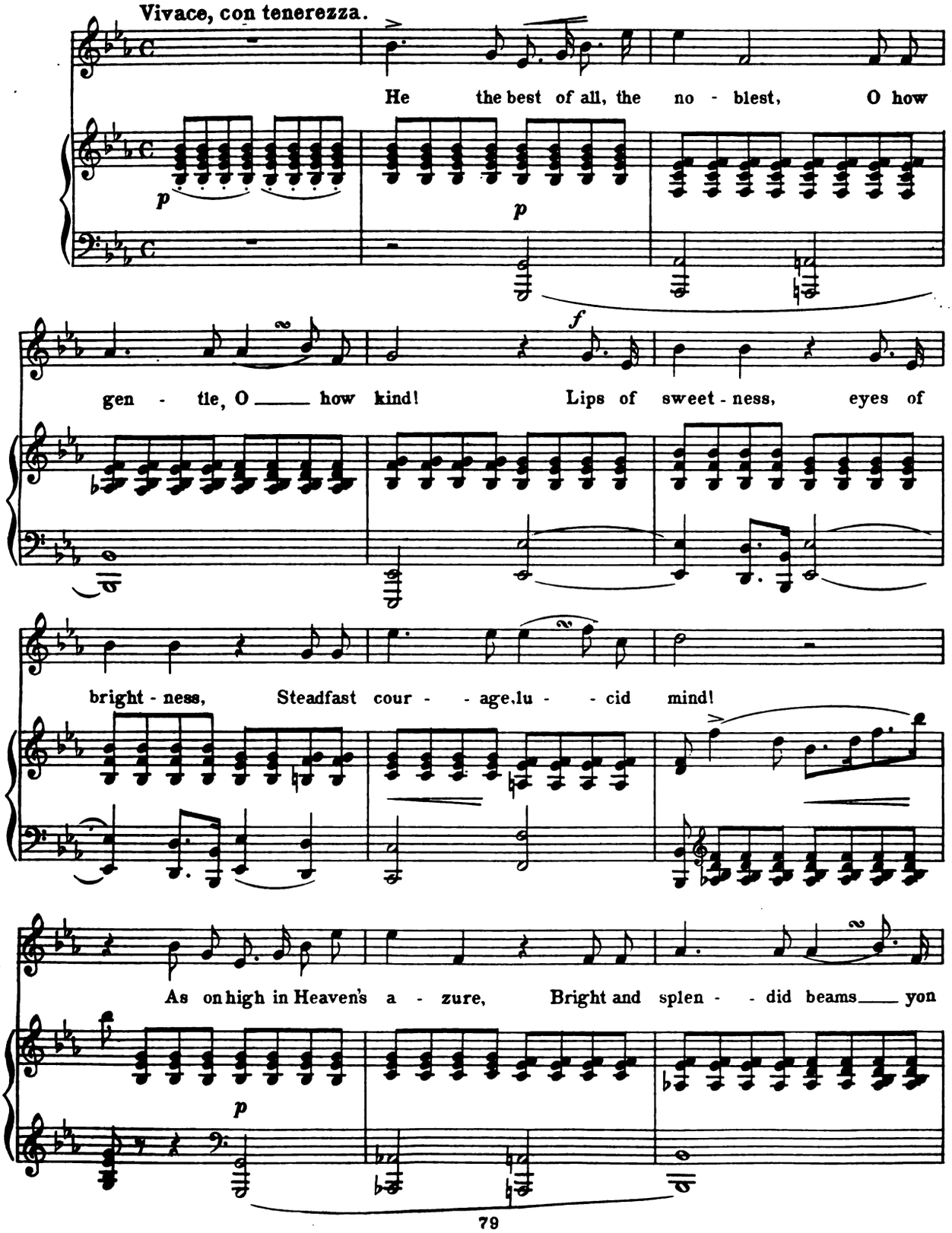
OPUS 42, NO. 1

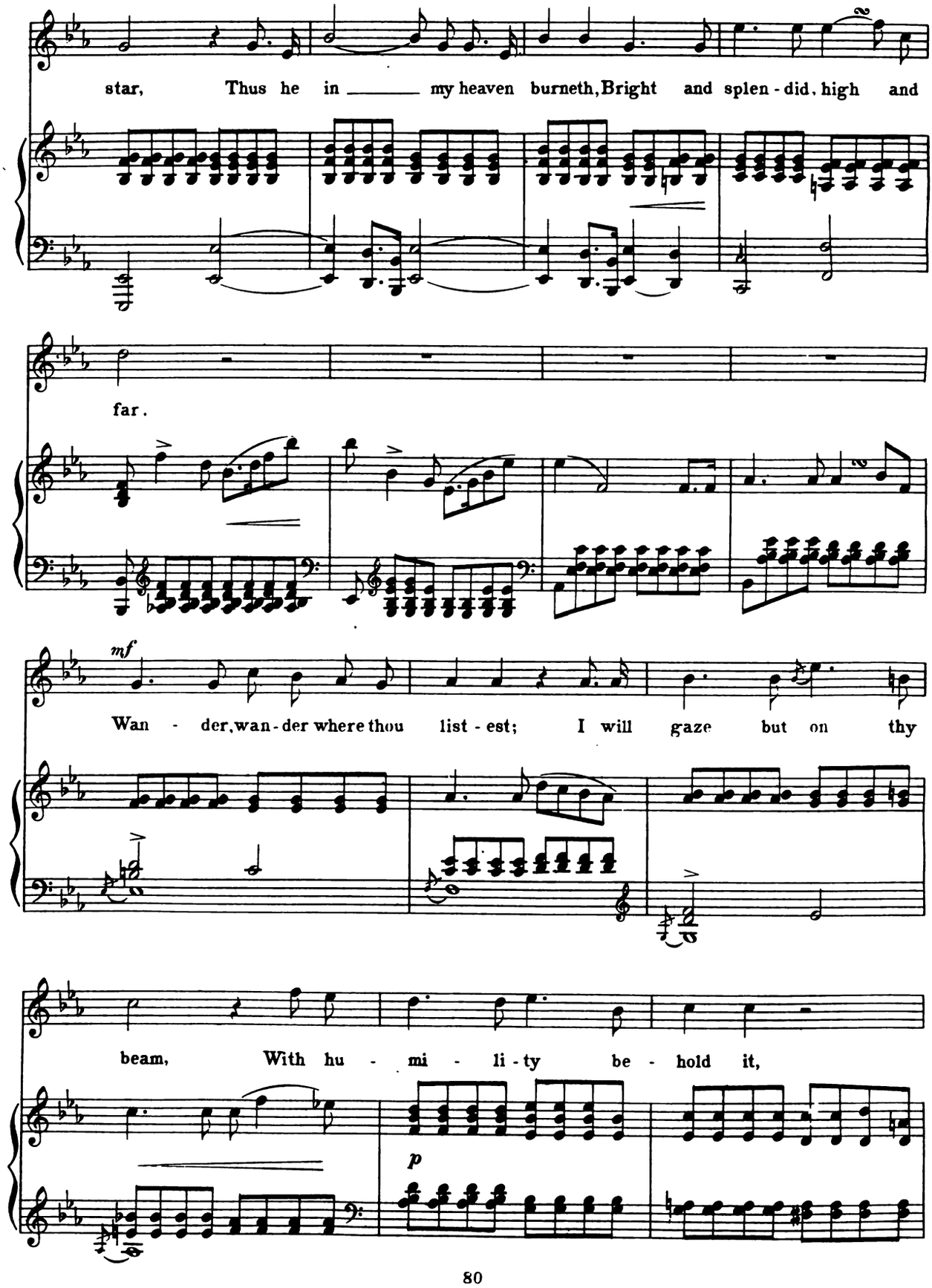


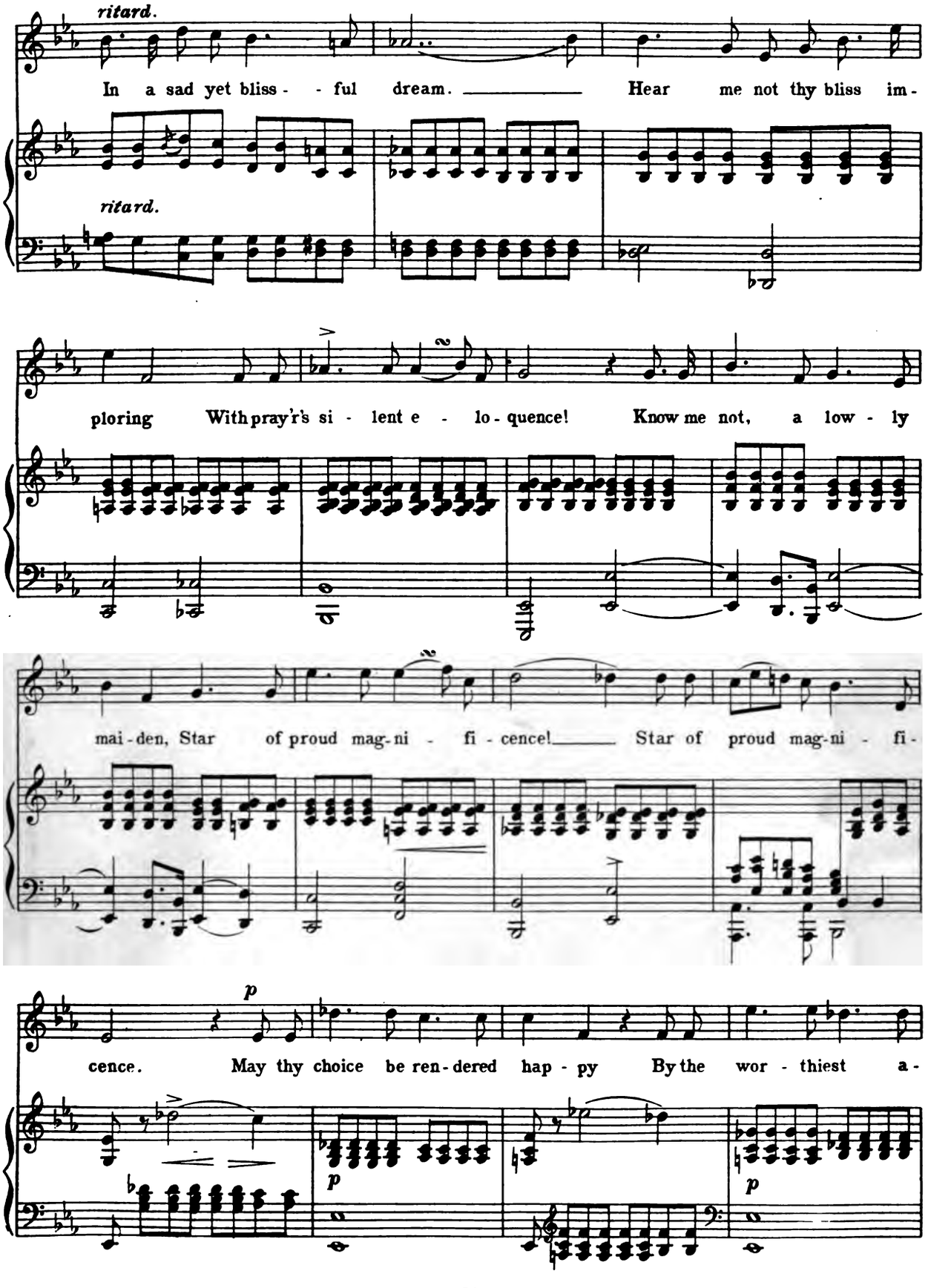

But for him no ray of light would
ritard.
mark my way, With my sis - ters gai - ly I no more can play, To my
ritard.
lone - - ly cham - ber, weep - ing sad I flee! Since mine
eyes have seen him blind I seem to be.
pp pp

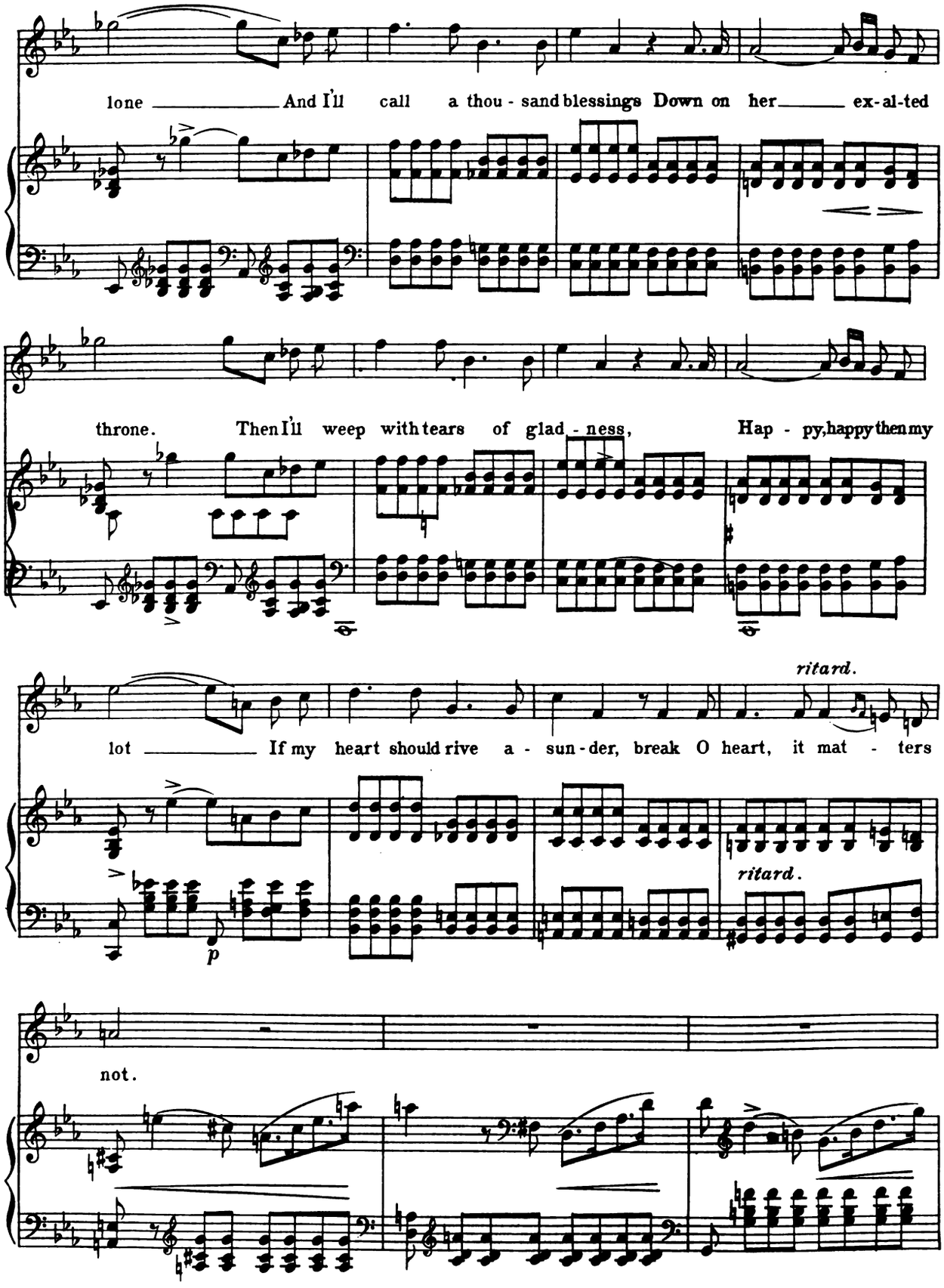
VII. 'HE, THE BEST OF ALL'

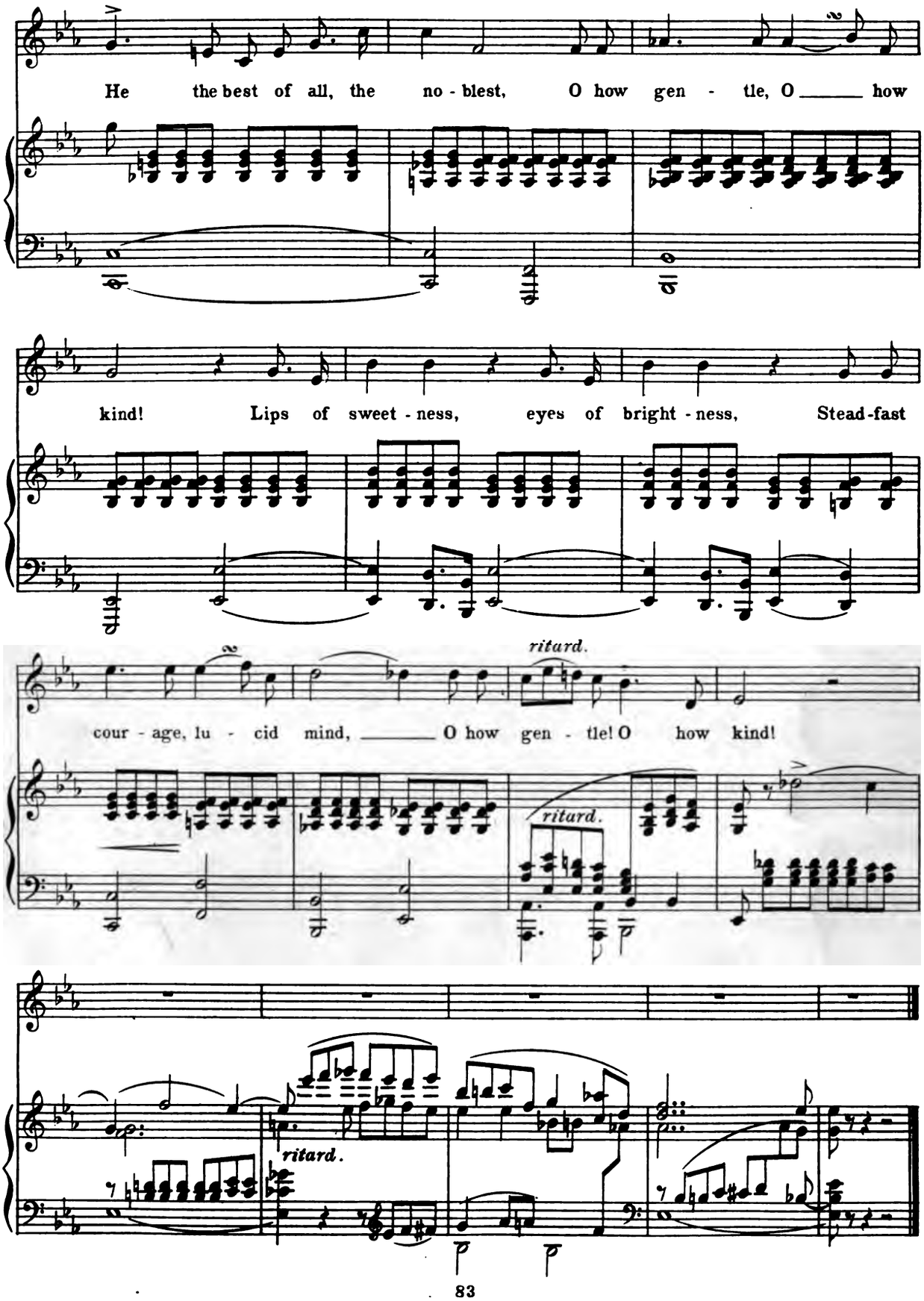
OPUS 42, NO. 2




star, Thus he in my heaven burneth, Bright and splen - did, high and
far.
mf
Wan - der, wan - der where thou list - est; I will gaze but on thy
beam, With hu - mi - li - ty be - hold it,
p

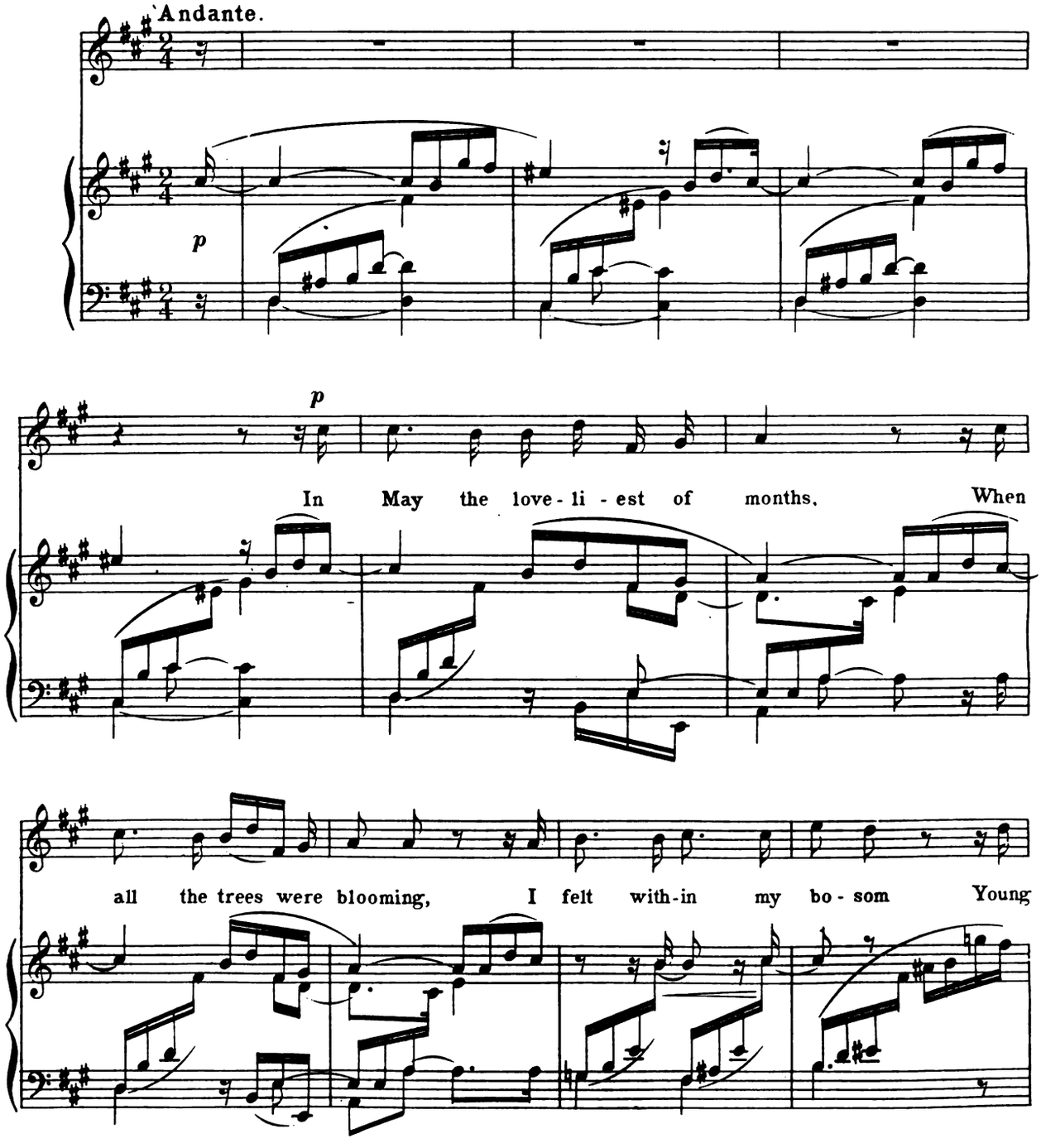

ritard.
In a sad yet bliss - - ful dream. Hear me not thy bliss im -
ritard.
ploring With pray'r's si - lent e - lo - quence! Know me not, a low - ly
mai - den, Star of proud mag - ni - fi - cence! Star of proud mag - ni - fi -
p
cence. May thy choice be ren - dered hap - py By the wor - thiest a -
p
p

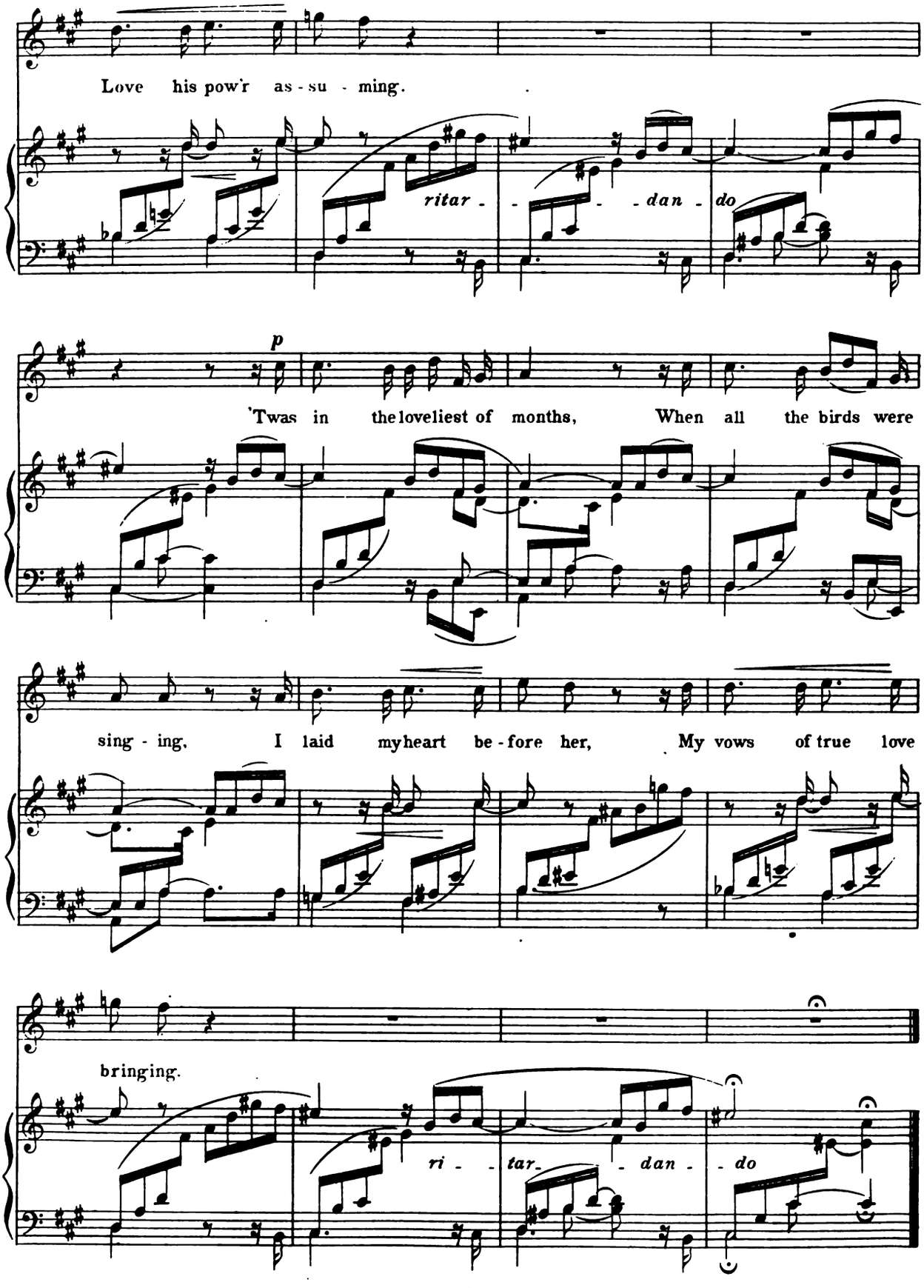

lone And I'll call a thou - sand blessings Down on her ex-al-ted
throne. Then I'll weep with tears of glad - ness, Hap - py, happy then my
ritard.
lot If my heart should rive a - sun - der, break O heart, it mat - ters
ritard.
p
not.


He the best of all, the no - blest, O how gen - tle, O how
kind! Lips of sweet - ness, eyes of bright - ness, Stead-fast
ritard.
cour - age, lu - cid mind, O how gen - tle! O how kind!
ritard.
ritard.

VIII. 'IN MAY'

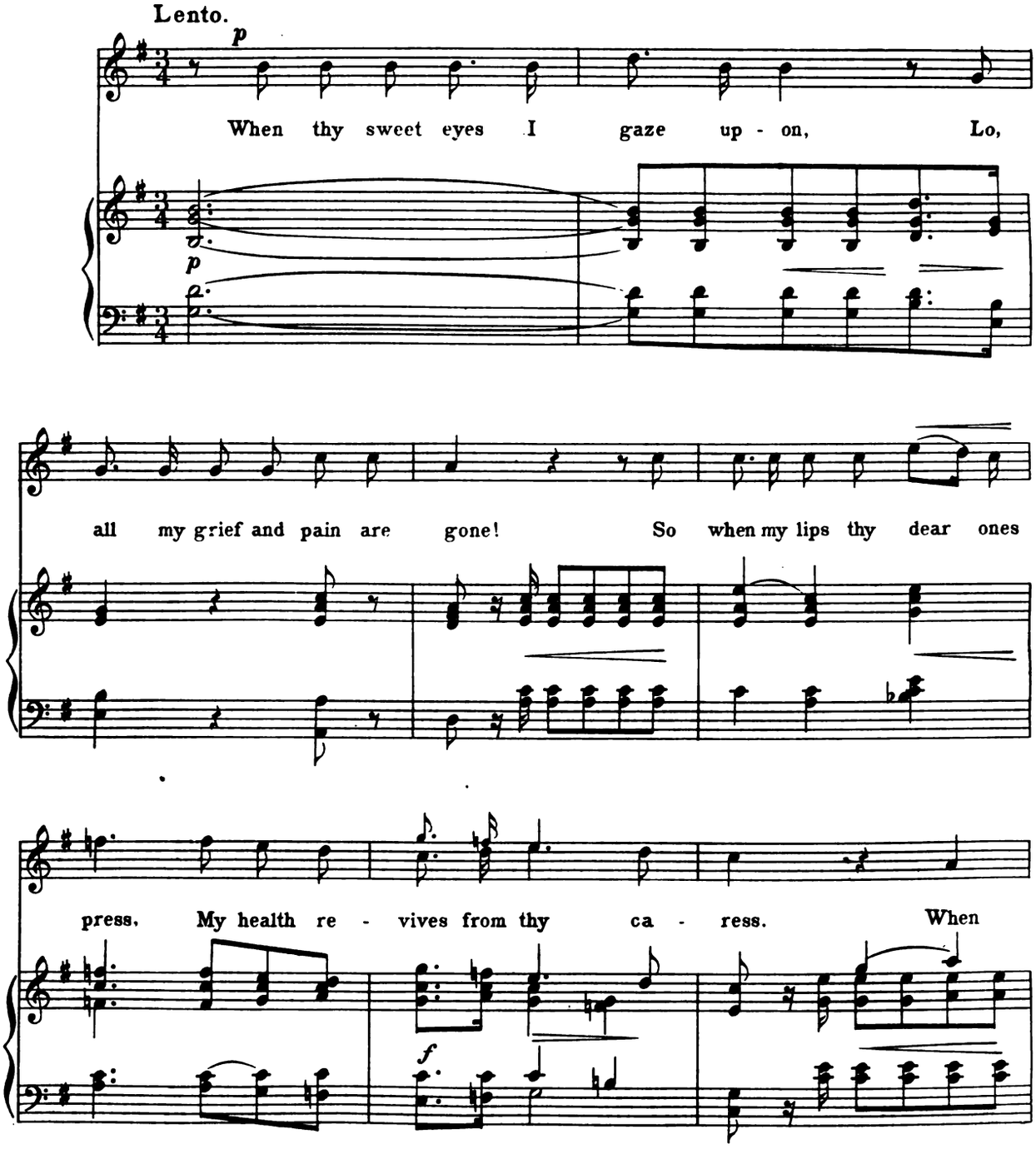
OPUS 48, NO. 1

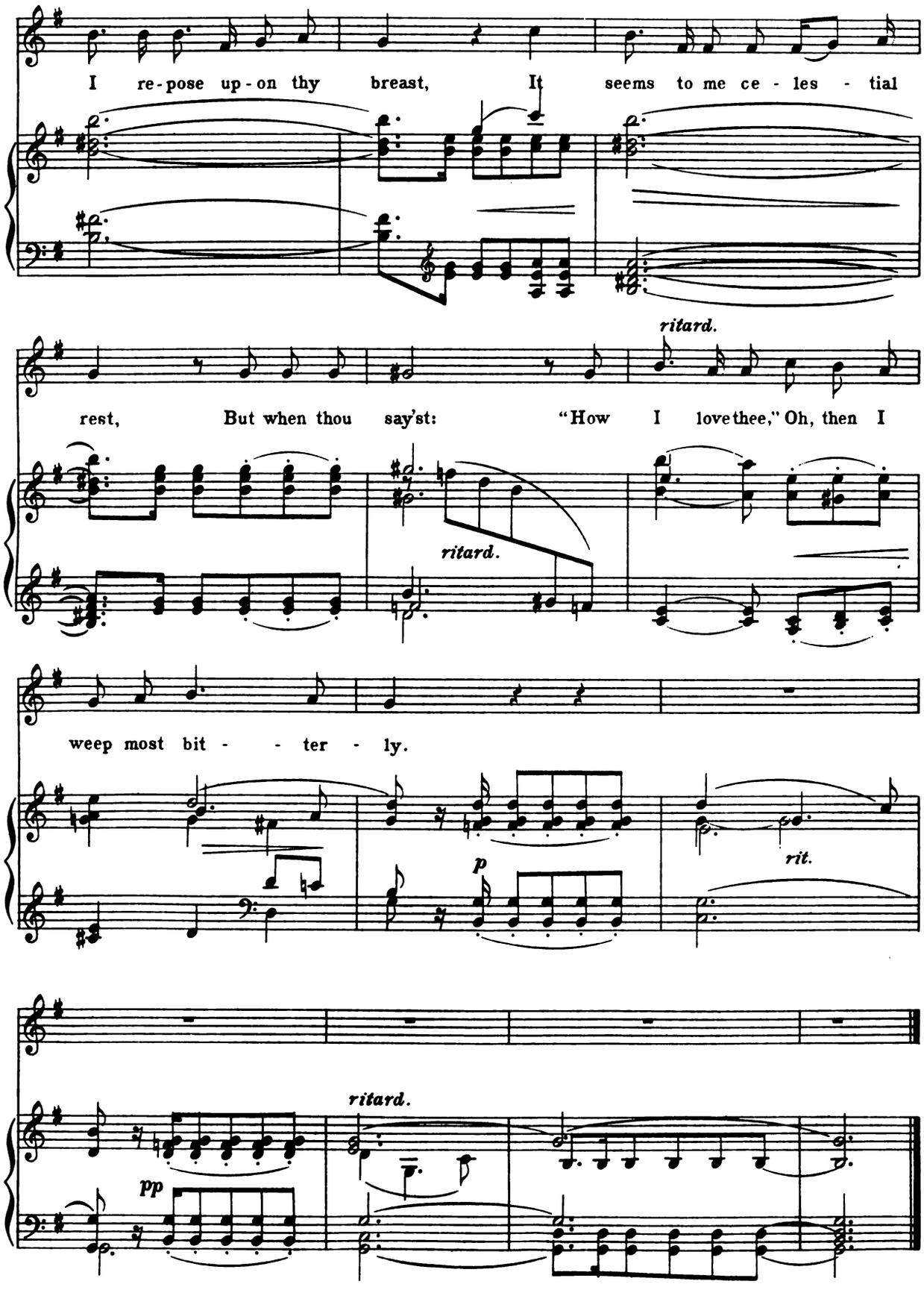



Love his pow'r as - su - ming.
ritar - - - - dan - do
p
'Twas in the loveliest of months, When all the birds were
sing - ing, I laid my heart be - fore her, My vows of true love
bringing.
ri - - tar - - dan - - do

IX. 'WHEN THY SWEET EYES'

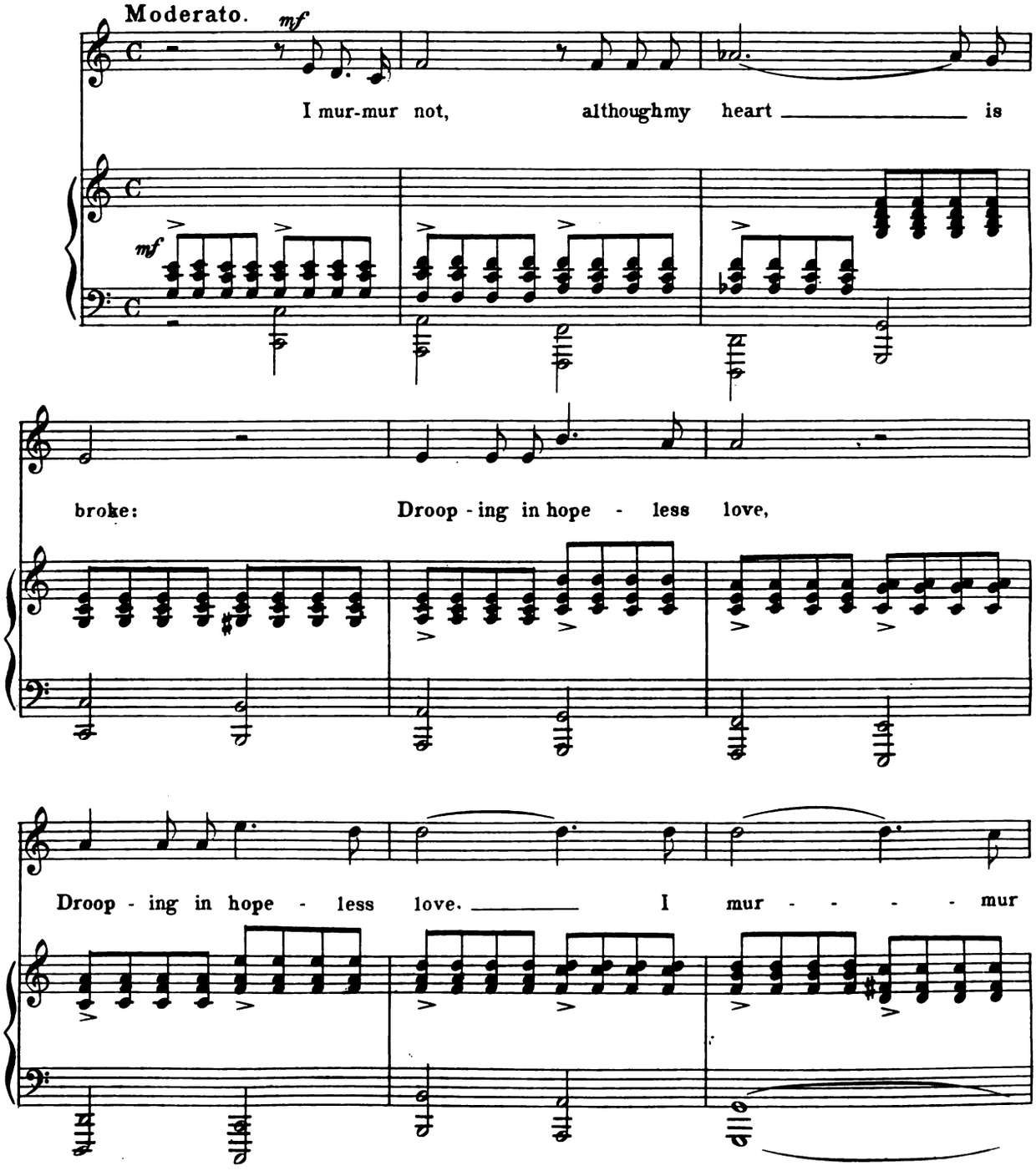
OPUS 48, NO. 4

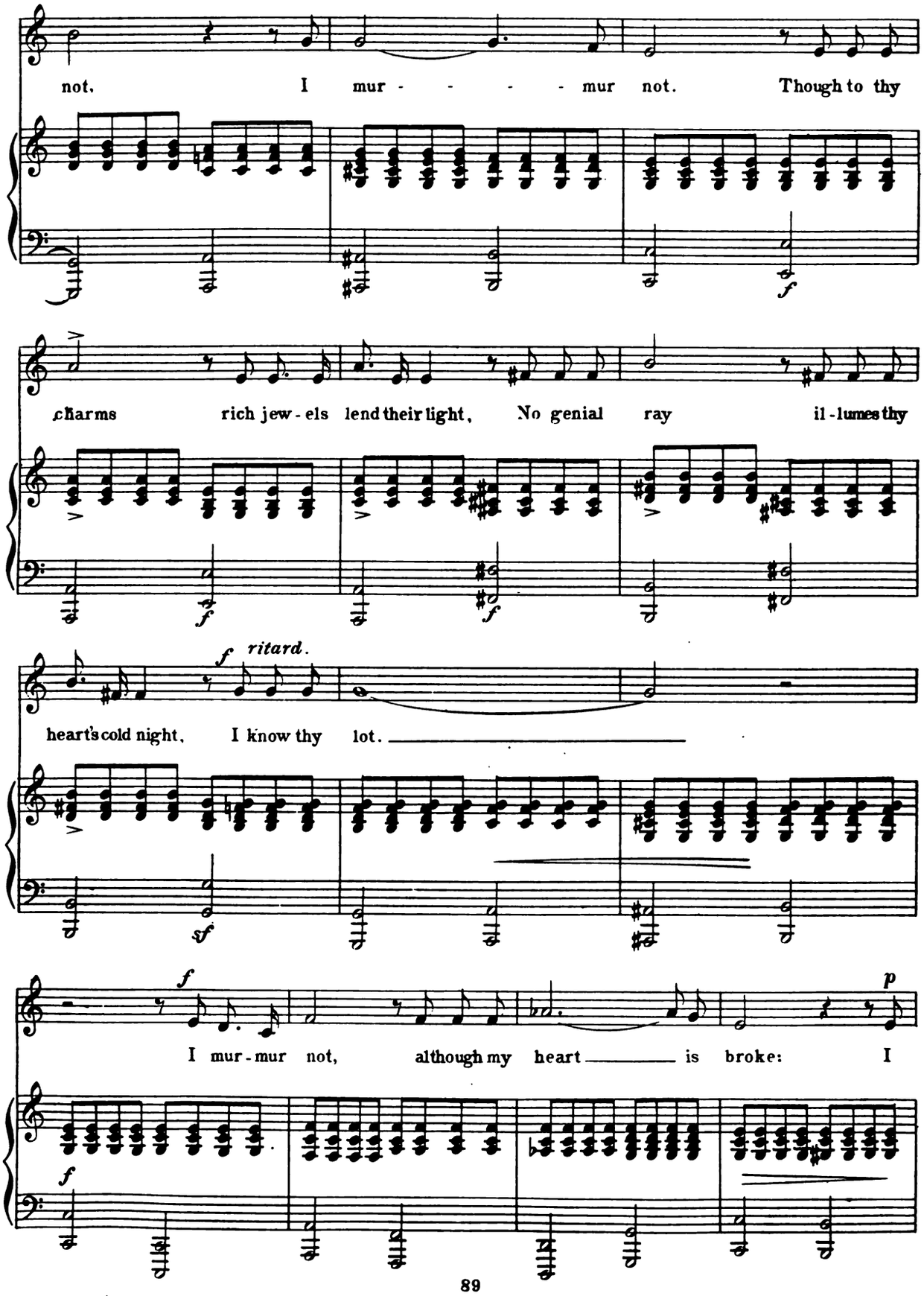


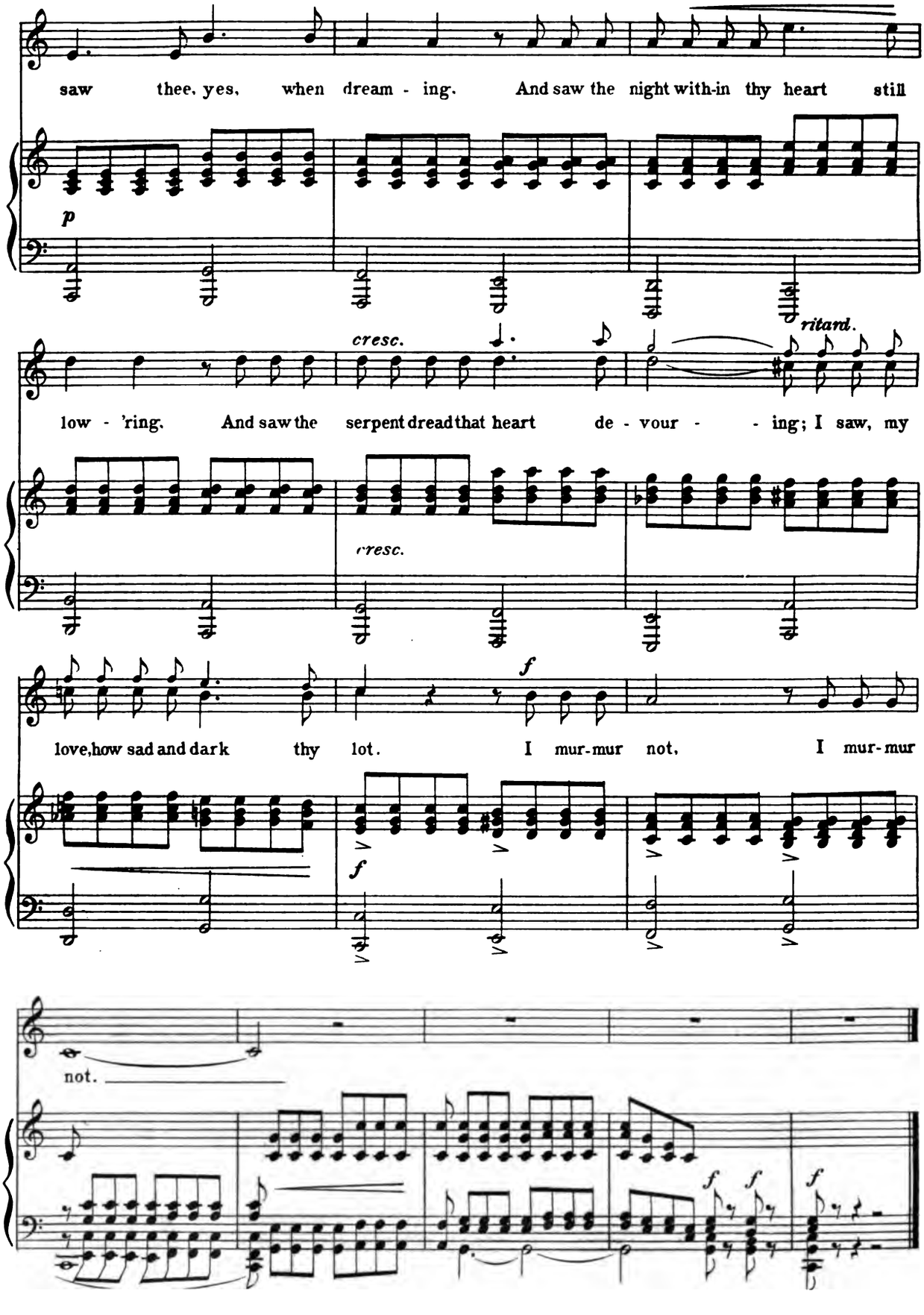

I re-pose up-on thy breast, It seems to me ce-les-tial
ritard.
rest, But when thou say'st: "How I love thee," Oh, then I
ritard.
weep most bit-ter-ly.
rit.
p
ritard.
pp

X. 'THE POET'S LOVE'

OPUS 48, NO. 7

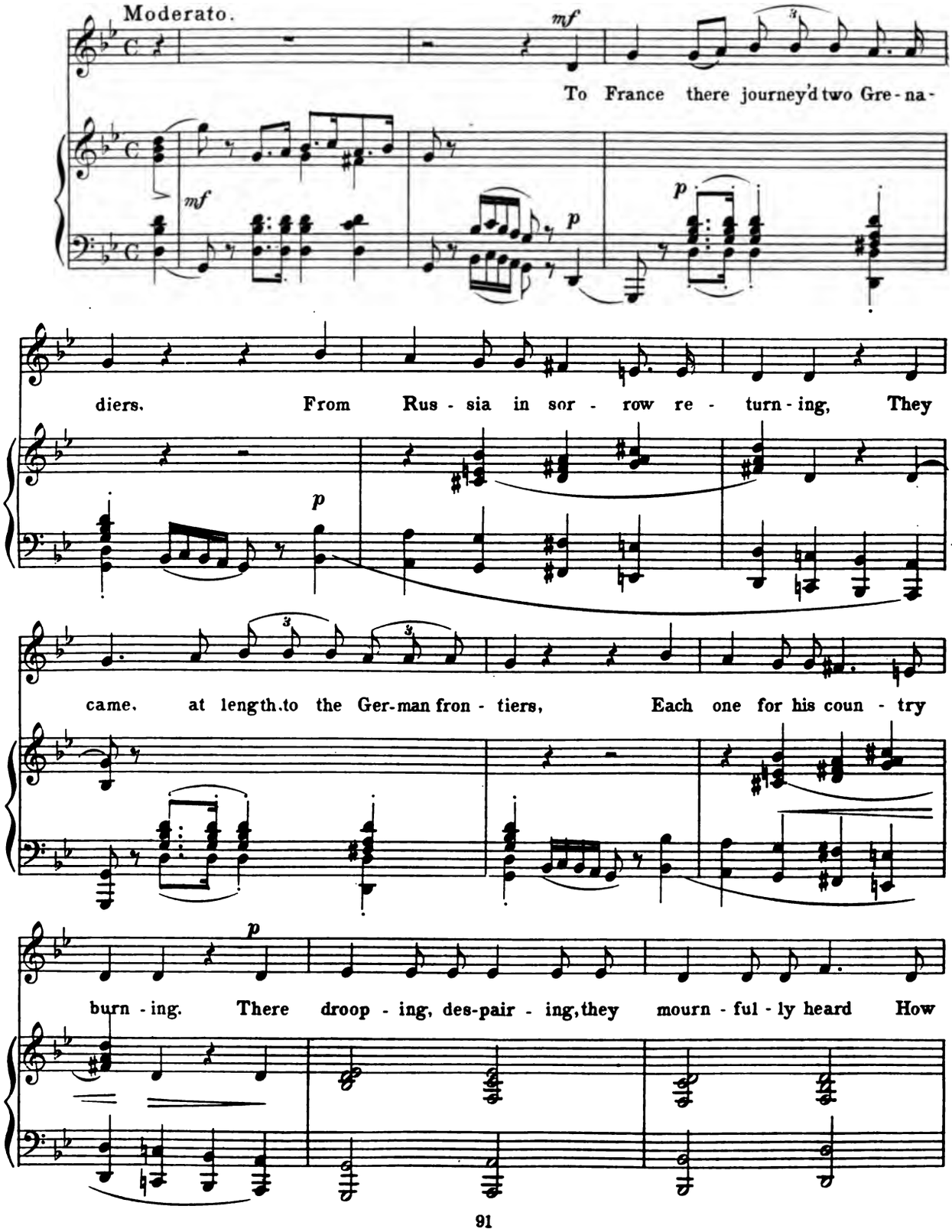


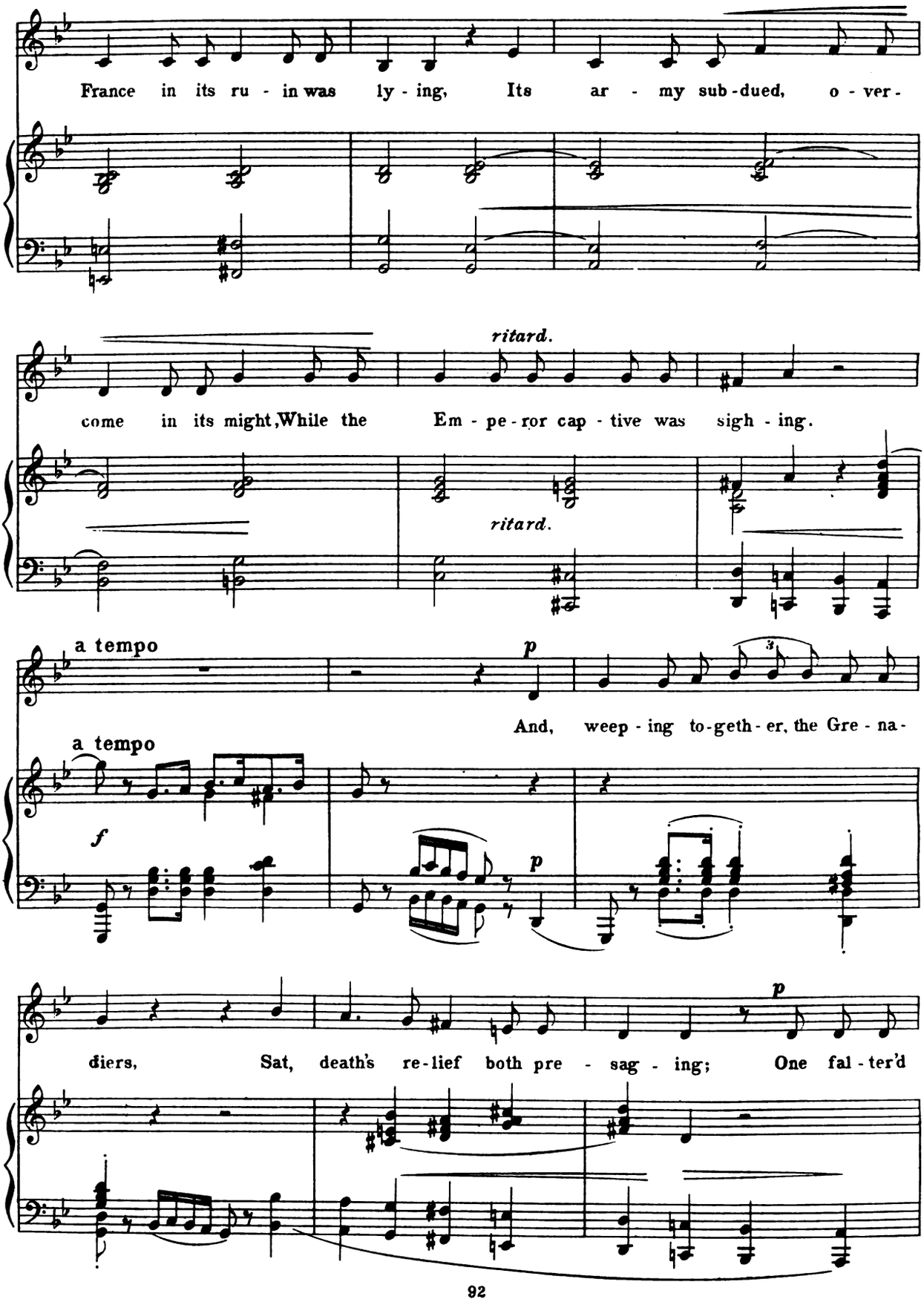

not. I mur - - - - - mur not. Though to thy
charms rich jew - els lend their light, No genial ray il - lumes thy
heart's cold night, I know thy lot.
ritard.
I mur - mur not, although my heart is broke: I

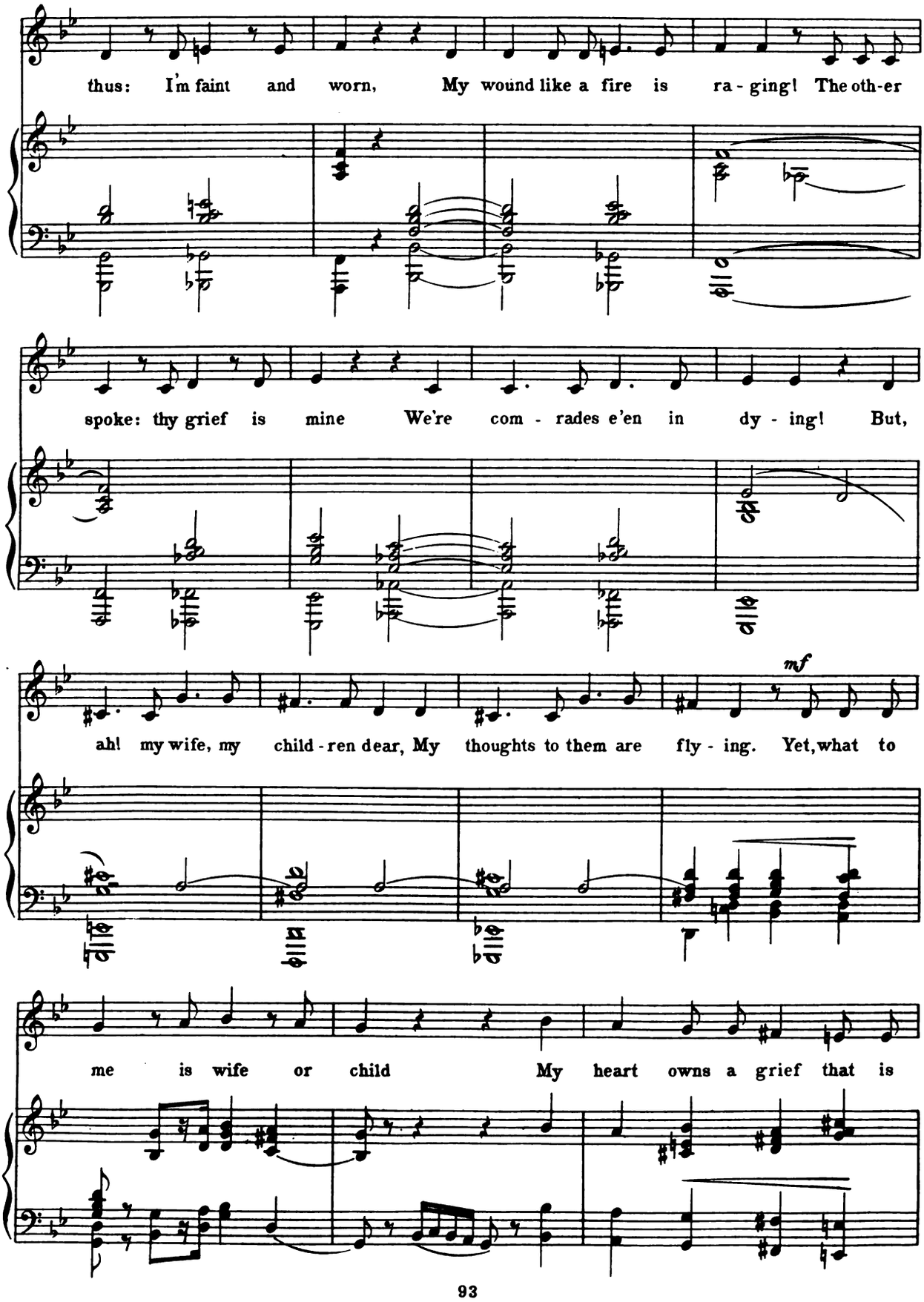

saw thee, yes, when dream - ing. And saw the night with-in thy heart still
p
cresc.
ritard.
low - 'ring. And saw the serpent dread that heart de - vour - - ing; I saw, my
cresc.
f
love, how sad and dark thy lot. I mur-mur not, I mur-mur
f
not.
f
f
f

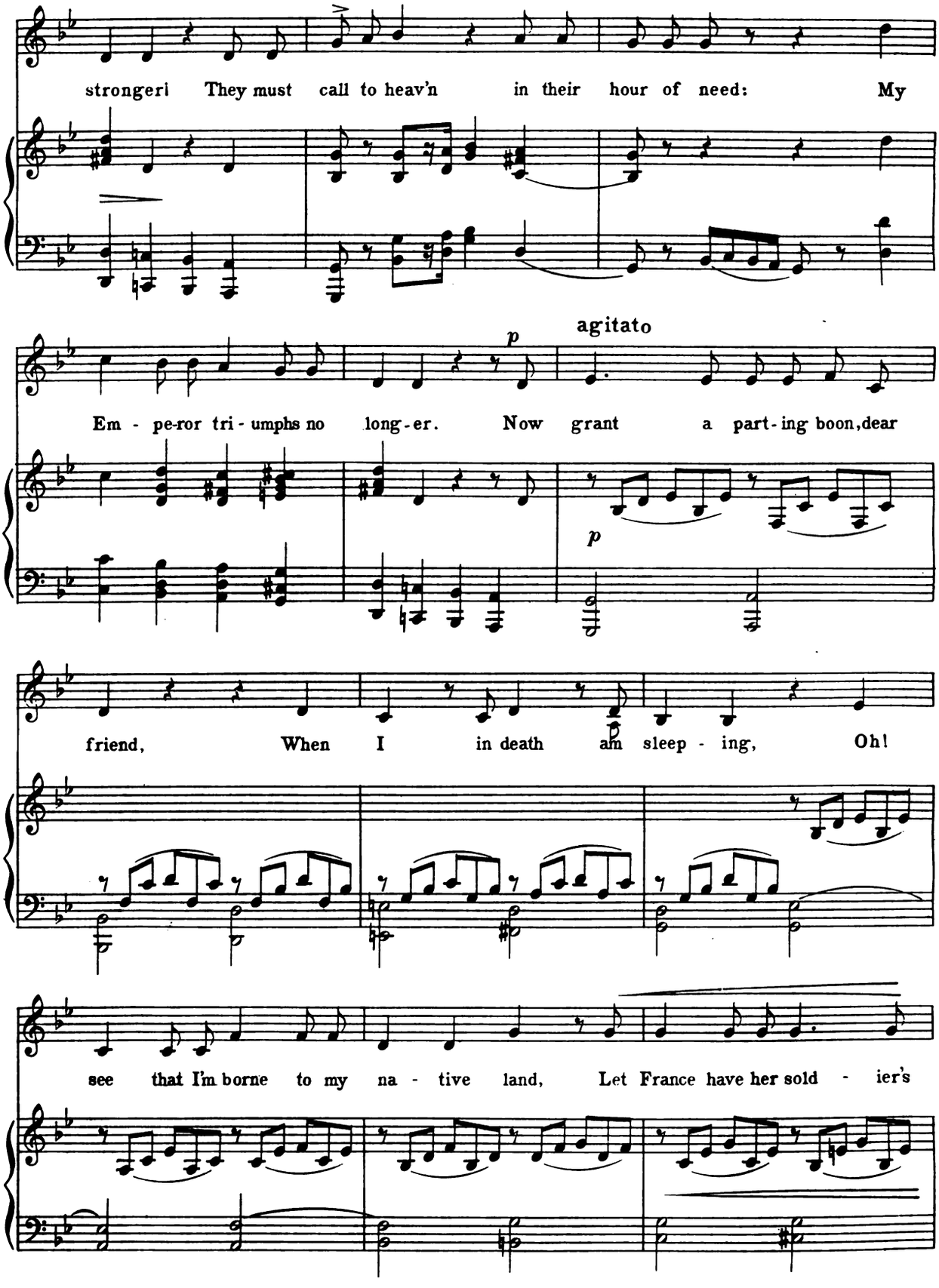
XI. 'THE TWO GRENADIERS'

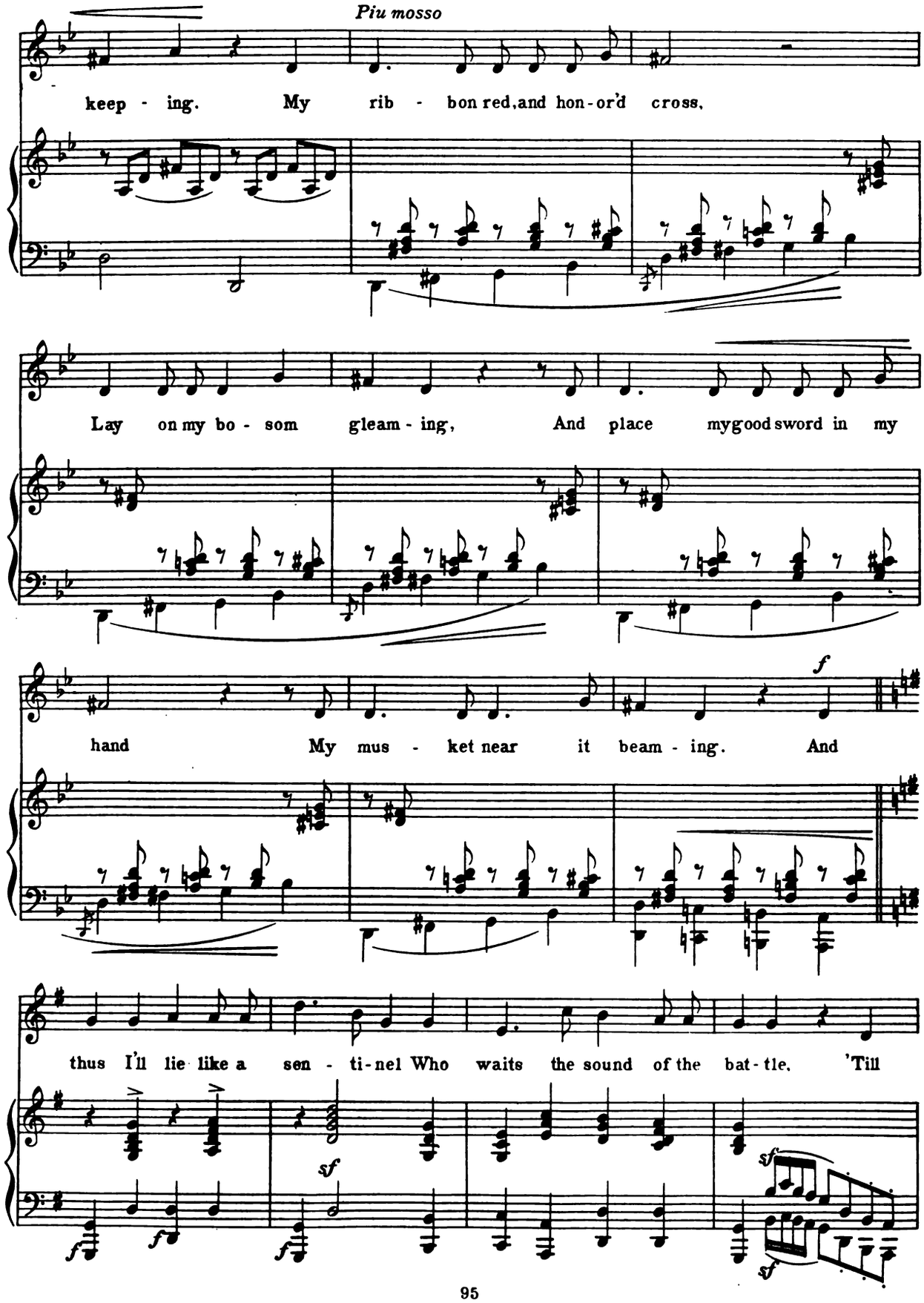
OPUS 49, NO. 1

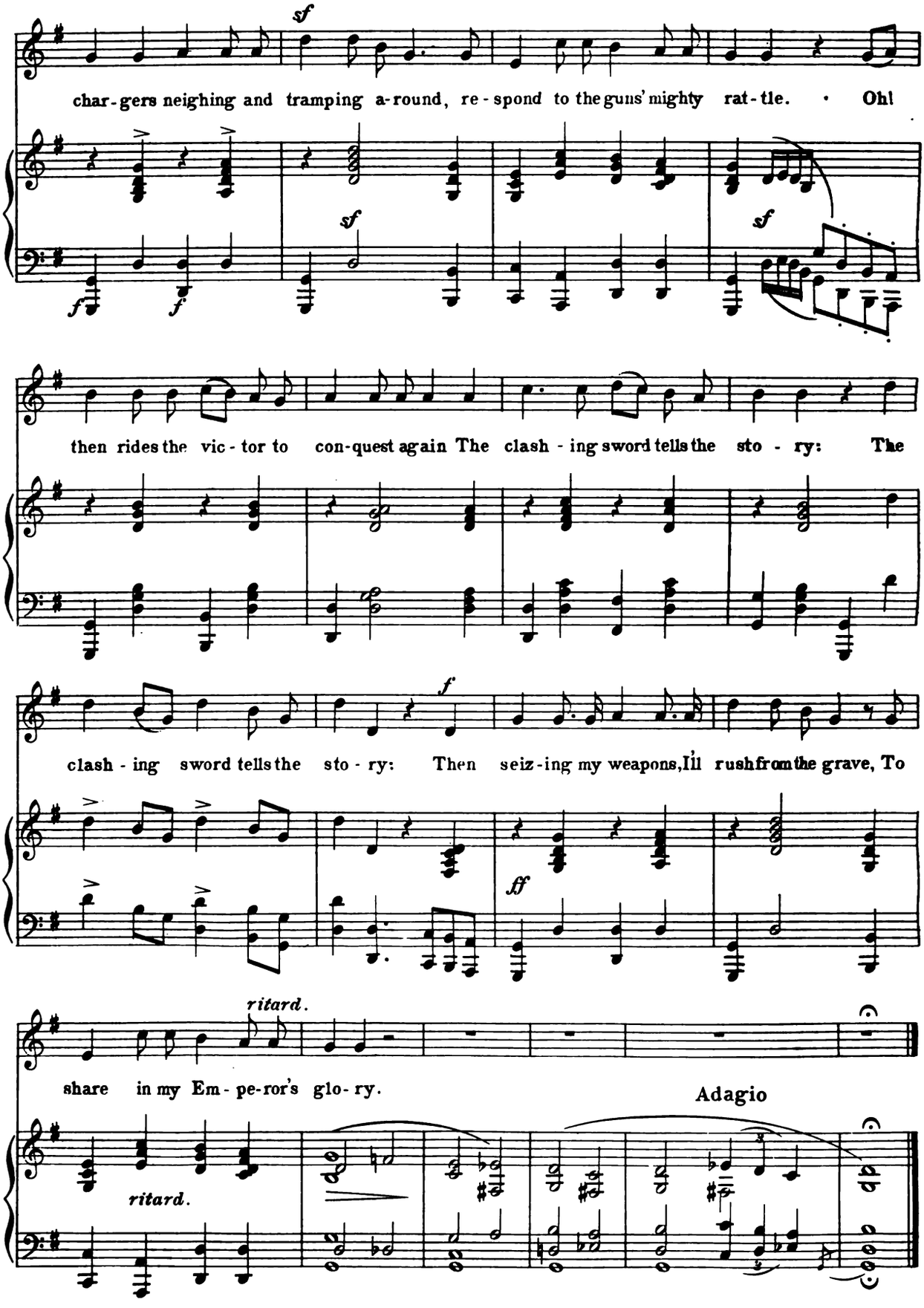



France in its ru - in was ly - ing, Its ar - my sub-dued, o - ver-
come in its might, While the Em - pe - ror cap - tive was sigh - ing.
ritard.
ritard.
a tempo
p
And, weep - ing to-geth - er, the Gre - na-
a tempo
f
p
diers, Sat, death's re-lief both pre - sag - ing; One fal - ter'd
p


thus: I'm faint and worn, My wound like a fire is ra - ging! The oth-er
spoke: thy grief is mine We're com - rades e'en in dy - ing! But,
mf
ah! my wife, my child - ren dear, My thoughts to them are fly - ing. Yet, what to
me is wife or child My heart owns a grief that is


stronger! They must call to heav'n in their hour of need: My
agitato
Em - pe-ror tri - umphs no long - er. Now grant a part - ing boon, dear
friend, When I in death am sleep - ing, Oh!
see that I'm borne to my na - tive land, Let France have her sold - ier's


Piu mosso
keep - ing. My rib - bon red, and hon-or'd cross,
Lay on my bo - som gleam - ing, And place my good sword in my
hand My mus - ket near it beam - ing. And
thus I'll lie like a sen - ti-nel Who waits the sound of the bat-tle. 'Till
f
sf
sf
sf
sf


sf
char-gers neighing and tramping a-round, re-spond to the guns' mighty rat-tle. • Oh!
sf
f
f
sf
then rides the vic-tor to con-quest again The clash-ing sword tells the sto-ry: The
f
clash-ing sword tells the sto-ry: Then seiz-ing my weapons, I'll rush from the grave, To
ff
ritard.
share in my Em-pe-ror's glo-ry.
Adagio
ritard.

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EDITED BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

CÉSAR FRANCK

BORN 1822: DIED 1890

CÉSAR FRANCK

M. Derepas describes Franck as having "a beautiful head, with finely developed brow, profound and contemplative expression, features marked without exaggeration, full, well-cut mouth breathing health; all wearing the aureole of genius and of faith."

Through the courtesy of the Outlook Company, a comparatively rare portrait of Franck at the organ is here reproduced.

CÉSAR

FRANCK

BORN 1822: DIED 1890

THERE are two general courses of action open to every artist, between which his temperament, character, and philosophy must make a choice. Either he may make concessions to the popular taste of his day, compromise more or less between his own ideal and the average opinion of men as to what is desirable in art, keeping as near his straight course as he can and yet deviating as may be necessary to secure a favorable wind; or he may, with stern, devoted insistence, ignoring adverse conditions and restricting conventions and customs, strike out bravely for his ideals, and in the struggle fail or win as fate may dictate, but at least not be disloyal, in the minutest particular, to the laws of his own artistic conscience. To be immediately successful through compromise, or to risk failure in a high attempt at absolute faithfulness to art—this is the choice which every artist must make. In music, Bach is the supreme example of the man of unflinching principle. Such men as Meyerbeer and Rossini are instances of the more worldly course.

It is not the least of César Franck's claims to our respect that he cast in his lot unhesitatingly with the former class. Living all his life in obscurity, considered by all but the most perceptive of his contemporaries a mere organ professor, working steadily and devotedly, year by year, to perfect his singular genius and acquire purity of style and sincerity of expression, he earned, whatever we may think of the final value of his work, the reward of all faithful workers,—the respect of himself and of all who really understood his aims. Modern critics seem to agree, moreover, that his modest but resolute career was crowned with artistic as well as with moral success. He is yearly attaining a more honorable place among composers; his works are being more and more frequently performed, and his message is coming to have greater and greater authority and consideration. He can never, perhaps, be a popular composer; he is too thoughtful, too subtle, and not sufficiently brilliant or dramatic for that. But his place in the esteem of the few who care for what is most individual and most carefully wrought in art is now secure.

César-Auguste Franck was born in 1822, at Liège, Belgium. There he made his first musical studies, but went to Paris at fifteen to study in the Conservatory. He must have been a solid musician at sixteen, for in a test that took place in July, 1838, he transposed a piece at sight down a third, playing it "avec un brio remarquable," and was awarded the first grand prize of honor at his graduation in 1842.

M. Vincent d'Indy, one of the best known of Franck's pupils, and indeed of modern French composers, tells, in an article contributed to the 'Century Library of Music,' the following characteristic story of one of the competitions in which Franck participated in the Conservatory.

"The competition for the organ prize included, among other tests, a fugue upon a subject furnished by one of the members of the jury, and an improvisation in free style on a given theme.

"César Franck, having observed that the two subjects admitted of being treated simultaneously, improvised a double fugue in which he used as second subject, progressing with the other, the theme intended for treatment in free style, thus forming combinations for which the examiners were in no way prepared. This might have ended badly for him, since some members of this jury, for all that it was presided over by the aged Cherubini, understood nothing of this *tour de force*, accustomed as they were to the methods of the Conservatory, and it was necessary for Benoist to explain the matter to his colleagues in person, after which they decided to award to the young contestant the *second* organ prize.

"It was perhaps from this moment that to those in office César Franck became 'suspect.'"

Foregoing the career of a concert pianist, which his father wished him to pursue, "repudiating with horror and disgust," as one of his biographers has it, "the brilliant noise-making that people long mistook for music," Franck on his graduation turned for a livelihood to that laborious work of teaching which he pursued all the rest of his life with patient fidelity.

He seems to have been an almost ideal teacher, long-suffering with the dull pupils, painstaking and generous with the able ones, provoking enthusiasm in all by his contagious love for art and his receptivity to ideas. In a degree that is rare even among the best teachers, he combined endurance and vivacity. Giving, all his life, from eight to ten lessons a day, many of them, even after he had made his reputation, in girls' boarding-schools and *pensions* of the usual wearisome sort, he yet retained vitality to impart to the best minds of the present generation of French composers. Though after teaching all day, often not returning home until supper-time, he would in the evening give correspondence lessons to pupils in the provinces, and though even the Sundays were filled with his duties as organist and choirmaster, still he often found time to assemble his favorite pupils, and to discuss with them, as if with

perfect equals, their exercises and his own works. One of these pupils, M. Vincent d'Indy, has described how "père Franck," as they called him, would play them his choral compositions, singing all the vocal parts in "a terrible voice;" and how he would sit at the piano, fixing with troubled gaze some offending passage in an exercise, murmuring anxiously, "Je n'aime pas . . . Je n'aime pas," until perhaps it grew to seem permissible, and with his bright smile he would cry, "J'aime!" Thanks to his earnest desire to appreciate whatever was good, controlled as it was by a severely classical taste, he could make his students good workmen and stern critics without paralyzing their individual genius. He was thorough without being rigid, and respected learners as much as he revered the masters. Naturally, the learners, in their turn, felt for their "Pater seraphicus," as they named him, an almost filial affection. Emmanuel Chabrier, speaking over Franck's grave, in Montrouge Cemetery, voiced the feelings of them all when he said that this was not merely an admirable artist, but "the dear, regretted master, the most gentle, modest, and wise. He was the model; he was the example."

For thirty-two years, that is to say, from 1858 until his death, Franck was organist of the Église Ste. Clotilde, where his playing must have been an endless inspiration to all who heard him, though his modesty kept him personally inconspicuous. One likes to think of this quiet, devout musician, animated by the purest religious enthusiasm, advancing year by year in mastery of his art, producing without ostentation works of a novel and radical beauty. Few of his listeners could have conceived that one so benignant and courteous, but so easily forgotten, was making himself a force that modern music could not forget. They, who saw only the husk of the man, could not guess what treasures of humanity and genius it concealed. M. d'Indy well describes the two aspects. "Any one," he says, "who had encountered this being in the street, with his coat too large, his trousers too short, his grimacing and preoccupied face framed in his somewhat gray whiskers, would not have believed in the transformation that took place when, at the piano, he explained and commented on some beautiful work of art, or when, at the organ, he put forth his inspired improvisations. Then the music enveloped him like an aureole; then one could not fail to be struck by the conscious will expressed in the mouth and chin, by the almost superhuman knowledge in his glance; then only would one observe the nearly perfect likeness of his large forehead to that of Beethoven." And M. Derepas has the following paragraph in the same tenor: "It was there, before the keyboards, his agile and powerful feet upon the pedals, that it was necessary to see César Franck. His beautiful head with its finely developed brow crowned with naturally curling hair, his profound and contemplative expression, his features marked without exaggeration, his full, well-cut mouth breathing health, . . . all wearing the aureole of genius and of faith—it was like a vision of another age in strong contrast with the turbulences of the day." If one is sometimes sorry that Franck had to spend so much time

teaching, one cannot, in the face of such descriptions as these, regret the hours he passed in the Église Ste. Clotilde. Its atmosphere was native to his genius, which was not only religious, but even ecclesiastical. In hearing his "musique cathédralesque," as Saint-Saëns well called it, one can almost see the pillars and arches, the pure candle-flames and the bowed peasants at prayer.

It was in the spare moments of this full life that Franck found time to write his extraordinary music. Every morning, winter and summer, rising at six, he set aside two hours for what he expressively called "his own work." Then, after breakfast, came the day's teaching, in the course of which he would jot down ideas that occurred to him, recording perhaps eight measures, and turning again to the pupil. In the evenings, when there were not correspondence-lessons to write, or rehearsals, he often got out his manuscripts once more; and his short summer vacations were given entirely to composition. All the more remarkable is this indomitability when we remember that he lacked not only the stimulus of public success, but for a long while even the impetus of having definitely succeeded in his own eyes, so new were his ideas and so difficult the technique they required. Very few composers have matured so late. Though he wrote in his youth some trios, and later a Mass, his first really individual work, 'Ruth,' was written when he was nearly fifty; 'Les Éolides,' his earliest orchestral composition, was produced in 1877, when he was fifty-five; 'Les Béatitudes,' in some respects his masterpiece, was not finished until 1880, though begun more than ten years before; and all his most characteristic work in pure music, as, for example, the Prelude, Choral, and Fugue and the Prelude, Aria, and Finale for piano, the three wonderful Chorals for organ, the Violin Sonata, the Quartet, the Quintet, and the Symphony, date from the last decade of his life. In a day when every harmony-student itches to give the world a symphony, it is hard to admire too much the artistic self-respect that kept Franck a nonentity for years, to make him at last a master.

Meanwhile, of course, he had to endure neglect. Probably most of his acquaintances shared the impression put into words by a Paris publisher to whom M. Servières offered an essay about him. "Oh, monsieur," cried this gentleman, "I remember César Franck perfectly. A man who was always in a hurry, always soberly dressed in black, and who wore his trousers too short! . . . Organist at Sainte Clotilde. It seems that he was a great musician, little known to the public." Rather harder to explain is the lack of appreciation which in 1880 led those in power at the Conservatory, where Franck was already organ professor, to give the chair of composition then left vacant, not to him, but to Léo Delibes, the writer of ballet-music. But perhaps the most pathetic result of the general indifference to Franck was that his masterpiece could never be given a complete performance during his lifetime. 'Les Béatitudes' was first given entire in 1893, three years after his death. When he received the Legion of Honor in 1886, he said sorrowfully to a friend, "Yes, my friend,

they honor me—as a Professor." That is the one repining word of his that is recorded.

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that Franck's fellow-men noticed nothing but his short trousers, or that in his high artistic effort he was entirely without sympathy. Few men have been more fortunate in their friends. The love and veneration of his many pupils, and of such men as Chabrier, Pierné, and Fauré, made an atmosphere in which his heart expanded and his ambition grew. One of this group of admirers tells how they would surround him on his return to Paris in the autumn to ask what he had done, what he had to show. "Vous verrez, repondait-il"—the French alone can render the endearing vanity and *naïveté* of his reply—"vous verrez, repondait-il en prenant un air mysterieux, vous verrez; je crois que vous serez content. . . . J'ai beaucoup travaillé et bien travaillé." It was a similarly frank and guileless self-satisfaction that made him apparently unaware of the coldness of his audiences, who were generally puzzled or bored. Happy, as M. d'Indy records, in having given his friends the pleasure of hearing him play his own compositions, in spite of the scanty applause he never failed to bow profoundly. Thus untroubled by the indifference of the crowd, surrounded by a few men who gave him their warm and discriminating admiration, and inspired by a genius peculiarly exalted and disinterested, bent on beauty alone, and superior to petty jealousies, César Franck lived his quiet, fruitful, and happy life. He died at Paris in 1890. The last anecdote we have of him tells of his finding strength, four days before his death, to praise the 'Samson et Dalila' of Saint-Saëns, then running at the Théâtre Lyrique. "I see him yet," says M. Arthur Coquard, "turning towards me his poor suffering face to say vivaciously and even joyfully, in the vibrant tones that his friends know, 'tres beau, tres beau.'" The words, expressing that pure love of art which animated his whole career, lodge in the mind of one who studies it, together with those other words of his, which none ever had a better right to use, "J'ai beaucoup travaillé et bien travaillé."

To the influence of César Franck M. d'Indy attributes much of the recent notable advance made by the French in pure music, as will be seen by the following excerpt from his biographical sketch:

"Though for the first three quarters of the nineteenth century the symphonic production in France had been absolutely *nil*, there has been seen arising, suddenly, in the last thirty years, a new French school, full of creative vigor and daring, expert in the symphonic art and in chamber-music, and surpassing artistically, by its solidity of construction, its clearness of form, and even its ideas, the symphonic school of Germany of the same period, which still drags along in the rut marked out by Mendelssohn.[1] Father Franck's beneficent influence did not confine itself to the musicians who worked especially under his direction. It made itself felt also upon those scholars of the Conservatory who received his advice in

[1] It must be remembered that a Frenchman is writing.— EDITOR

the organ class: Samuel Rousseau, G. Pierné, A. Chapuis, Paul Vidal, G. Marty, Dallier, Dutacq, Mahaut, Galeotti, and others; upon the virtuosos who came in contact with him, among whom I will cite only the incomparable violinist Eugene Ysaye, to whom he dedicated the celebrated Sonata for Violin in A; and also upon those artists who, without being precisely his pupils, yet felt from contact with him the ascendency of his probity and of his artistic sincerity: for example, Gabriel Fauré, Paul du Kas, the illustrious organist Alexandre Guilmant, and Emmanuel Chabrier.

"While the names of certain composers," concludes M. d'Indy, "who worked only for glory or for money, and strove for immediate success as their most desired good, are even now commencing to retire to the shadows from which they will never again emerge, the seraphic figure of the author of 'Les Béatitudes' floats high and ever higher in the light toward which, without compromises or fatigue, he strove all his life."—EXPANDED FROM THE EDITOR'S ESSAY ON CÉSAR FRANCK IN 'FROM GRIEG TO BRAHMS'

THE ART OF FRANCK

Daniel Gregory Mason — *'From Grieg to Brahms'*

CÉSAR FRANCK'S music is to a peculiar degree an expression of himself, full of his peculiar contemplative emotion. The harmonic background is rich, somber, and vague, like the prevailing mood of a religious devotee; from it constantly emerge phrases of song, phrases of the most poignant aspiration, like passions in a dream, voicing those intense yet elusive feelings which irradiate none but introspective minds. They are like the cries of human lovers in a world of silence and mystery, or, better, like the cries of a finite soul that yearns for God and finds him not. One feels always in Franck's music the tragedy of the finite and the infinite. Those groping, shifting harmonies, above which the pathetic fragments of melody constantly sound for a moment, somehow irresistibly suggest the great unknown universe in which men's little lives are acted. All is vague save the momentary feature, and that presses on towards a fulfilment that perpetually eludes it. All shifts and passes, save only that never-ceasing mood of aspiration, that restless striving of the fragment for completion. Spiritual unrest is the characteristic quality of this music—the unrest of a spirit pure and ardent, but forever unsatisfied.

Now it is perhaps not too fantastic to find in the mingled vagueness and poignancy of this music the proper artistic expression of mysticism. So *must* a mystic express himself; for it is characteristic of the mystical

temperament to yearn for ideal satisfactions, but to find none in finite forms. Mysticism, in fact, is one of the ways of solving, or perhaps we should say of ignoring, that primal and Protean mystery of human life, the conflict between ideal needs and actual facts. Realism meets it by denying the needs and exalting the facts; idealism attempts to mold the real into conformity with the ideal, of course with very partial success. The mystic, too earnest to follow the realistic method, too impatient to endure the plodding progress of idealism, cuts the Gordian knot by discarding the actual altogether. He pronounces it too inelastic, too constricting, and dispenses with it. He hugs the ideal to his heart, but can see no virtue in the real. Actualities, objects, events, and forms which to the idealist are precious if only partial expressions of spiritual values, are to him wholly recalcitrant, wholly external and illusory. The really precious thing, he says, is something transcendent, something remote, something that cannot transpire in events or body itself in forms, because it is infinite and complete, while these are finite, broken, and limited.

Henri-Frédéric Amiel, a man peculiarly dominated by this way of viewing things, wrote in his Journal, "Nothing finite is true, is interesting, is worthy to fix my attention. All that is particular is exclusive, and all that is exclusive repels me. There is nothing non-exclusive but the All; my end is communion with Being through the whole of Being." Now, whatever may be the merits of this point of view, it obviously involves a certain degree of artistic failure. The mystic cannot be entirely successful in art; for art depends on organization in definite forms, and the mystic rejects all particular forms as finite. "Reality, the present, the irreparable, the necessary," writes Amiel, "repel and even terrify me. . . . The life of thought alone seems to me to have enough elasticity and immensity, to be free enough from the irreparable; practical life makes me afraid." Accordingly, men of this temperament are defeated in their search for beauty by an unconquerable shyness of all its incarnations. They fear that in defining their fancy they will vulgarize it. It is their fate to long for an all-inclusive form in a world where forms are mutually exclusive; to strive to utter truth in one great word, when even the shortest sentence must occupy time. Amiel himself is a pathetic example of the mystic's destiny in art. Haunted all his life by the vision of infinite beauty, the conception of absolute truth, he could never bring himself to accept the limitations of all human performance, and his talent was almost as unproductive as it was exalted. He never could embody his aspirations. Tantalizing him with the suggestion of supernal beauties, they resisted all his efforts to come up with and embrace them, because he denied himself the use of those definite forms in which alone, however inadequately, ideals can be realized.

In many respects César Franck is the analogue in music of Amiel in literature. That vague richness of his emotional tone, which like a dark background of night is constantly lighted up by meteoric outbursts of passion, is strangely like the somber moralizings and speculations, in

the 'Journal Intime,' among which Amiel's cries of spiritual pain, doubt, and longing stand out with such sudden, poignant pathos. Franck has in common with Amiel the mystic's longing for ideal satisfactions, and the mystic's distrust of all finite means of attaining them. He, too, is "afraid" of the forms of practical life, of the conventional devices of musical structure and the types evolved by tradition. He avoids always the obvious, the natural even, and gropes toward some unattainable ideal of expression. So great is his distrust of the understood, the accepted, the usual and intelligible, that he is always leaving the beaten track and roaming afield after some novel and untamed beauty.

His music is curiously incoherent, curiously loose-knit, groping, and indeterminate. He delights in going some other way than we expect, or in writing chords that do not give us even any basis of expectation. Consecutive octaves and fifths, so terrible to lovers of cogency and sequence, are an especial feature of his harmony, giving it that curious lapsing effect so characteristic and indescribable. His entire tone-mass has a trick of sliding bodily up or down, which disconcerts, even while it fascinates, one who is accustomed to harmonic stability. The student need only play over the opening of the Symphony or the first page of the String Quartet to feel that here is a man who treats traditions debonairly, and who thus suggests novel beauties without defining them. Nothing is more characteristic of him than the formal indefiniteness of his harmony. Full as it is of delicious and unwonted beauties, it lacks accurate organization, clarity and solidity of chord sequence. It is a web of shifting tones, without obvious interrelationship and inevitable progression.

When we turn to Franck's treatment of meter and rhythm, we get some new side-lights on the way his mysticism affects his music. He is, in the first place, noticeably lacking in that vigor of pulse, that strong accentuation, which is the delight of active temperaments. He sings constantly, almost never dances. After a while the intensity of the song-like phrases, so packed with emotion, becomes cloying, and we long for a little of the headlong, thoughtless progress of Grieg and Dvořák. We need the relaxation of muscular activity. It would be a relief to stop feeling for a moment and be borne along on a wave of perfectly unemotional "passage-work." But Franck never relieves himself and his hearer by passages of brisk motion in which the interest is entirely active; he is, so to speak, a very sedentary composer. And so the rare beauties that stud the page lose something by being set so thickly. The richness of Franck's emotional impulse is a disadvantage to his metrical structure.

The same thing, again, is true of his rhythm or phraseology. Franck's phrasing, like Grieg's, is of the primitive kind that reveals lack of mental concentration, inability to build up wide and complex forms. Draw a line across his staff at every breathing-point, and your lines will fall pretty regularly after the measures whose numbers are multiples of four. Try the same thing with Beethoven, and there will be no telling where the lines will come, so varied is the phraseology. In comparison, Franck's themes

seem hardly more than bundles of motifs, loosely tied together. And of course this effect is unfortunately reinforced by the peculiarities of his harmony. How could a theme hold itself together in such a kaleidoscope? How could it sustain itself on such a tonal quicksand? Thus his tunes, rich as they are in single phrases of poignant beauty, seldom develop much breadth. They start out well, but soon lose themselves in the web or fall into poorly welded segments. In the larger structural arrangement of his material as well as in his primary metrical order he falls short of the perfect organization of more powerful minds.

Franck illustrates, then, in many ways,—in his erratic treatment of harmony, in his metrical monotony, and in his "shortness of breath,"—the mystic's failure to master form. And yet, so beautiful are his effects, so arresting is his personality, one feels instinctively that there is in him something which destructive criticism cannot assail. The very inarticulateness of the mystic is, in fact, a sort of eloquence, perhaps all the more persuasive because it hints at beauties rather than defines them. However beyond his reach his aspirations may be, so long as they are genuine and ardent he will have his unique artistic message. His work will gain a pathetic appeal from the very fact that it suggests feelings it cannot embody, and his inarticulateness may even open up ways to new modes of utterance by reminding men that there are truths other than those their formulas so smugly stereotype. Thus a writer like Amiel, ineffective as he seems from one point of view, is not without his liberalizing influence in literature. In the same way, César Franck, the mystic among musicians, thanks to his profound insight and emotion, combined though they be with the characteristic shortcomings of the seer, will widen the scope of future musical technique and expression.

Vincent d'Indy *In 'The Century Library of Music'*

TO leave an enduring milestone on the pathway of art, which stretches out to infinity, all the poetry of thought, of color, of form, or of sound must add to invention and science, those two pillars of an artistic monument, a quality more rare than all others,—*sincerity*.

In music, for example, it is incontestable that the great works which time has not deprived of value, from the 'Selectissimæ Modulationes de Vittoria' to the 'Ninth Symphony' of Beethoven, and including the chorals and the 'Passions' of J. S. Bach, have emanated, all of them, from artists sincerely expressing their inmost thoughts without considering glory and immediate success. The dramas of Gluck which will remain immortal are those he wrote after his evolution toward the expression of truth. And it is curious to observe that some thousands of operas in the Italian school, since Scarlatti,—a school which despotically ruled all the theaters of Europe during the greater part of the eighteenth century,—have fallen into a profound abyss—a fate the more merited because

these mediocre works were composed with an eye to fashion, effect, and virtuosity only.

Sincerity is the necessary condition for the endurance of all manifestations of art, and it is the most important of all the qualities of a creative artist. No modern artist has been more sincere in his life and in his works than César Franck, and none has possessed a higher degree of that touchstone of genius, artistic conscience.

An artist truly worthy of the name expresses well only what he has felt himself, and finds it difficult to reproduce sentiments foreign to his nature. Thus it is remarkable that purely on account of his disposition, too noble to suspect evil, Franck never succeeded in satisfactorily depicting human perversity. In each of his works those parts where he was forced to represent sentiments like hatred, injustice,—in a word, to express evil,—were incontestably the most feeble. In proof, read the choruses of the unjust and the rebels in 'The Beatitudes,' and the rôle of Satan in the same work.

Passing to a point of view more especially musical, the real character of Franck's music arises from three very well handled properties: the expressive nobleness of the melodic phrasing, the originality of the harmony, and the unattackable solidity of the synthetic conception.

César Franck was a melodist in the highest meaning of the word; with him everything sings, and sings constantly. He could no more conceive music without melodic line carefully defining the contours obtained by it, and very clean, than Ingres could imagine a painting without impeccable drawing.

To the abundance of his melodic vein Franck's harmony owes its peculiarly original quality, because he considered music horizontally, following the fertile principles of the contrapuntal writers of the sixteenth century, and not merely vertically, as do the composers of the harmonic epoch. The contours of his melodic phrases give, by their superposition, combinations of notes interesting for other qualities than are displayed by the incoherent series of chords written by those who have only harmony as their objective point.

It is principally, however, in the domain of musical architecture, the basis of all composition, that the innovating genius of Franck knew how to create a place absolutely apart. He was the first to consider the works of Beethoven from the point of view of a cyclic style (works which no successor of the father of the noble symphonic form had dared to assimilate), and to employ a new mode of construction according to orderly and logical principles. In 1841, at the age of nineteen, he built his first work, the Trio in F-sharp, on two generating themes, which, combining with the special themes of each movement, formed a solid foundation for the whole musical cycle. The preoccupation of his whole artistic life was to find new forms, while always respecting in the highest degree the immutable principles of tonal construction laid down by his predecessors.

F. Baldensperger *'César Franck, l'artiste et son œuvre'*

IN order to discover a principle of unity in this work [of Franck's] which we have been examining in its complexity, it is necessary to take into consideration certain technical details. We should note, for instance, his habit of modulating by leaps of a third[1]; his habit, dictated by a love of coherent logic, of retaining several notes in common between two chords in a progression; and his habit of making all the parts move chromatically, by very small intervals. We should observe that, instead of beginning his phrases on the strong beat of a measure, Franck, like Handel and Bach, is apt to begin them on an unaccented or weak beat, following this up, often enough, with a syncopation. And we may remark, as another detail of the same sort, his predilection for the canon form. . . .

It is also but just to point out in what ways the genius of Franck is lacking; to show, for example, how his orchestration is often a little dull, colorless, and gray, how he ignores or disdains the instrumental resources by which Saint-Saëns obtains such glistening variety; to show, again, how in his chamber-music he gives the melodies too constantly to the first violin, reducing the other instrumental parts to a mere accompaniment; and to show, above all, how, in his oratorios, his success in rendering the songs of angels and expressing adoration and serenity is the measure of his failure in giving voice to earthly joy, material power, and the life of the senses—it is but rarely that Franck, descending from heaven to earth, is able to retain the fulness of utterance that enables him to fill the celestial spaces with his voice.

In his aims as well as in his means, in his way of writing and in the spirit which impels him to write, it is the characteristic quality of Franck to be, not dramatic, nor emotional, nor picturesque, but *contemplative*. He expresses always a mood of contemplation, a meditation which is abstracted and detached from reality, which moves in an atmosphere of ecstatic calm; which does not, perhaps, lack a certain kind of vividness, and is even lyrical, but which denies itself any keen remembrance of human passions. One might say of this contemplative mood which is the quintessence of Franck's musical being, what one of his disciples, Ernest Chausson, wrote of the angels in 'The Beatitudes': "Sometimes they look down and throw a glance of pity upon the earth; sometimes they approach and take part in the griefs of men. Possibly, even, they have lived on earth at some time, and have known these very sorrows that so touch them. This compassion gives them a human quality." In the same way, in these works of pure music, the contemplation of this composer who has been called "The St. Francis Assisi of music" is made up of a deep human sentiment purified and sublimed into I know not what celestial calm.

This contemplative character, which satisfactorily explains, to my

[1] That is, passing from a key to that which lies a third above or below it.— EDITOR

mind, the technique of Franck, with all its peculiarities and defects, is rare enough at this epoch in which his life was cast—an epoch of realism, even in music, generally inspired by a taste for the picturesque and the dramatic. . . . Posterity will place César Franck, the simple organist of Sainte Clotilde, in a niche similar to that of the painter to whom I cannot resist likening him—Puvis de Chavannes, whose inspiration, seemingly indifferent to all worldly solicitations, flowed willingly, like that of Franck, into the paths of reverie, and pursued its way like a beautiful river of quiet waters, undisturbed by waves or rapids, and reflecting the eternal calm of the sky.— FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

THE WORKS OF FRANCK

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

I. 'La Procession'

THIS sacred song, originally composed for a solo voice with orchestral accompaniment, illustrates as well as anything could the curious admixture in César Franck's religious music of severe ecclesiastical purism with mystical sentiment. The impressive opening, with its slow-moving bass and its contrapuntal texture, suggests the style of Bach; yet so early as the eighth measure we are reminded, by the chromatic progressions, rather of Wagner. With the entrance of the voice the former severe style returns, only to be succeeded by more chromatic subtlety and mystical emotion at the words "Il vient, suivi du peuple et porté par les prêtres"— "He comes, followed by the people and carried by priests." After this outburst of modernism the mediæval note is struck by the choral-like passage at the bottom of page 18, continued through all the following page. With page 20 the spirit of religious devotion lays hold of the composer afresh, and gradually lashes him on to a rapturous climax at the top of page 21, where the words suggest that curious combination of the ecstasy of the soul and the intoxication of the senses by sight, sound, and odor that is so characteristic of the worship of the Roman Church. A rapid diminuendo now leads over to the choral-like passage, and the song ends with the note of ethereal purity and churchly severity. It is as a whole a fair epitome of Franck's peculiar religious temperament.

In this, as well as in the other song in this number of MASTERS IN MUSIC, the Editor has decided, after careful consideration, to give the original French words—translations into English, no matter how care-

fully made, being little better than parodies. In the 'Panis Angelicus,' the original Latin words are retained, as their translation would seriously mutilate the effect.

II. Prelude and Choral *From the 'Prélude, Choral, et Fugue'*

THE 'Prélude, Choral, et Fugue,' and the very similar 'Prélude, Aria, et Final,' the Prelude of which forms the fifth selection, are the most important contributions of César Franck to the music of the piano. They present a curious mingling of diverse elements of style. In form and general plan they recall the methods of Bach's instrumental music; in melody, and more especially in harmonization, they are excessively modern. This putting of new wine in old bottles is everywhere characteristic of Franck.

The present Prelude, with its rapid figures divided between the two hands, its rhapsodical manner, and its passages of recitative-like melody, recalls strongly those fantasia-like preludes which Bach uses to introduce his organ fugues and toccatas. It begins with a brilliant series of broken chords, in playing which evenness of delivery and regular accent are the chief requisites. On page 23 comes a more distinct melody, passionate in utterance, though fragmentary and of little sustained power. This soon dissolves into the original rapid figure-work; but recurs again at the bottom of page 24, and in the course of page 25 receives some development. The restless, and sometimes seemingly aimless, modulation on this page is quite in the true Franck style, especially at the bottom of the page, where the bass creeps up and down by semitones as if groping in darkness. The primary movement soon returns, and leads into realms of new interest through the next two pages, coming finally to rest on a "dominant-seventh" chord in the key of E. The Prelude as a whole is a pretty formless, rhapsodical piece of writing, filled however with glowing kaleidoscopic color.

The Choral, an intensely Franckian conception, starts in offhand in the remote tonality of E-flat, the only bridge from the preceding movement being the F-sharp of the soprano, which starts the melody in a most odd and unconventional way. The first three lines of the Choral impress the hearer as a sort of subterranean groping, far from the light of day. With the large organ-like chords of the fourth line the music becomes more comprehensible. This passage, indeed, is of a most striking originality and beauty. The chords are played with a roll, the left hand going over the right each time to deliver the melody note after it has given the bass. Difficult as it is to play, its difficulty is justified by the sensuous richness and amplitude of the resultant harmony. The melody, too, is worthy of note, being a tune of highly organized beauty and expressiveness. Finally the deliberate progress of the bass down the diatonic scale gives grandeur and dignity to the entire conception. The groping, mysteriously uncertain effects return at the second and the fifteenth measures

on page 29; and with the eighth measure on page 30 returns for the last time, and fortissimo, what is after all the most memorable feature, the musical essence, of this most unique and original piece of Franckism.

This Choral offers many difficulties to the player, chief of which is that of imitating on the piano, essentially a non-sustaining instrument, the grandeur, sonority, and amplitude of the organ tone. The secret of success lies in skilful use of the pedal.

III. 'Panis Angelicus' *From the Solemn Mass*

IT would be hard to find a greater contrast, in the work of any single composer, than that between the foregoing highly complex Choral and this utterly simple song of religious emotion. The beauty of this song, which is exceedingly popular in France, depends entirely on its naïve, heartfelt melody. The harmonization is perfectly simple throughout. The accompanist will notice that through most of the second stanza the piano imitates the voice canonically, at a distance of one measure. The melody must be brought out clearly, to make audible this charming repetition.

IV. 'Le Mariage des Roses'

IN 'Le Mariage des Roses,' Franck the religious devotee unbends for a moment to become the writer of a graceful love-song, a trifle, a tender ditty.

The idea is a pretty one:

"Dear, do you know how the roses marry?
Ah, theirs are charming nuptials.
What tender things they say
When they open their closed eyelids: . . .
'Let us love,
Life is so short.' . . .

"Believe me, dear, we too should love like them.
For the swallows, faithful to their nests,
Love is the only law.
And for you, too, the spring is here. . . .
Save to have loved,
What is there on earth? . . ."

Franck has enhanced the charm of this delicate fancy by a musical setting in every way adapted to it. The rippling accompaniment is graceful yet unobtrusive, the melody naïve yet not without tenderness. Best of all, however, is the refrain on page 37, with its swinging rhythm, its subtle change from major to minor in the third measure, its interesting modulations in the fifth and ninth measures, and, finally, its happy issue into the bright major key for the last two phrases.

V. Prelude *From the 'Prélude, Aria, et Final'*

IF in 'Le Mariage des Roses' we see Franck in his simplest and clearest mood, in this very difficult and elaborate Prelude we see him in his most complicated and even crabbed mood, weaving the most intricate web of melodies, piling one rhythm on top of another, and indulging in his most extreme harmonic vagaries. It may be said at once that this Prelude will probably repel all but the most devoted and persistent students, its mazes being altogether too involved to thread without the most concentrated attention. To the earnest student, however, it becomes after due study a most fascinating example of the application of the Bach style to modern musical material.

In construction it is practically a march movement, with a sort of trio beginning at the bottom of page 42, and the return of the march theme at the top of page 46. Within this general scheme there are innumerable subtleties of detail.

The march-like first theme, announced at the opening without preamble, is developed with much ingenuity of harmony and inexhaustible modulation through the first two pages. Its entrance in the tenor voice, at the third measure of page 39, should be duly emphasized. The third line (or "system") of this page will need considerable practice, owing to the constant crossing of the left hand over the right to play the melody, a device, as the reader will by this time perceive, much affected by Franck in his piano music, and doubtless suggested by organ effects.

At page 40 enters a quieter, more meditative second theme, which is subjected to much interesting manipulation, occurring at measure 3 of page 41 in the alto voice, accompanied by a perfect labyrinth of other voices. By the bottom of this page the martial first theme reënters, fortissimo, and is treated until the complete pause on page 42, which ends, or, rather, breaks off, the first section of the movement.

Now comes the theme of the trio, a curious melody in octaves, of which no one but Franck would ever have dreamed. It is effectively set off, a few measures later, by a staccato bass, and still later treated at some length, with great ingenuity and resource. Thus, on page 43, at the second measure, it appears in the bass; at the last measure of the second system it comes in the soprano, with a new counter-figure below; at the last measure of the fourth system, in the bass again, with new counter-figures; and finally reaches a climax at the last measure of the first system on page 44, where it appears in the soprano, accompanied by a stormy octave-passage in the bass. This is followed by a curious passage (page 44, the fourth system, the first measure) which seems to be founded on a diminution of this trio theme; that is, on the theme taken twice as fast, or in quarter-notes instead of half-notes. At the very end of the page, moreover, the little lyrical second theme of page 40 reenters, first in the tenor and then in the alto, and is worked up in com-

bination with the diminished form of the third theme. It appears in the bass at the fifth measure of the next page. At the change of signature to three flats it becomes the motive of a long-drawn, effective climax, which finally leads over, at the third measure on page 46, to the original march theme (in the alto, and with an accompaniment in rapid rhythm). The rest of the Prelude is all based on this first martial theme, which ends the whole with firm brilliancy. This Prelude is certainly a monument of Franck's prowess as a contrapuntal writer in the extreme modern style.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF FRANCK

I. CHORAL. SECULAR. 'Hulda,' lyric drama (1885); 'Ghiselle,' lyric drama (1889). SACRED. 'Ruth,' an oratorio (1845); 'Les Béatitudes,' an oratorio (1869–7?); 'Rédemption,' an oratorio (1872); 'Rébecca,' an oratorio (1880). Mass, four offertories, 'Quæ est ista,' 'Dextera Domini,' Psalm 150, etc.

II. VOCAL. Songs, as follows: 'L'Ange et l'Enfant,' 'Souvenance,' 'Aimer,' 'Robin Gray,' 'L'Emir de Bengador,' 'Ninon,' 'Le Sylphe,' 'Roses et Papillons,' 'Passez, passez toujours,' 'Le Mariage des Roses,' 'Lied,' 'La Vase Brisé,' 'Nocturne,' 'La Procession,' 'Les Cloches du Soir,' 'La Vierge et la créche,' 'La Chanson du Vannier,' 'L'Ange gardien,' 'Aux petits enfants,' 'Les Danses de Lormont,' 'Soleil.'

III. ORCHESTRAL. 'Les Éolides,' symphonic poem (1875); 'Le Chasseur maudit,' symphonic poem (1883); 'Psyché,' symphonic poem (1887); Symphony in D-minor (1888).

IV. CONCERTOS. 'Les Djinns,' for piano and orchestra (1884); 'Variations symphoniques,' for piano and orchestra (1885).

V. CHAMBER-MUSIC. Piano quintet (1884); String quartet (1889); Four trios (1846); Sonata for violin and piano (1886).

VI. PIANOFORTE. Prélude, Choral, et Fugue (1885); Prélude, Aria, et Final (1888); and other small pieces.

VII. ORGAN. Fantaisie; Grande pièce symphonique; Prélude, Fugue, et Variations; Pastorale, Prière, Final (1863). Fantaisie; Cantabile, Pièce héroïque (1878). Préludes et Prières d'Alkan, arranged (1889). Three grand chorals (1890).

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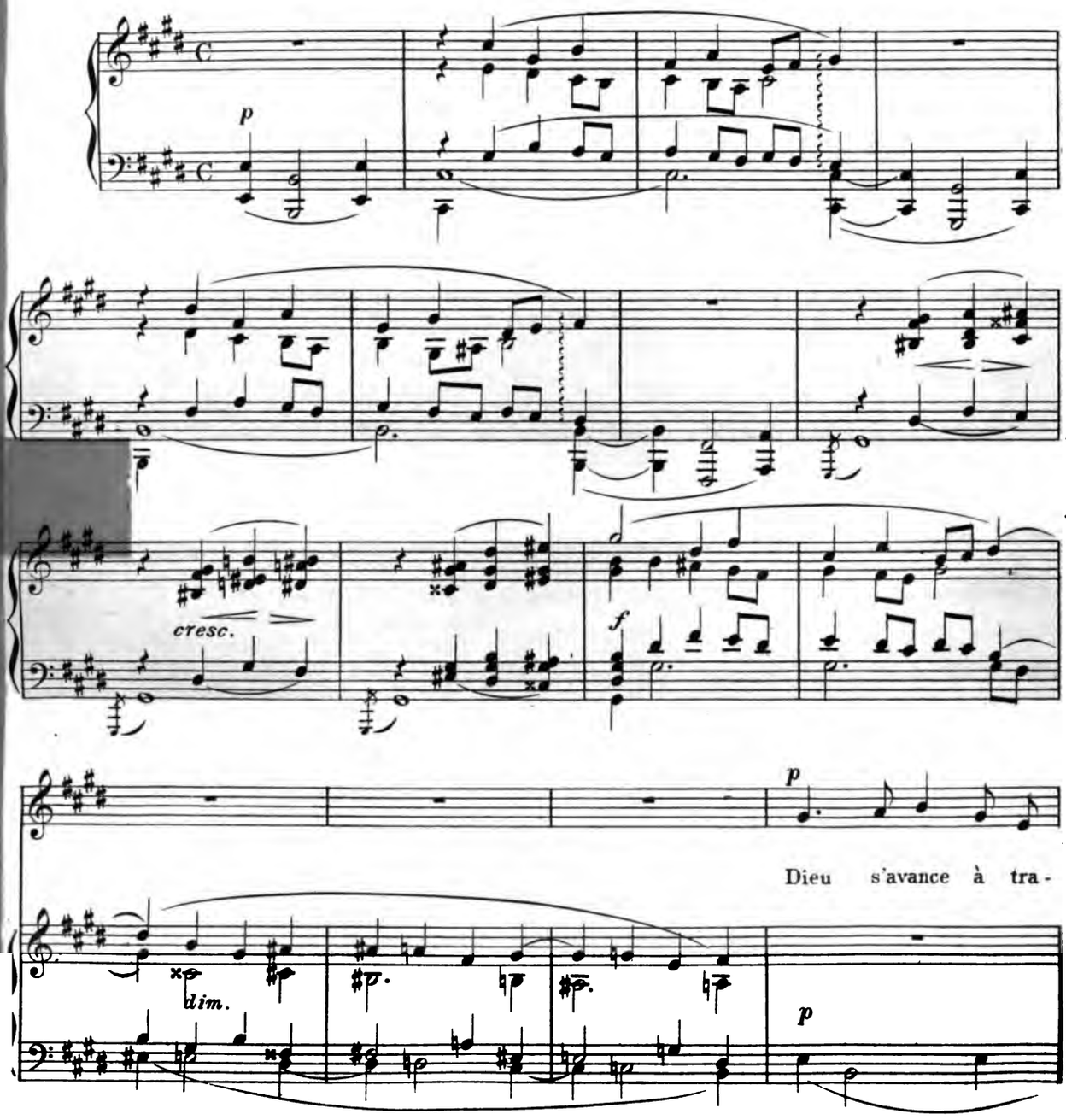
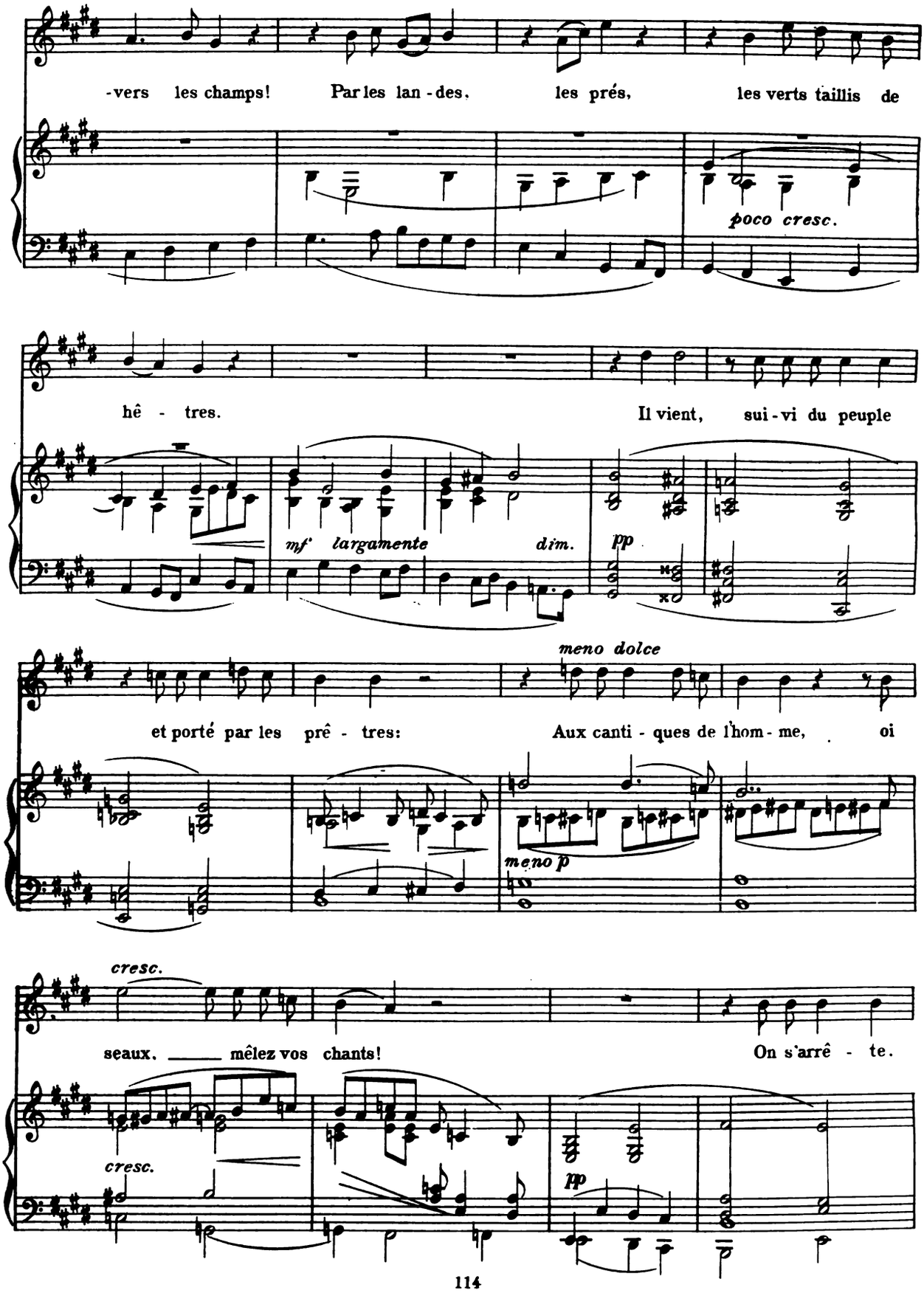
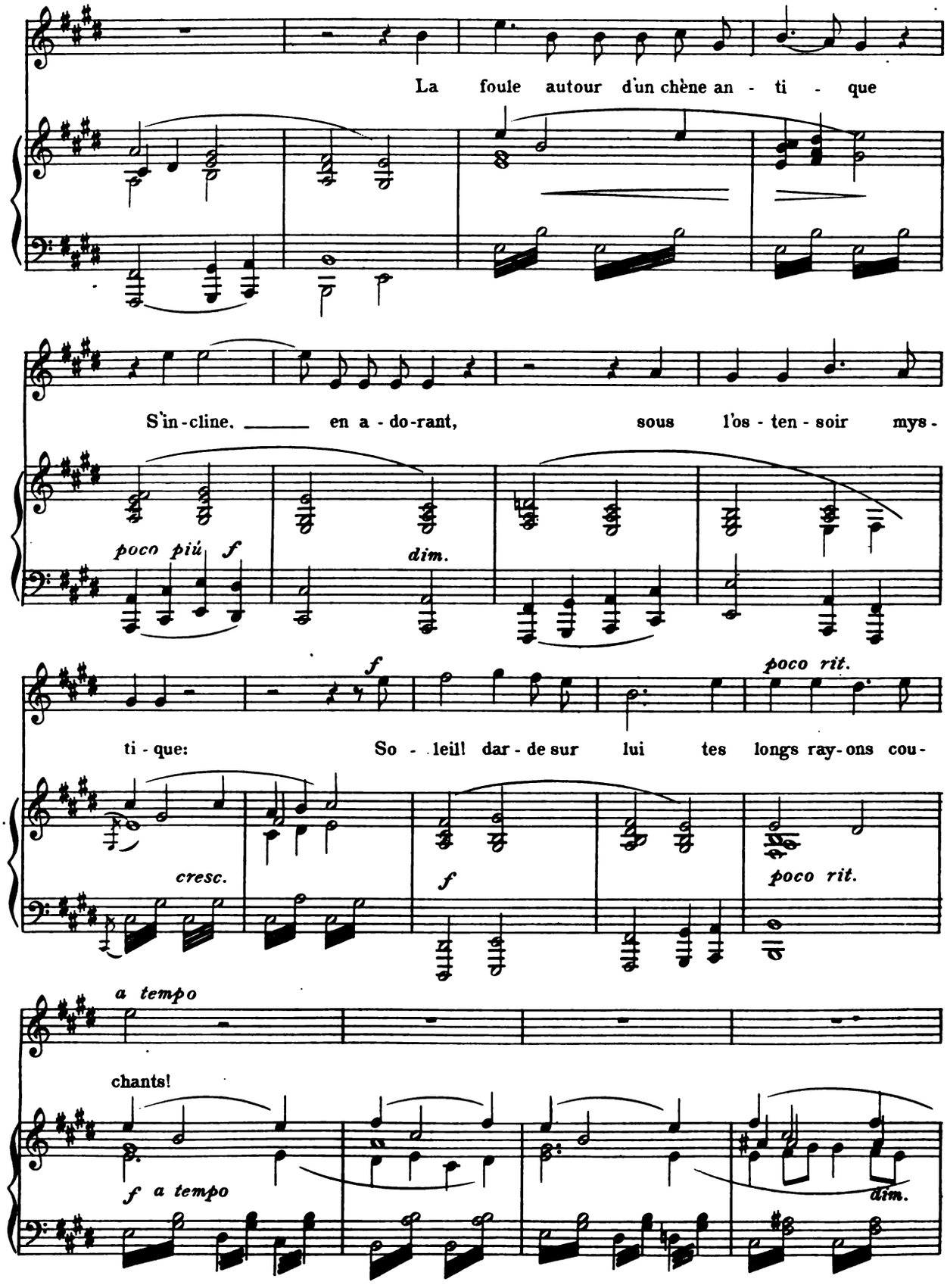
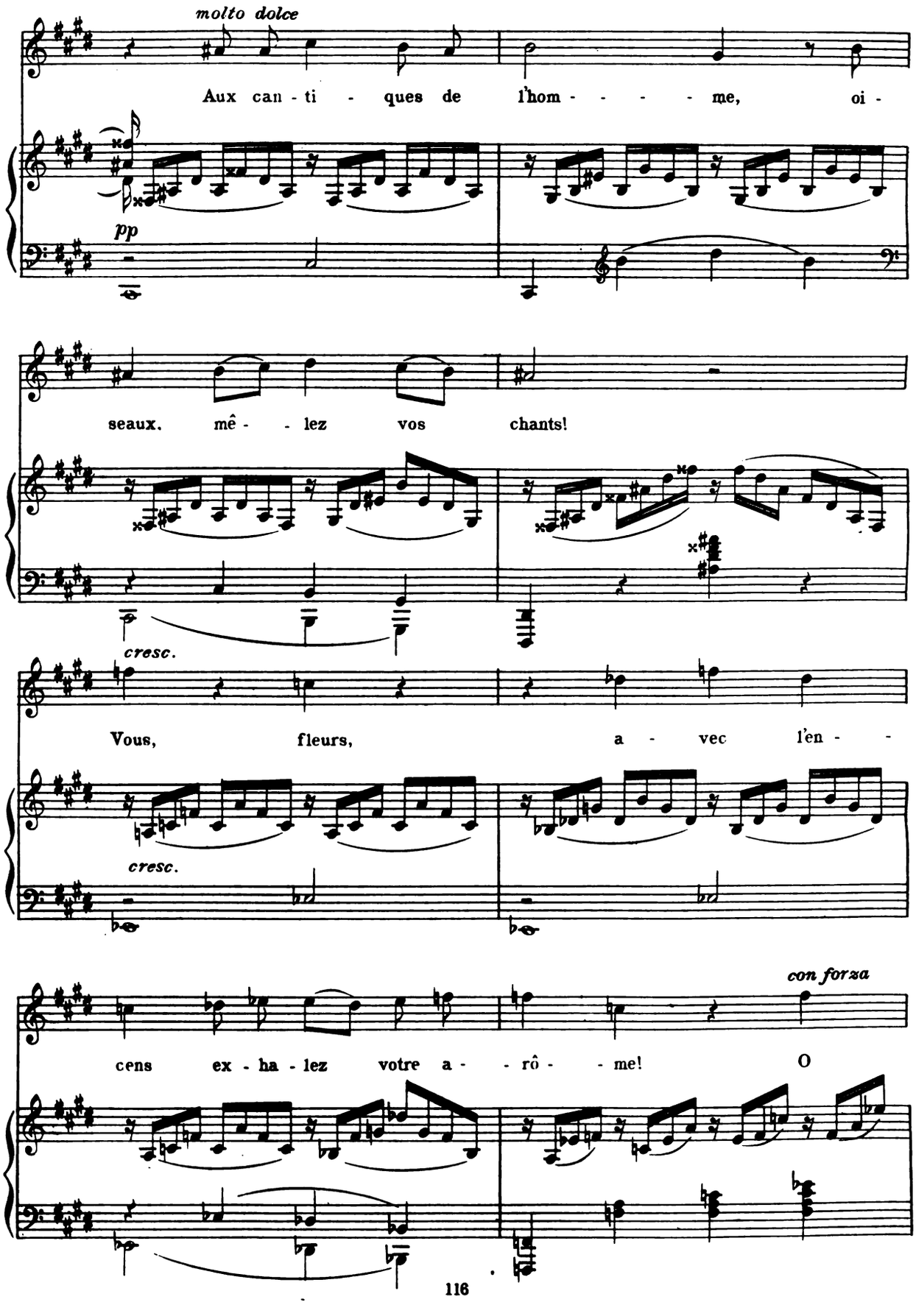
I. 'LA PROCESSION'

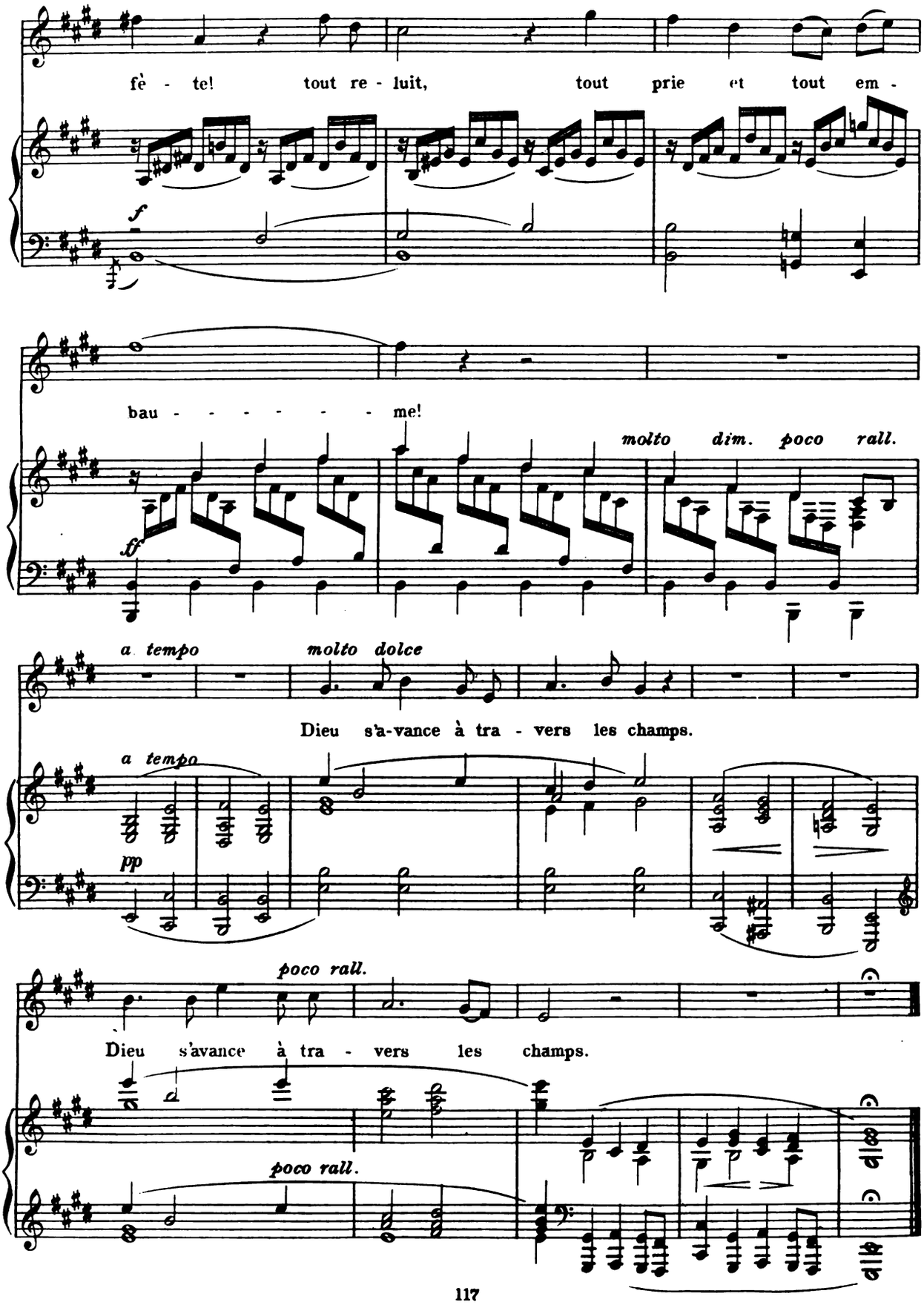
CH. BRIZEUX.




-vers les champs! Par les lan - des, les prés, les verts taillis de
poco cresc.
hê - tres. Il vient, sui - vi du peuple
mf largamente dim.
pp
meno dolce
et porté par les prê - tres: Aux canti - ques de l'hom - me, oi
meno p
cresc.
seaux, mêlez vos chants! On s'arrê - te.
cresc.
pp

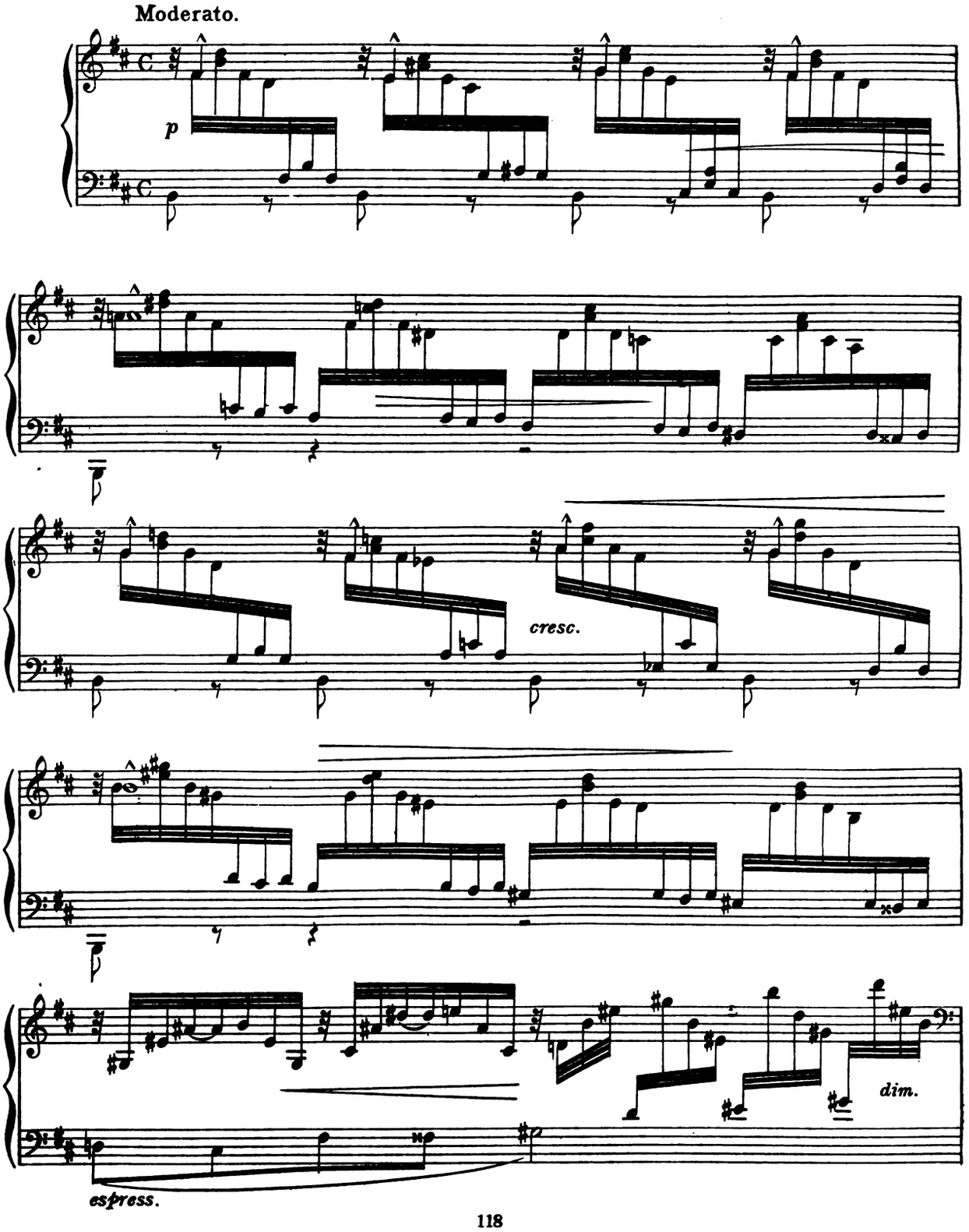

La foule autour d'un chêne an - ti - que
S'in-cline, en a - do-rant, sous l'os - ten - soir mys -
poco più f
dim.
f
poco rit.
ti - que: So - leil! dar - de sur lui tes longs ray-ons cou -
cresc.
f
poco rit.
a tempo
chants!
f a tempo
dim.

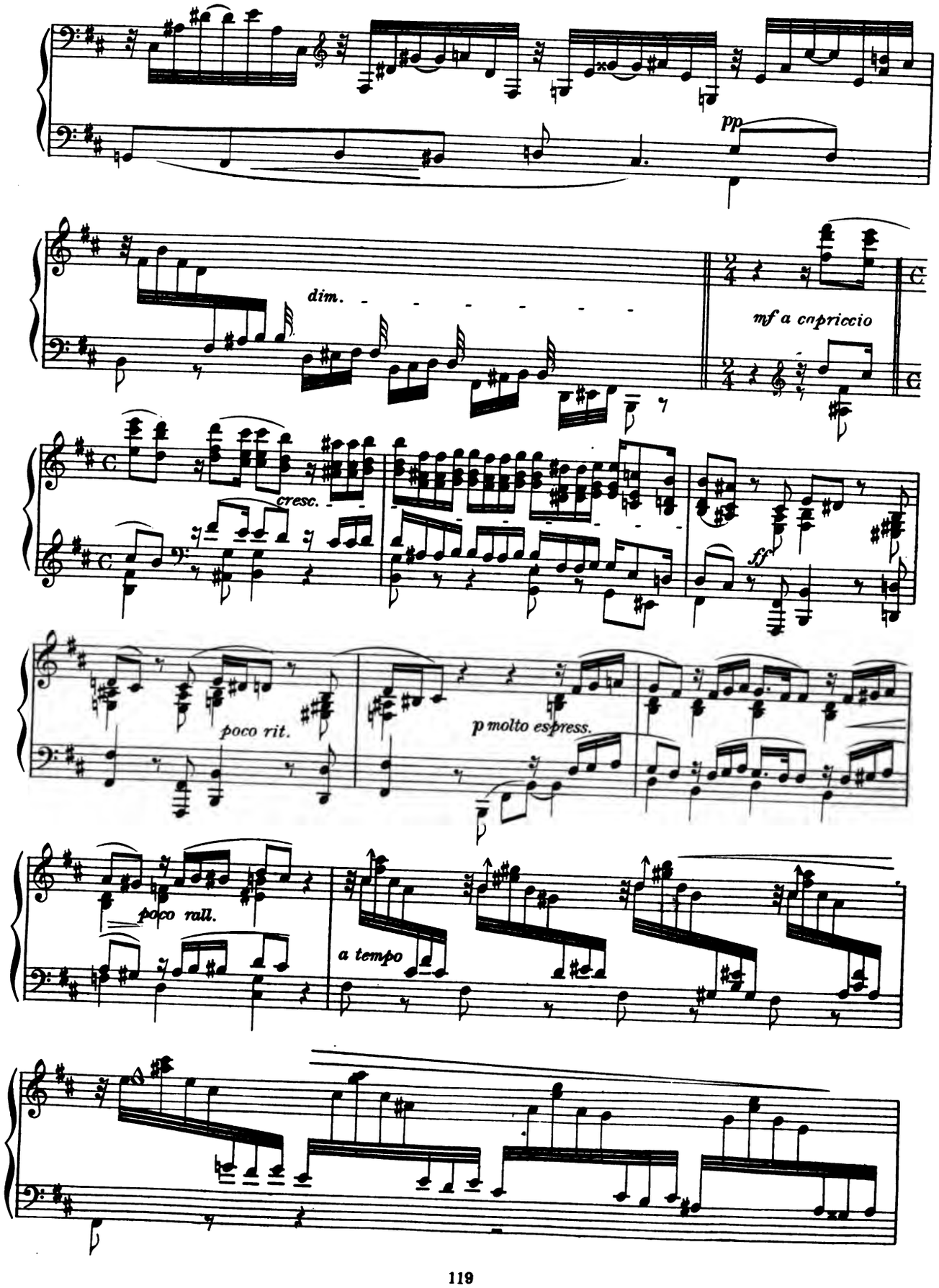

molto dolce
Aux can - ti - ques de l'hom - - - - me, oi -
pp
seaux, mê - - lez vos chants!
cresc.
Vous, fleurs, a - vec l'en - -
cresc.
con forza
cens ex - ha - lez votre a - - rô - - me! O

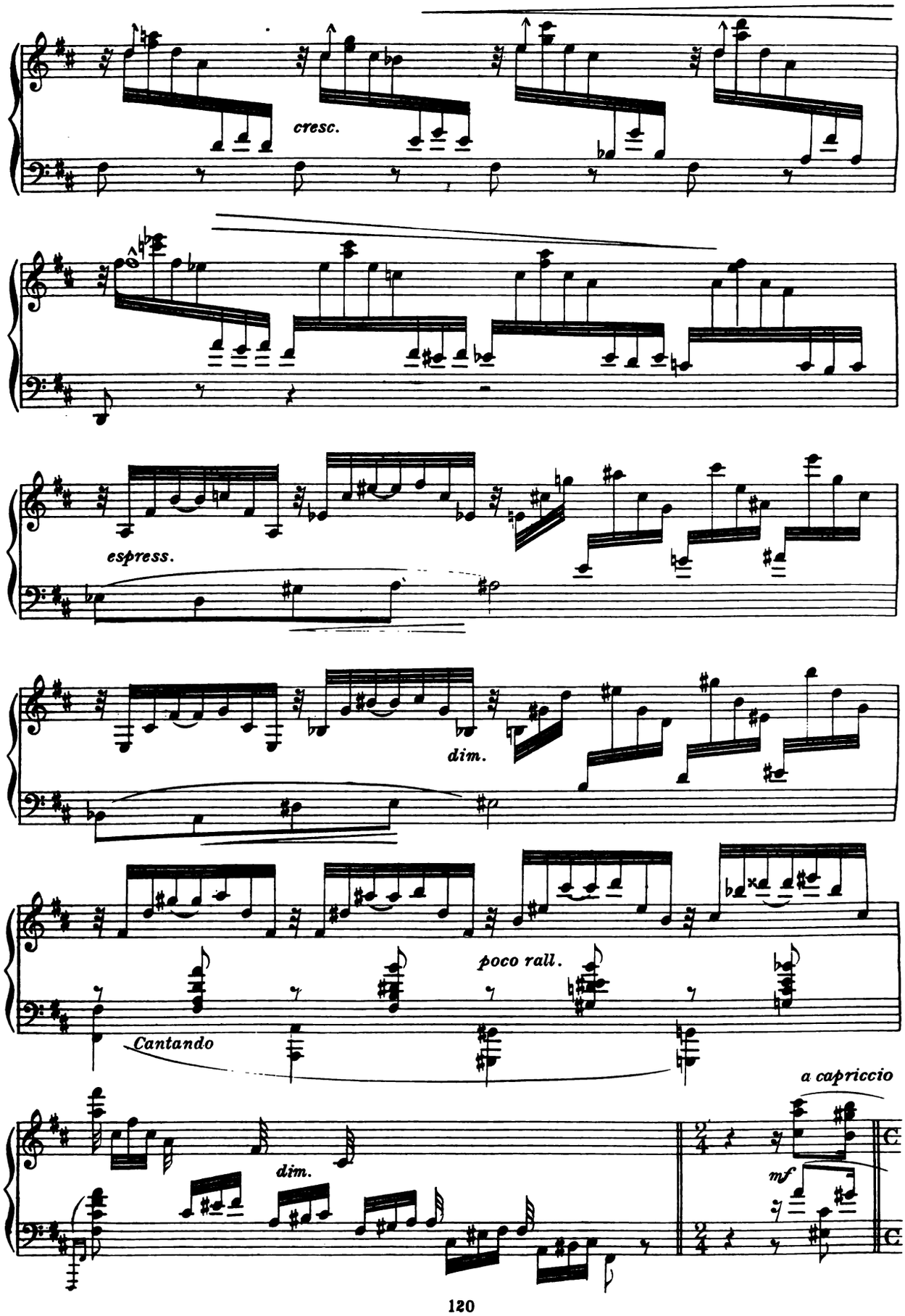

fê - te! tout re - luit, tout prie et tout em -
f
bau - - - - - - - me!
molto dim. poco rall.
ff
a tempo
molto dolce
Dieu s'a-vance à tra - vers les champs.
a tempo
pp
poco rall.
Dieu s'avance à tra - vers les champs.
poco rall.

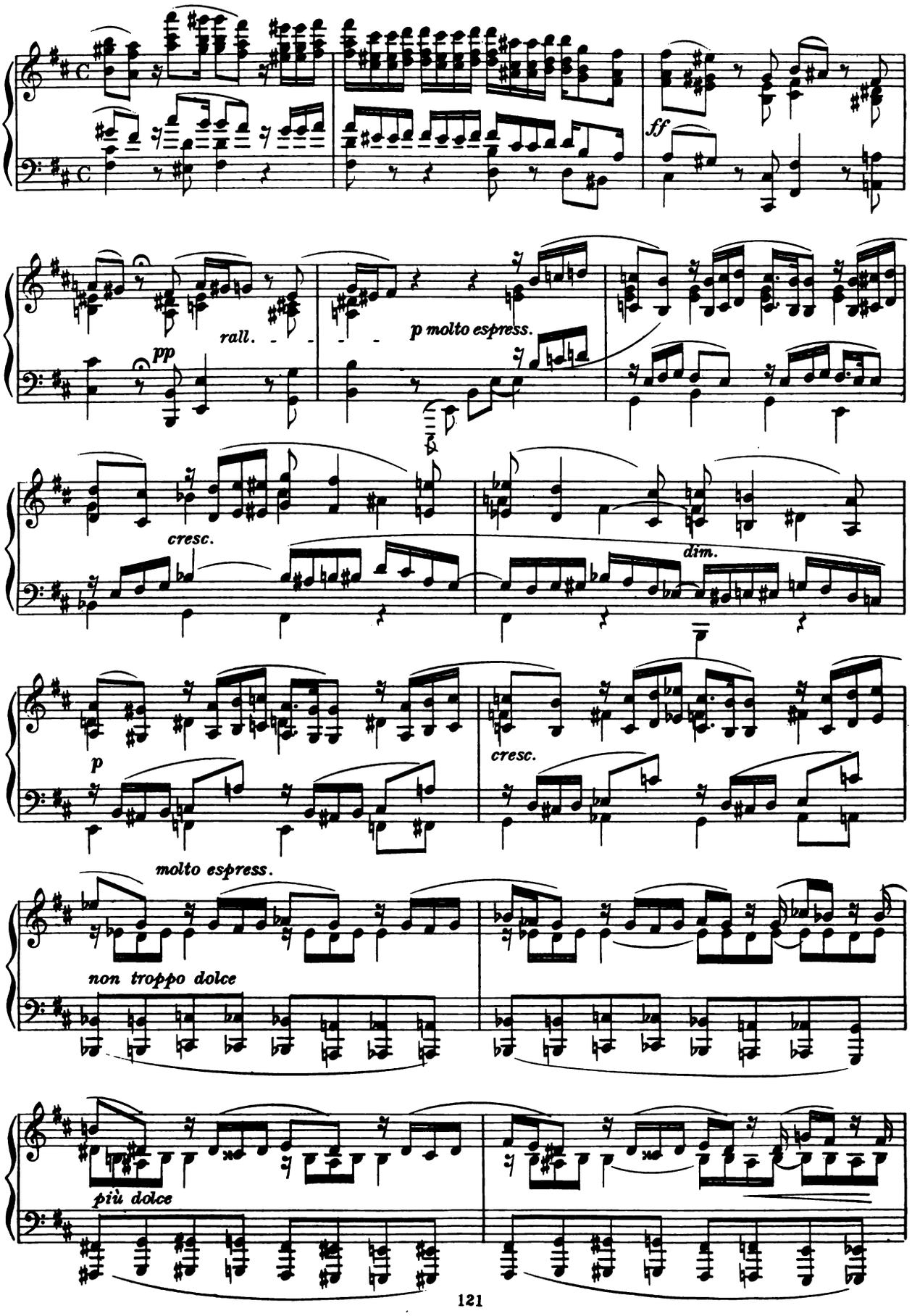
II. PRELUDE AND CHORAL

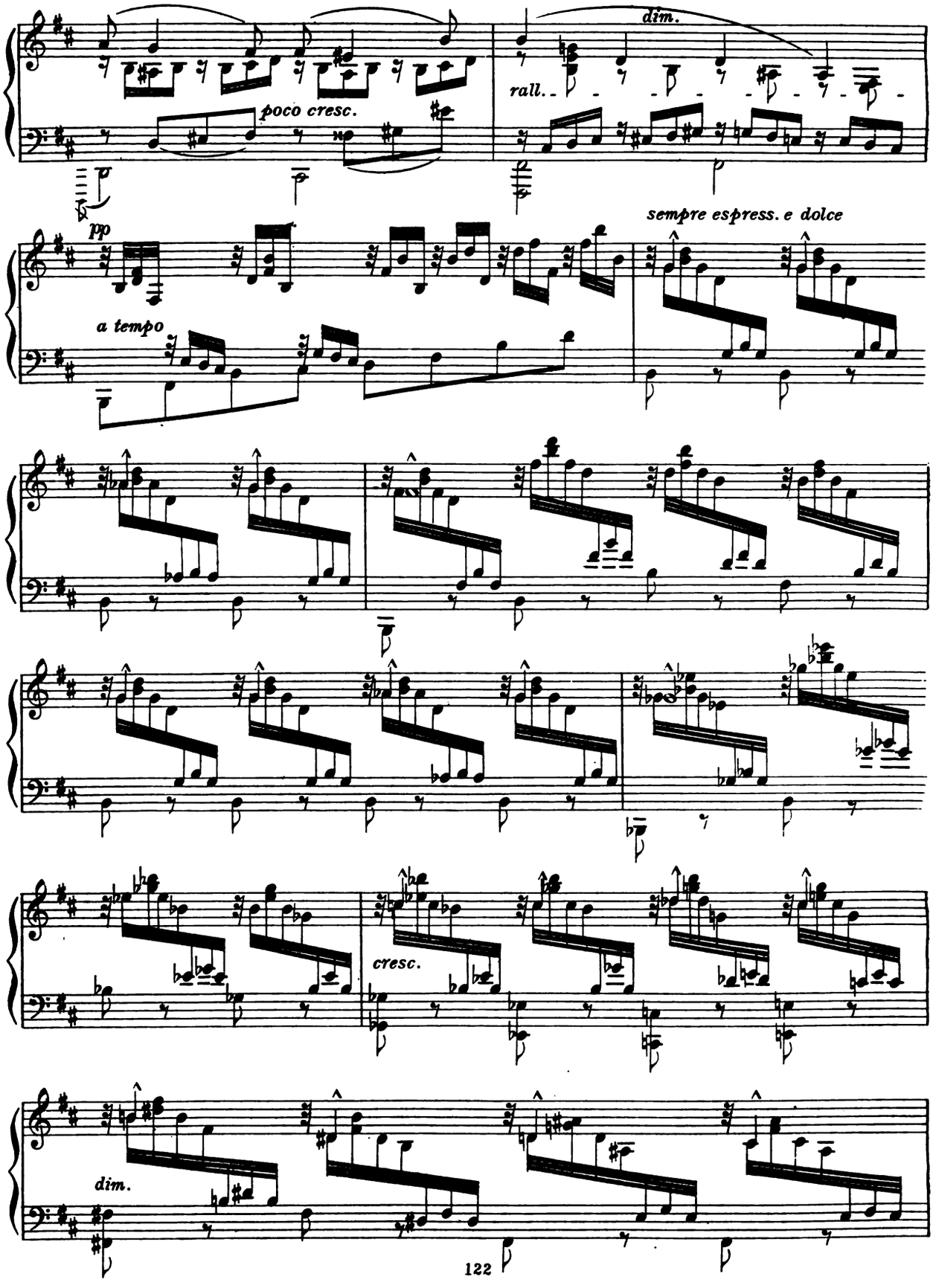
FROM THE 'PRÉLUDE, CHORAL, ET FUGUE'

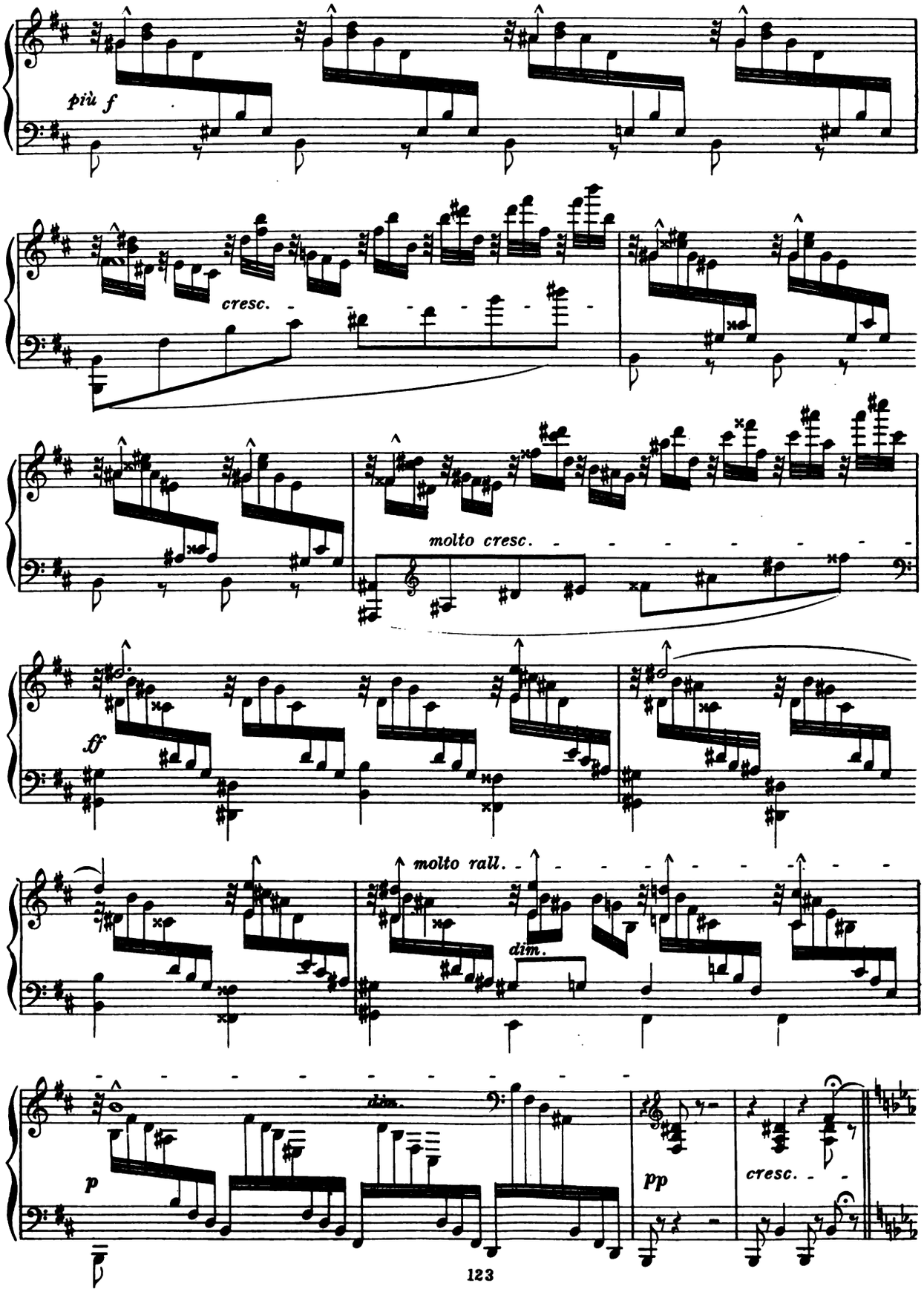


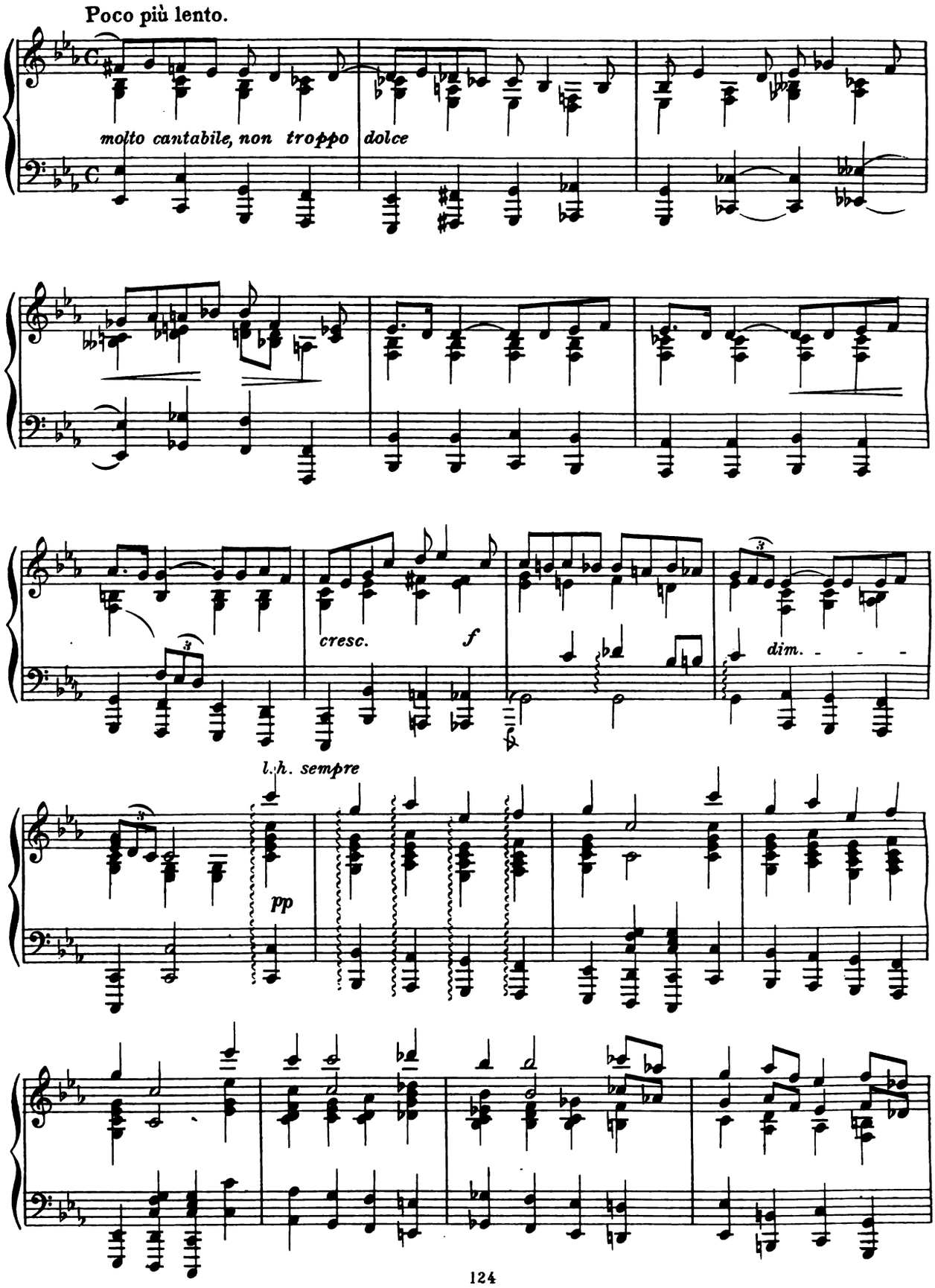

pp
dim.
mf a capriccio
cresc.
ff
poco rit.
p molto espress.
poco rall.
a tempo

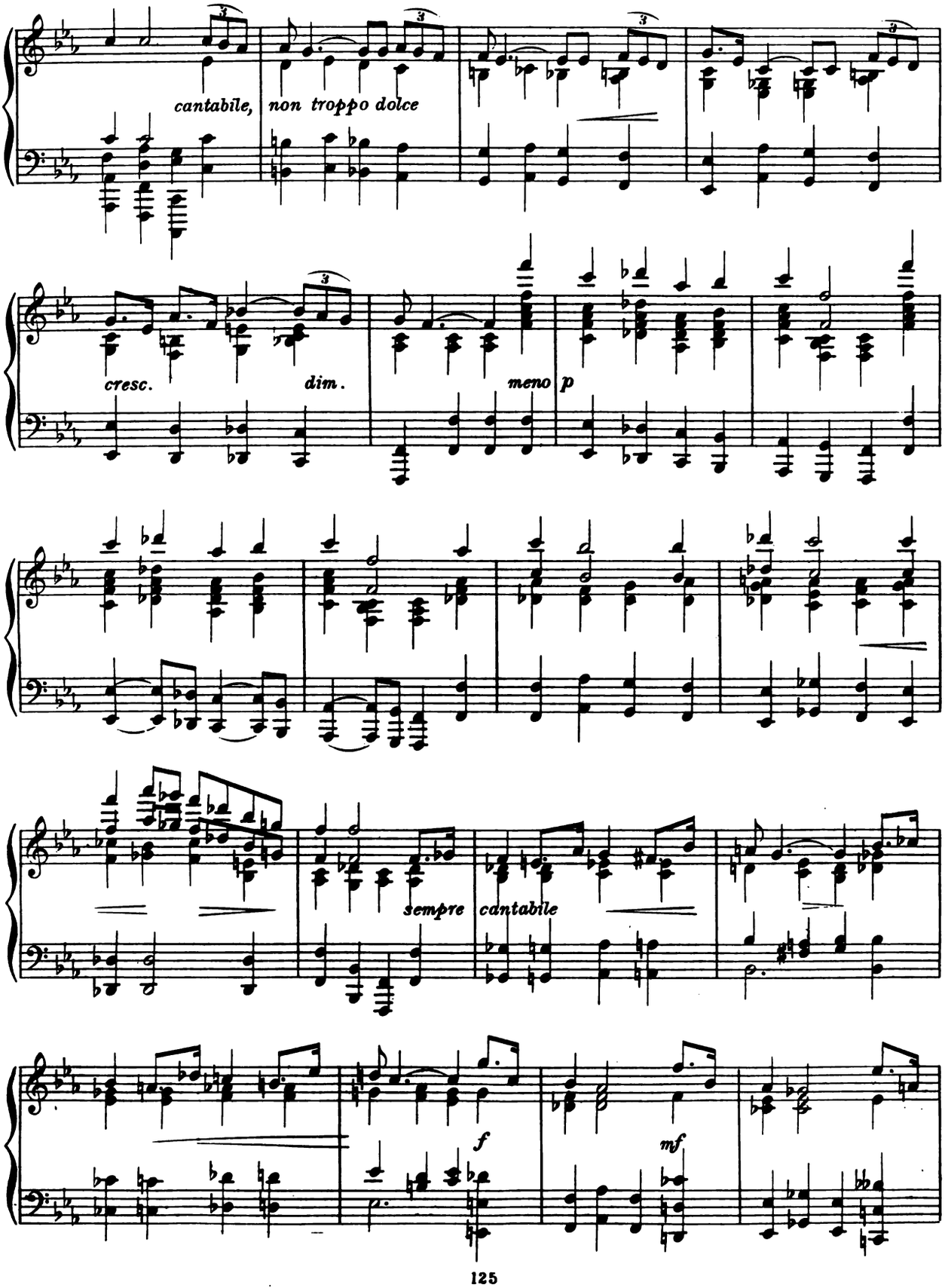

cresc.
espress.
dim.
poco rall.
Cantando
a capriccio
dim.
mf

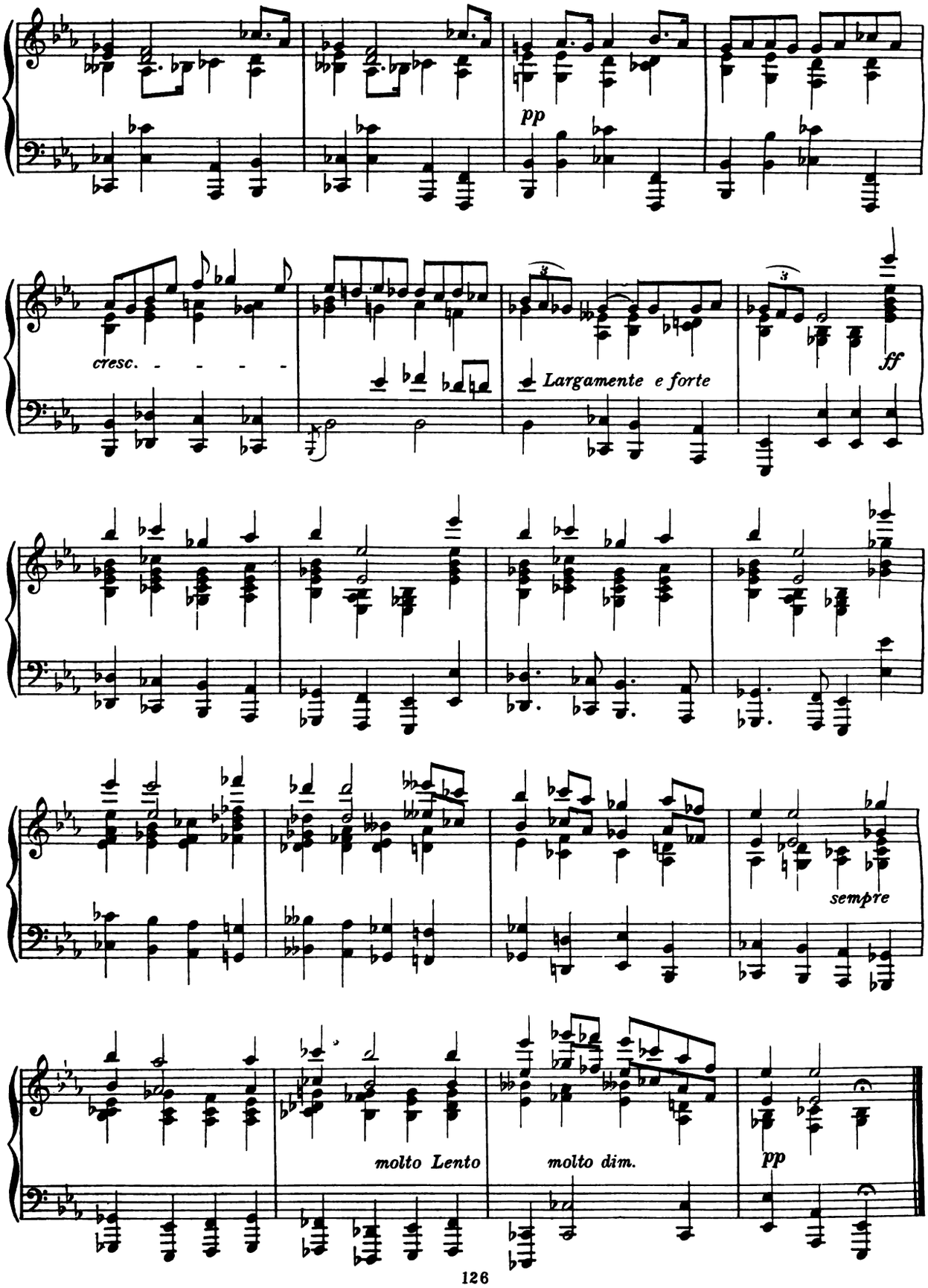

ff
rall.
pp
p molto espress.
cresc.
dim.
p
cresc.
molto espress.
non troppo dolce
più dolce


dim.
rall.
poco cresc.
pp
sempre espress. e dolce
a tempo
cresc.
dim.


più f
cresc.
molto cresc.
ff
molto rall.
dim.
dim.
p
pp
cresc.

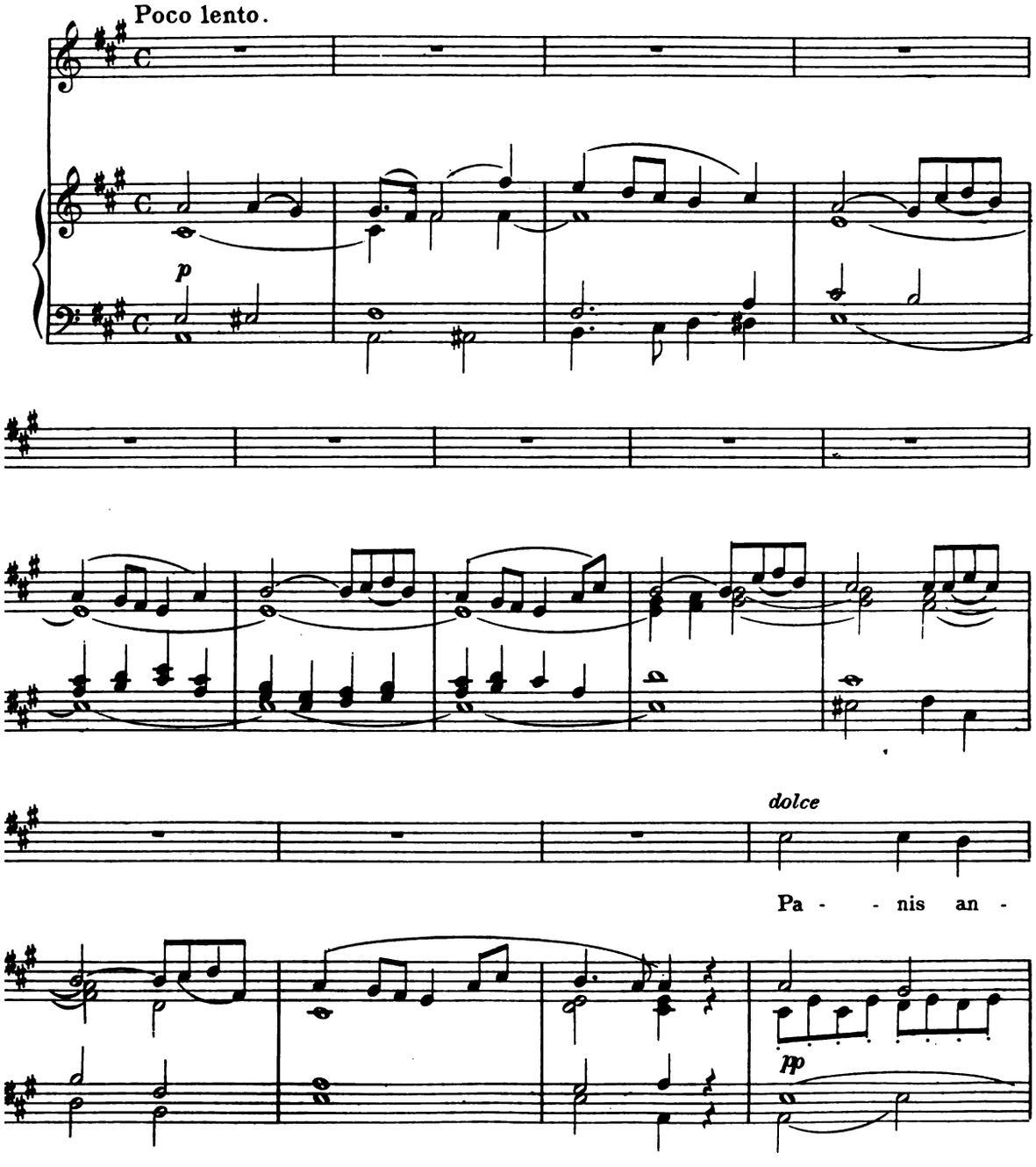

Poco più lento.
molto cantabile, non troppo dolce
cresc.
f
dim.
l.h. sempre
pp

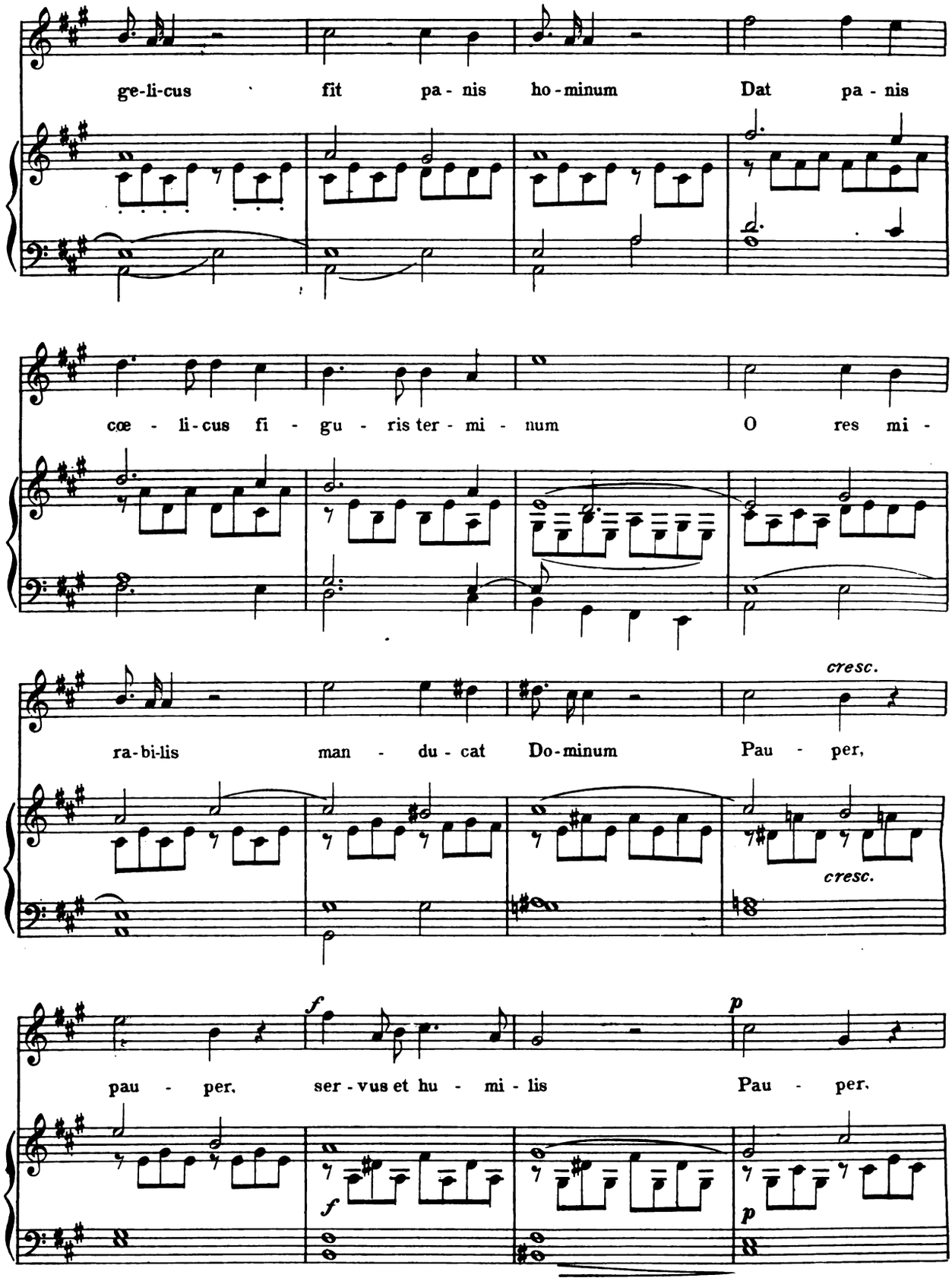

cantabile, non troppo dolce
cresc.
dim.
meno p
sempre cantabile
f
mf

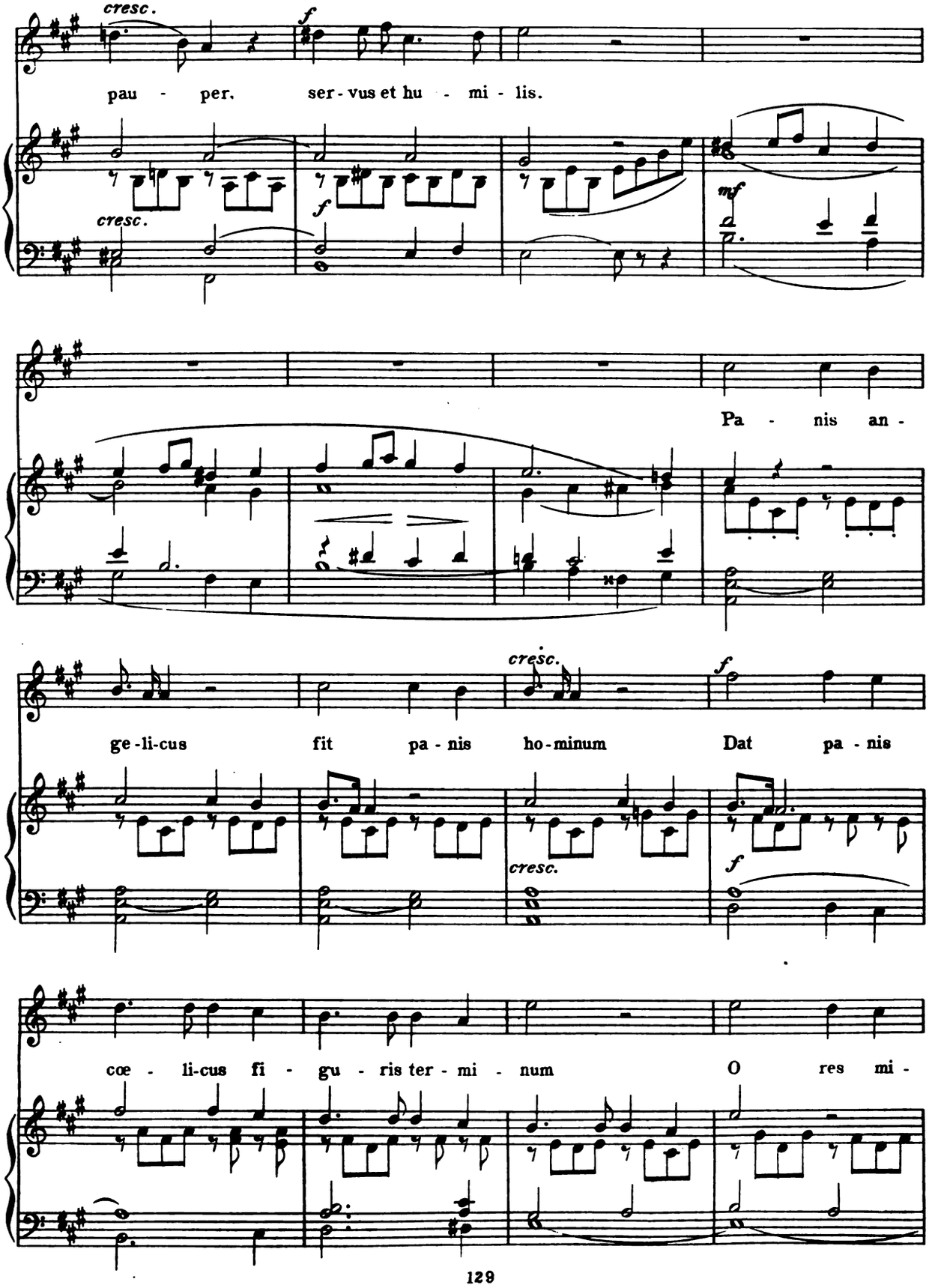

pp
cresc. - - - - -
Largamente e forte
ff
sempre
molto Lento
molto dim.
pp

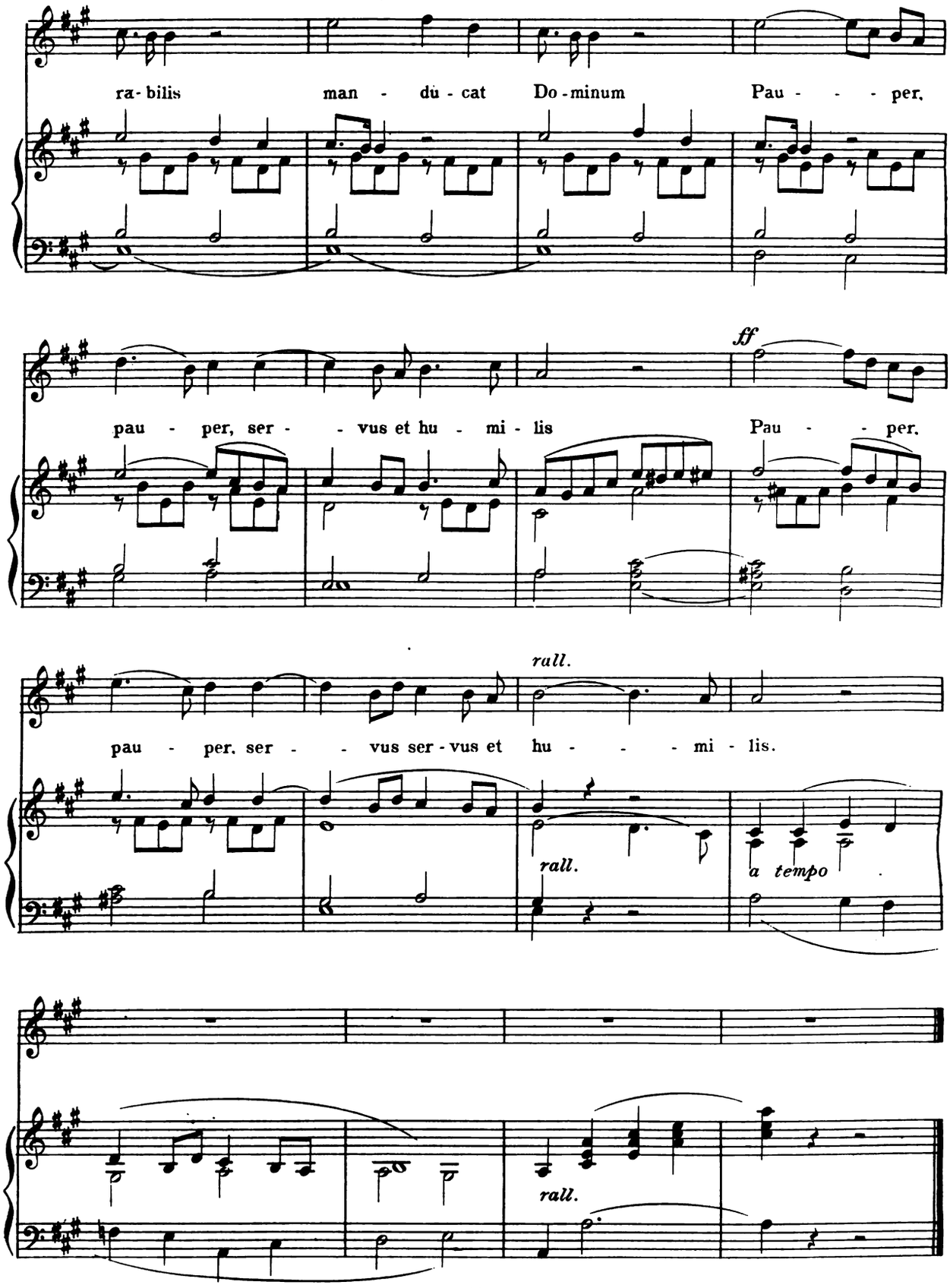
III. 'PANIS ANGELICUS'

FROM THE SOLEMN MASS



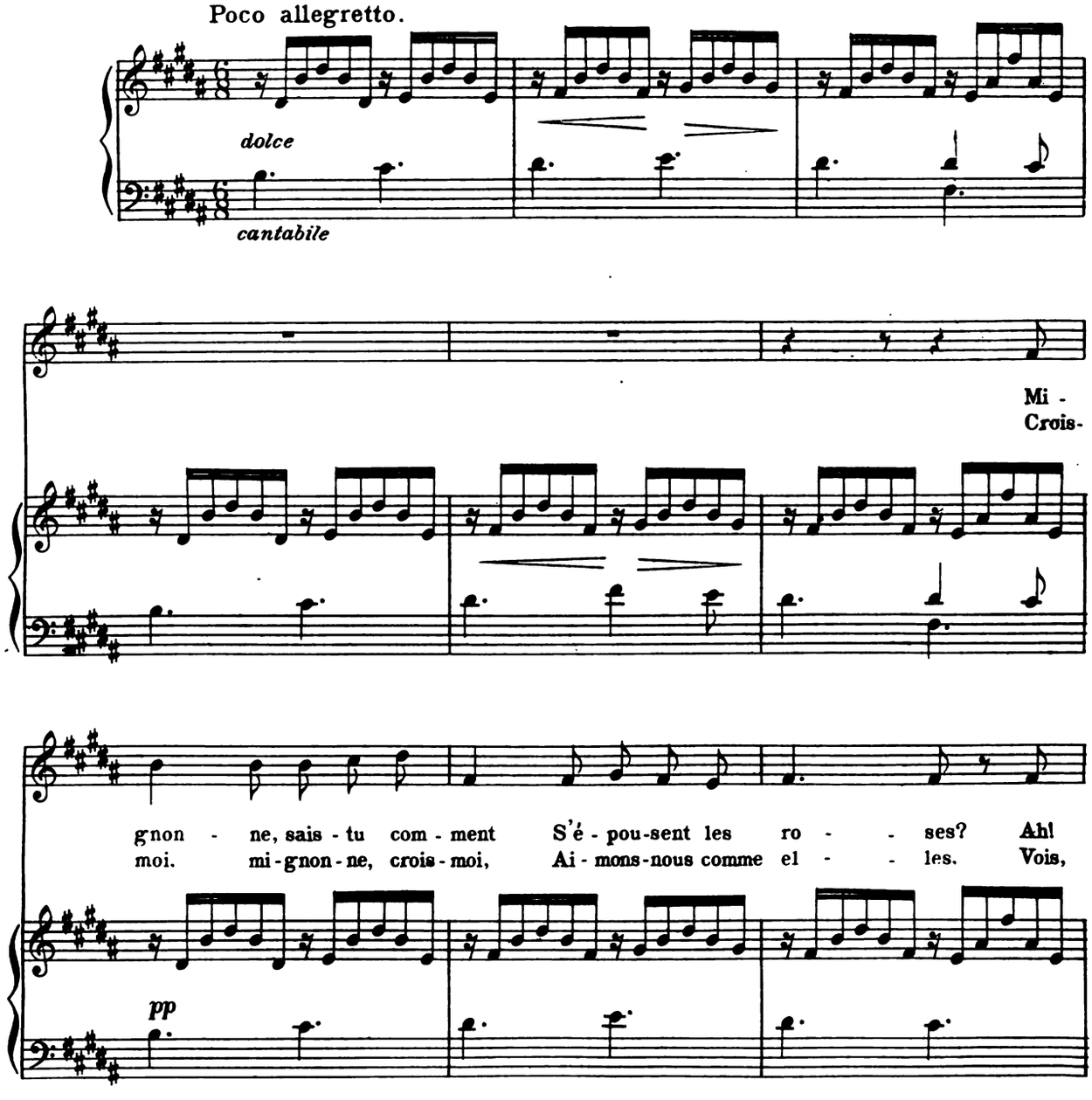

ge-li-cus fit pa - nis ho - minum Dat pa - nis
cœ - li - cus fi - gu - ris ter - mi - num O res mi -
cresc.
ra - bi-lis man - du - cat Do - minum Pau - per,
cresc.
f
p
pau - per, ser - vus et hu - mi - lis Pau - per,
f
p

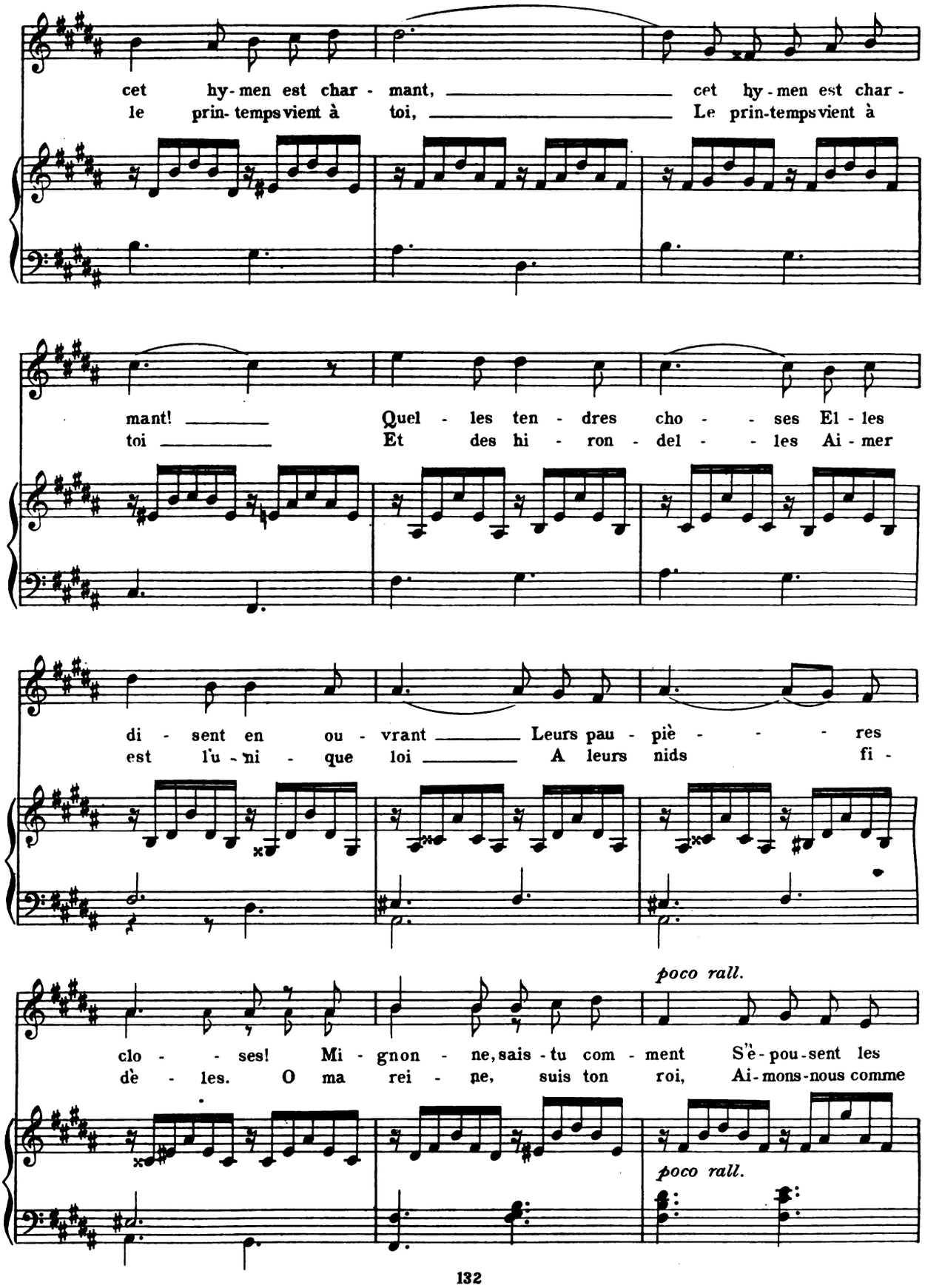

cresc.
f
pau - per. ser - vus et hu - mi - lis.
cresc.
f
mf
Pa - nis an -
cresc.
f
ge - li - cus fit pa - nis ho - minum Dat pa - nis
cresc.
f
coe - li - cus fi - gu - ris ter - mi - num O res mi -

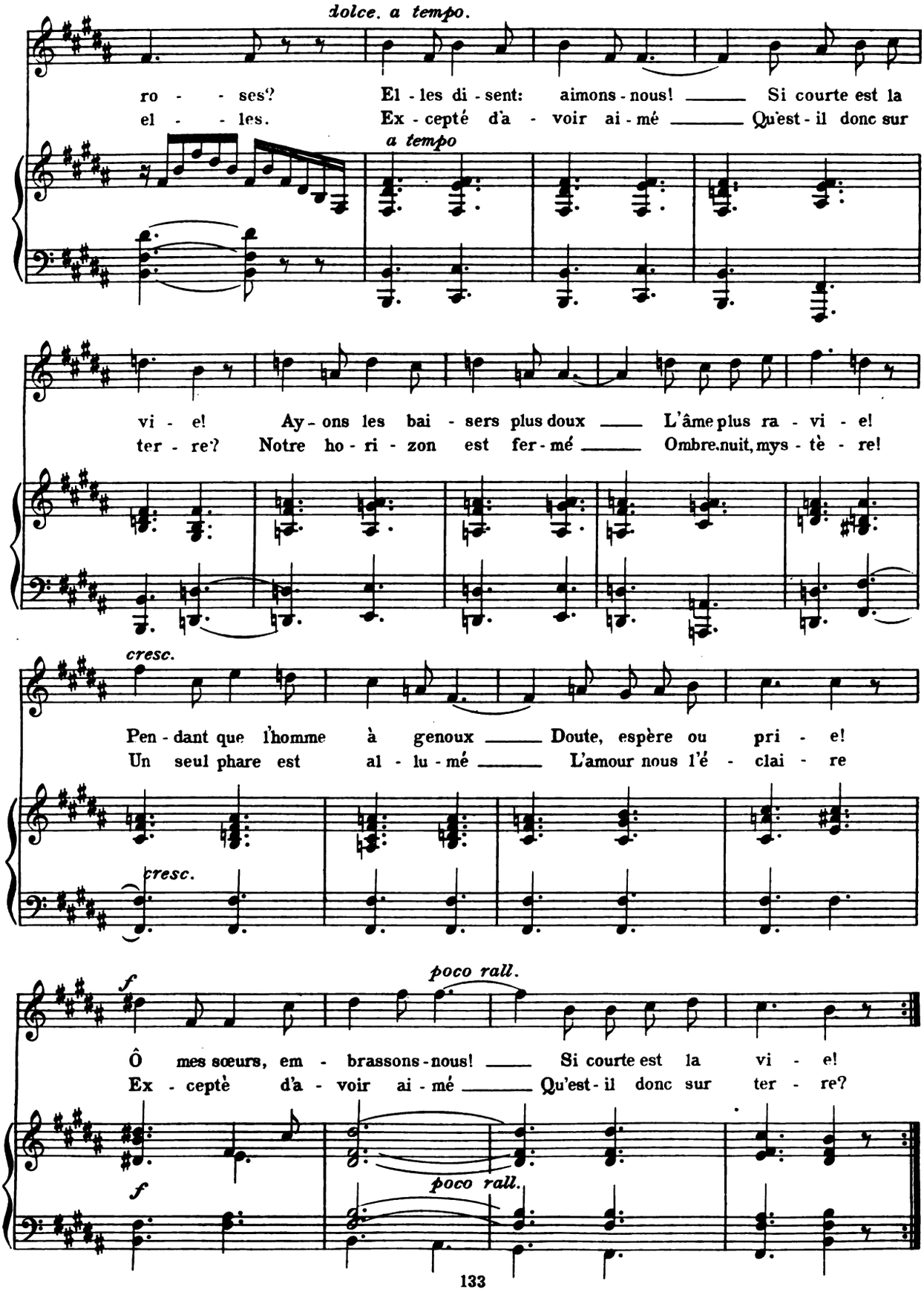

ra- bilis man - du - cat Do - minum Pau - - - per,
ff
pau - per, ser - - vus et hu - mi - lis Pau - - per,
rall.
pau - per, ser - - vus ser - vus et hu - - - mi - lis.
rall.
a tempo
rall.

IV. 'LE MARIAGE DES ROSES'

EUG . DAVID.



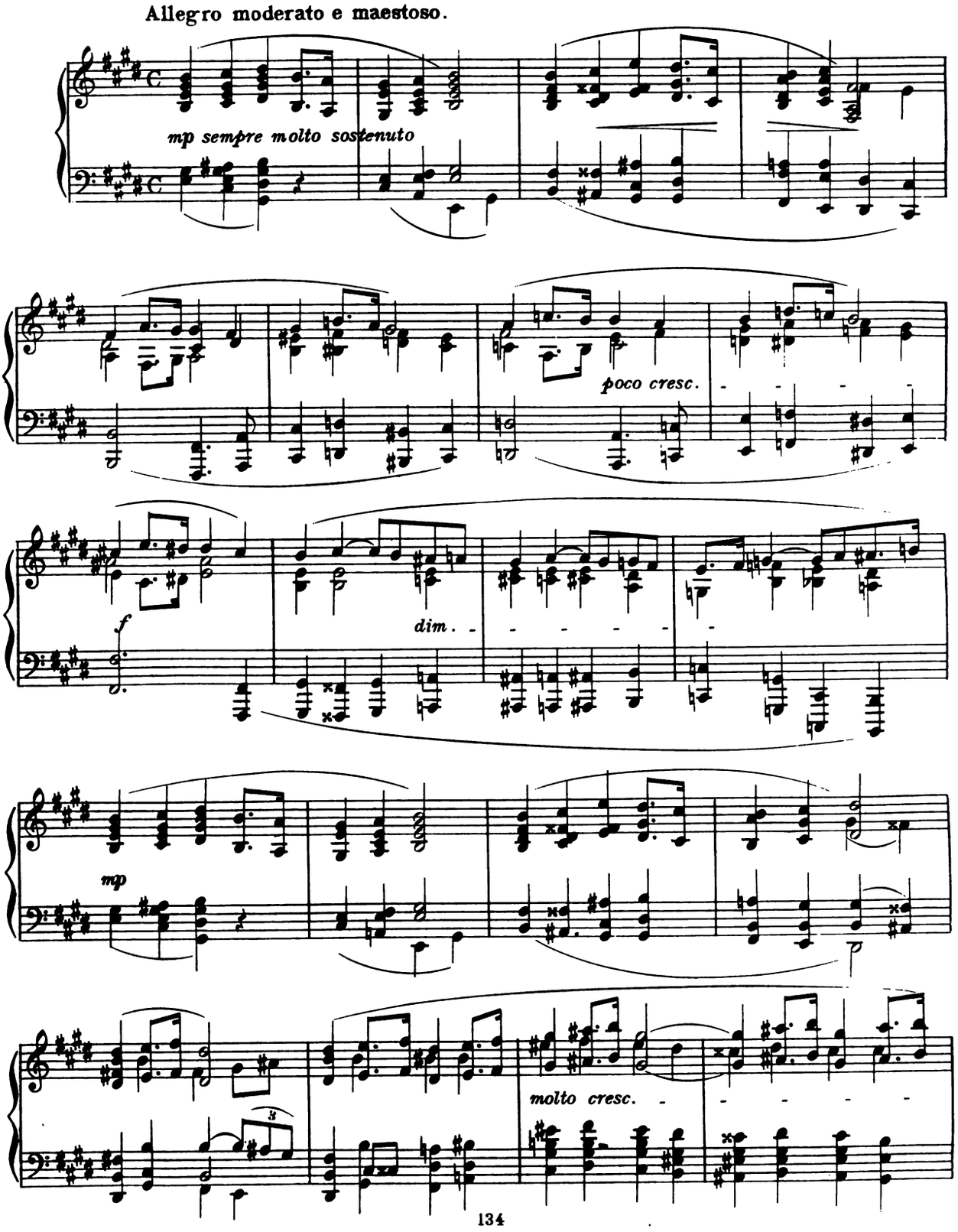

cet hy-men est char-mant, cet hy-men est char-
le prin-temps vient à toi, Le prin-temps vient à
mant! Quel-les ten-dres cho-ses El-les
toi Et des hi-ron-del-les Ai-mer
di-sent en ou-vrant Leurs pau-piè-res
est l'u-ni-que loi A leurs nids fi-
poco rall.
clo-ses! Mi-gnon-ne, sais-tu com-ment S'è-pou-sent les
dè-les. O ma rei-ne, suis ton roi, Ai-mons-nous comme
poco rall.

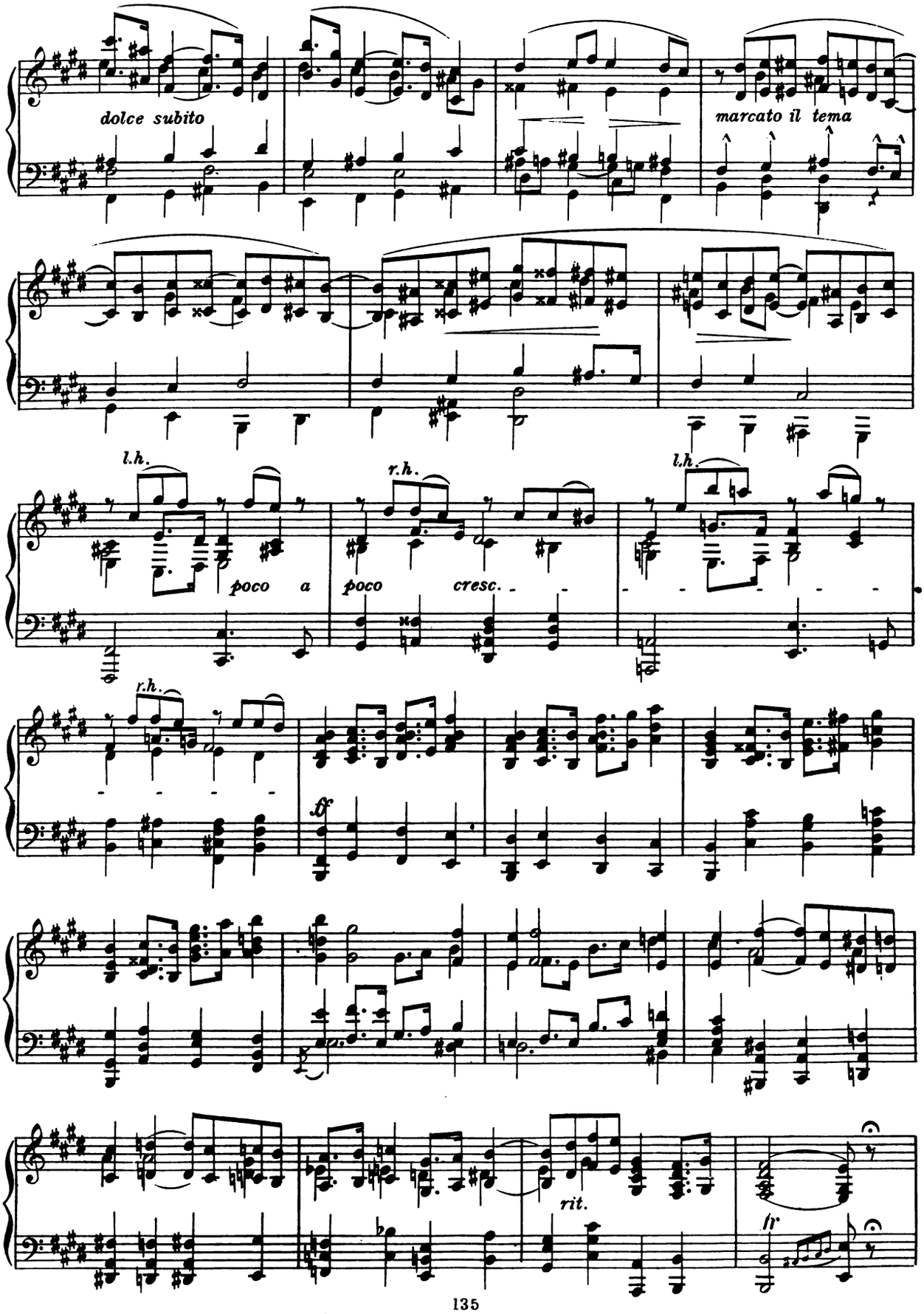

dolce. a tempo.
ro - - ses? El - les di - sent: aimons - nous! Si courte est la
el - - les. Ex - cepté d'a - voir ai - mé Qu'est - il donc sur
a tempo
vi - e! Ay - ons les bai - sers plus doux L'âme plus ra - vi - e!
ter - re? Notre ho - ri - zon est fer - mé Ombre, nuit, mys - tè - re!
cresc.
Pen - dant que l'homme à genoux Doute, espère ou pri - e!
Un seul phare est al - lu - mé L'amour nous l'é - clai - re
cresc.
f
poco rall.
Ô mes sœurs, em - brassons - nous! Si courte est la vi - e!
Ex - ceptè d'a - voir ai - mé Qu'est - il donc sur ter - re?
f
poco rall.

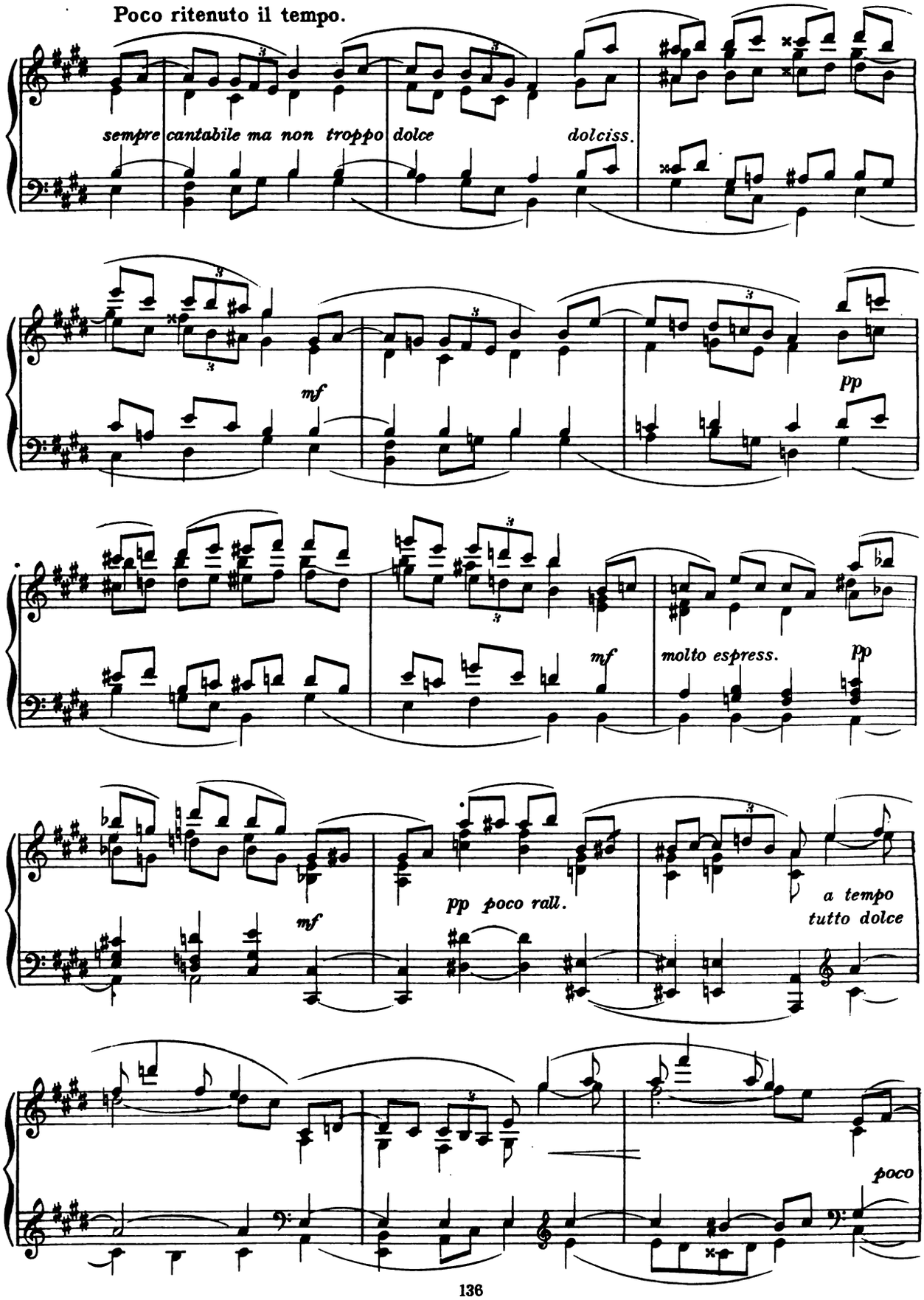
V. PRELUDE

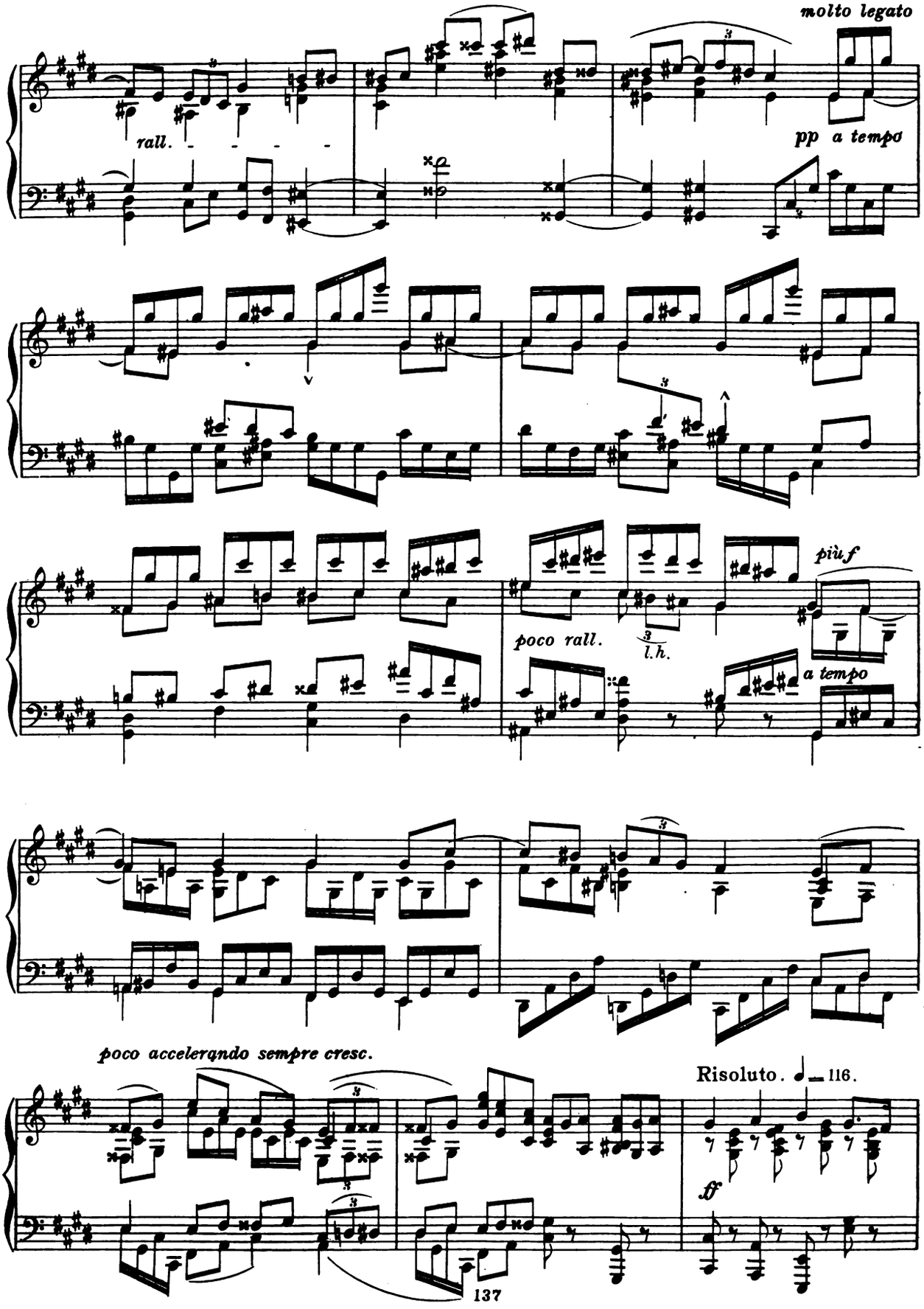
FROM THE 'PRÉLUDE, ARIA, ET FINAL'

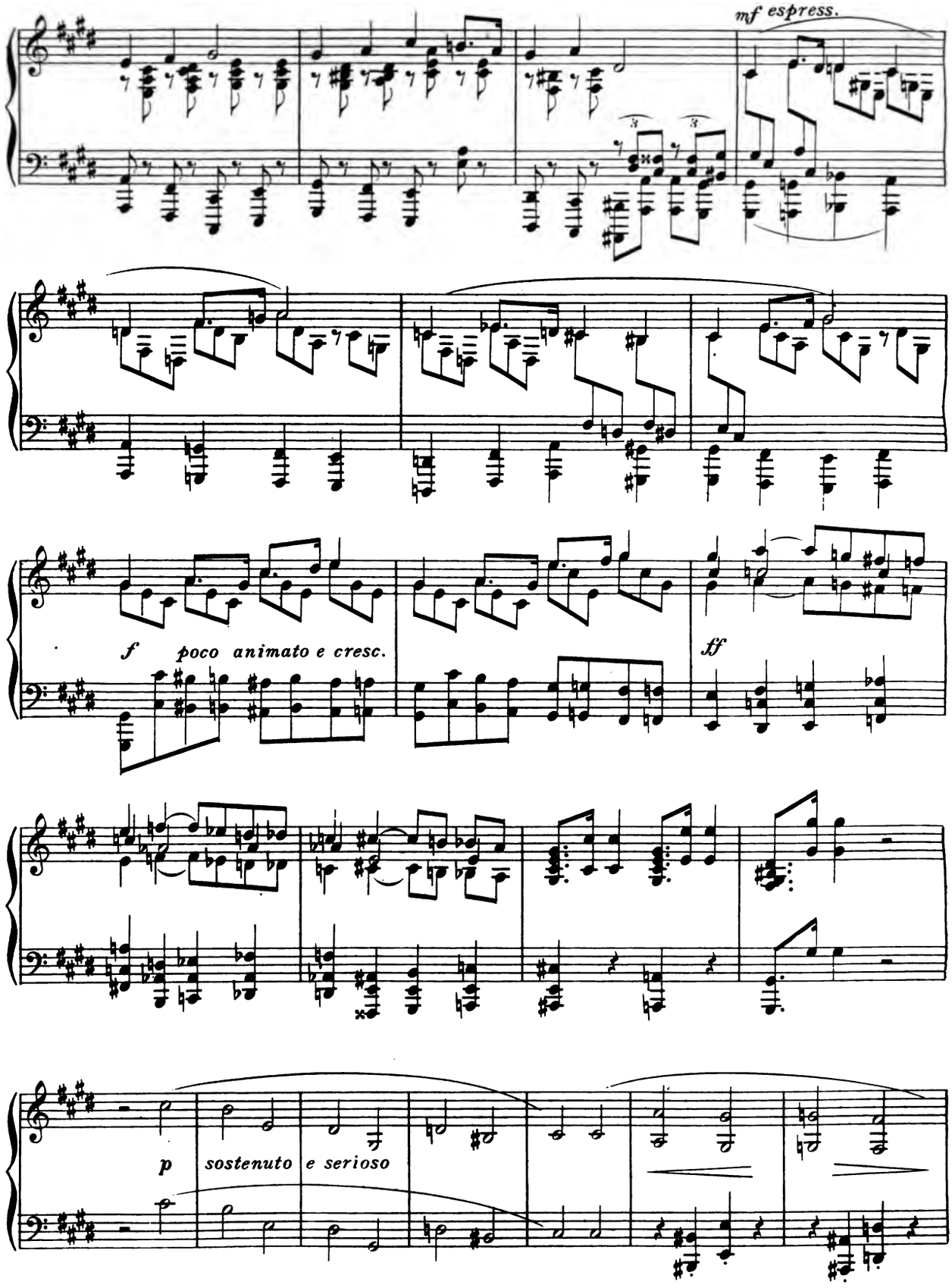
Allegro moderato e maestoso.

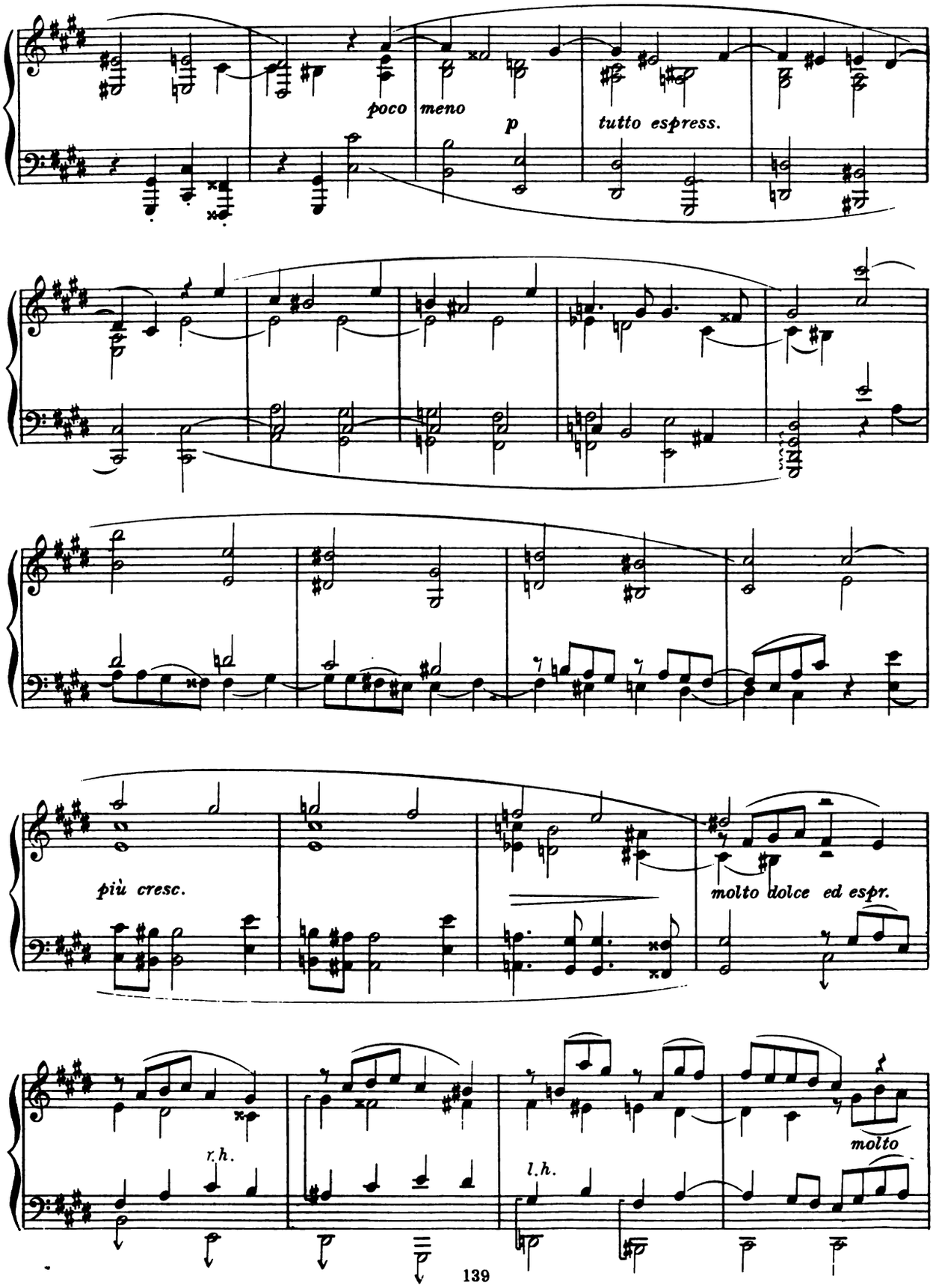


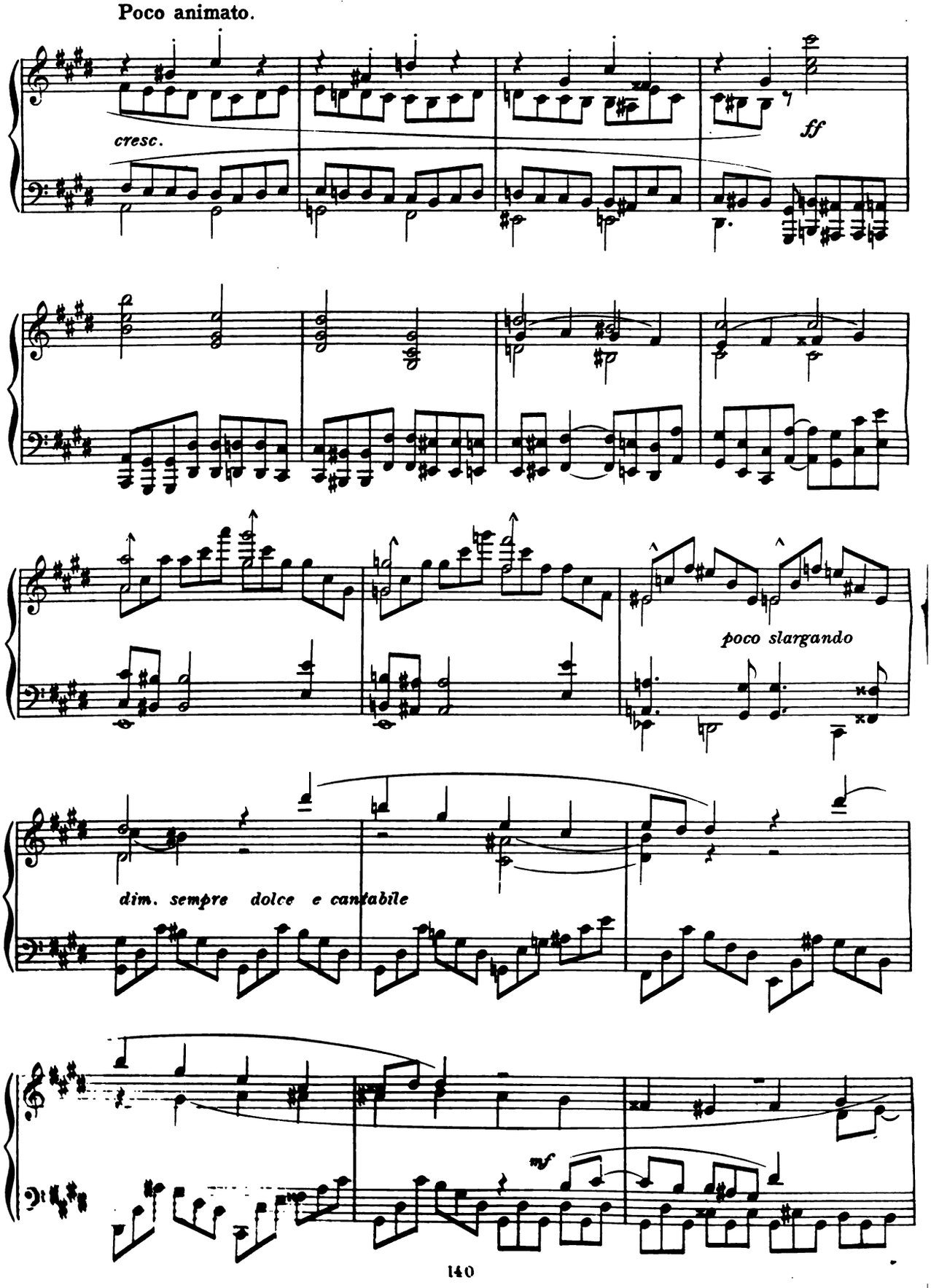

dolce subito
marcato il tema
l.h.
r.h.
poco a poco cresc.
l.h.
r.h.
ff
rit.
fr

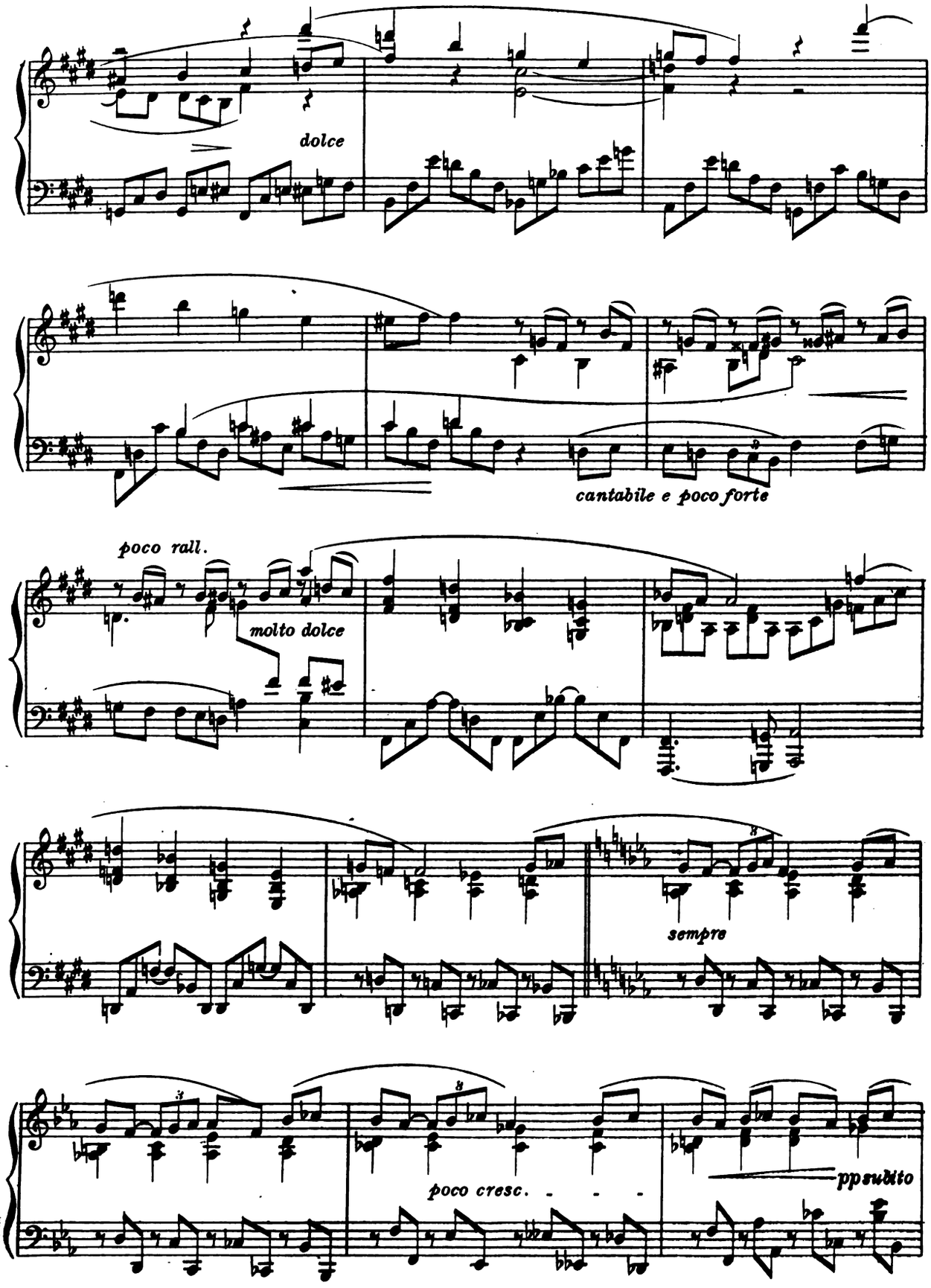

Poco ritenuto il tempo.
sempre cantabile ma non troppo dolce
dolciss.
mf
pp
mf
molto espress.
pp
mf
pp poco rall.
a tempo
tutto dolce
poco

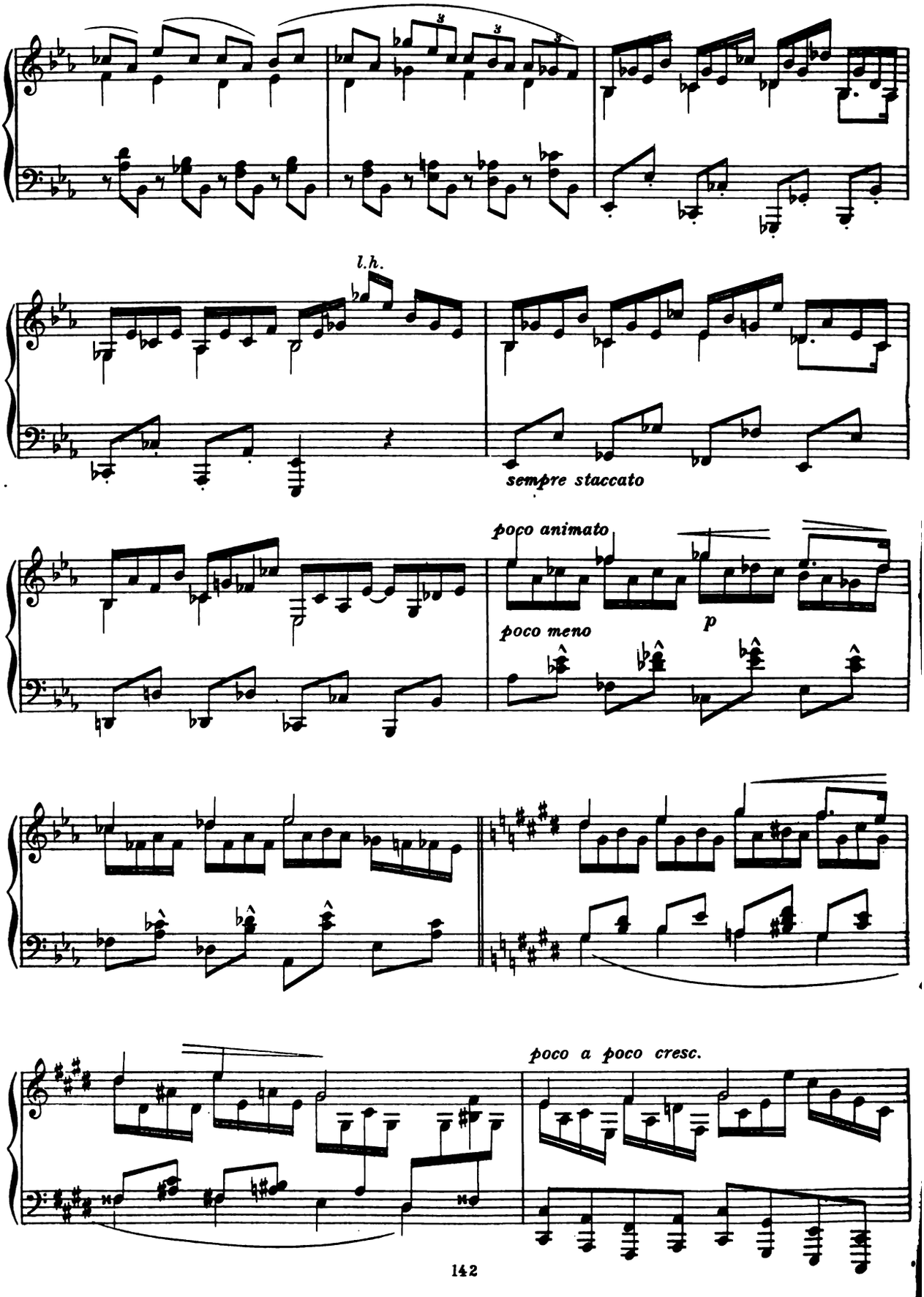

molto legato
rall.
pp a tempo
più f
poco rall.
l.h.
a tempo
poco accelerando sempre cresc.
Risoluto. ♩= 116.
ff

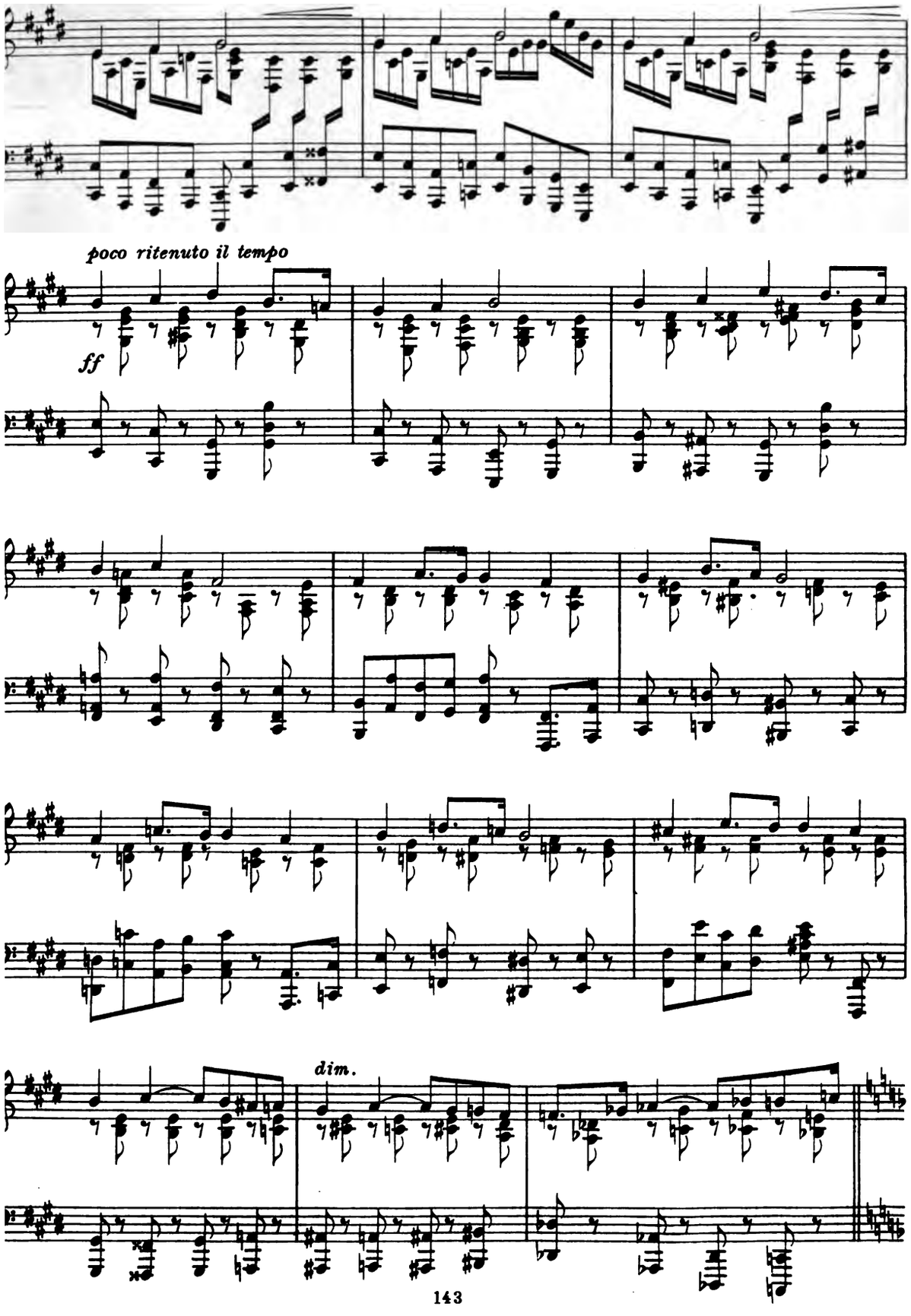

mf espress.
f poco animato e cresc.
ff
p sostenuto e serioso

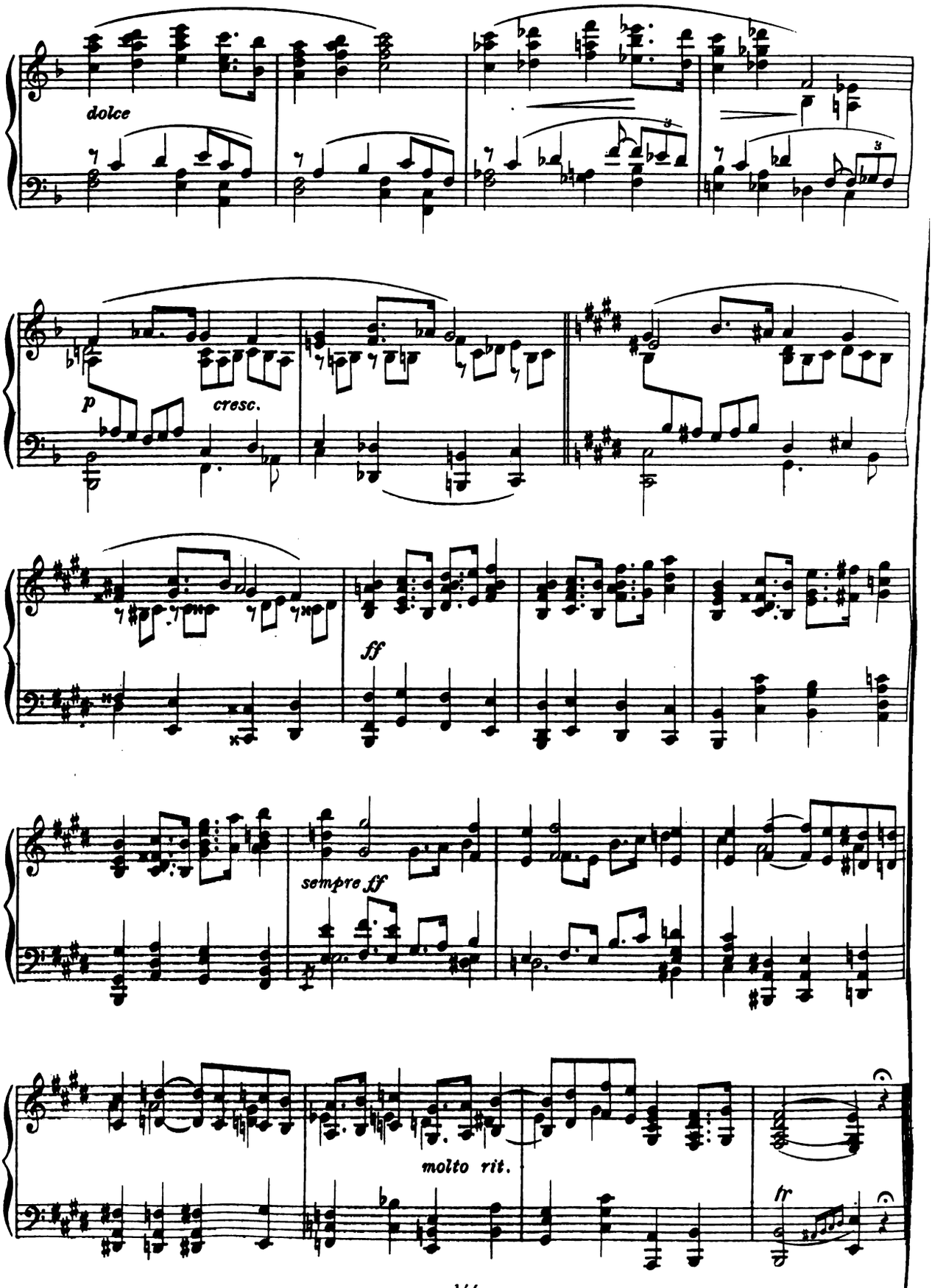

poco meno
p
tutto espress.
più cresc.
molto dolce ed espr.
r.h.
l.h.
molto


Poco animato.
cresc.
ff
poco slargando
dim. sempre dolce e cantabile
mf


dolce
cantabile e poco forte
poco rall.
molto dolce
sempre
poco cresc.
pp subito


l.h.
sempre staccato
poco animato
poco meno
p
poco a poco cresc.


poco ritenuto il tempo
ff
dim.


dolce
p
cresc.
ff
sempre ff
molto rit.
fr

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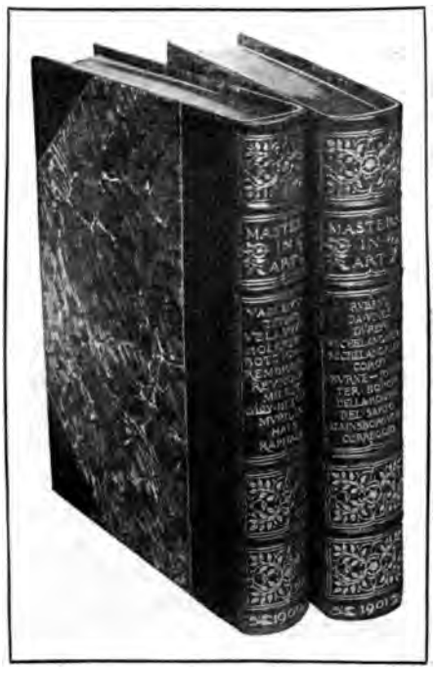

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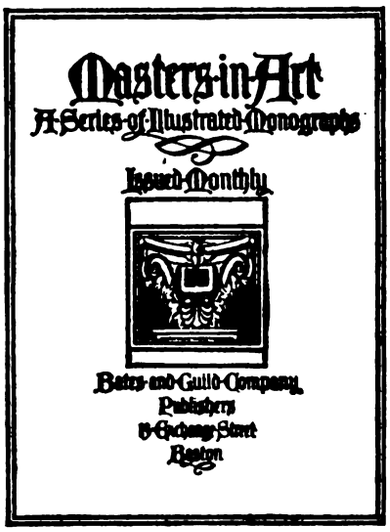

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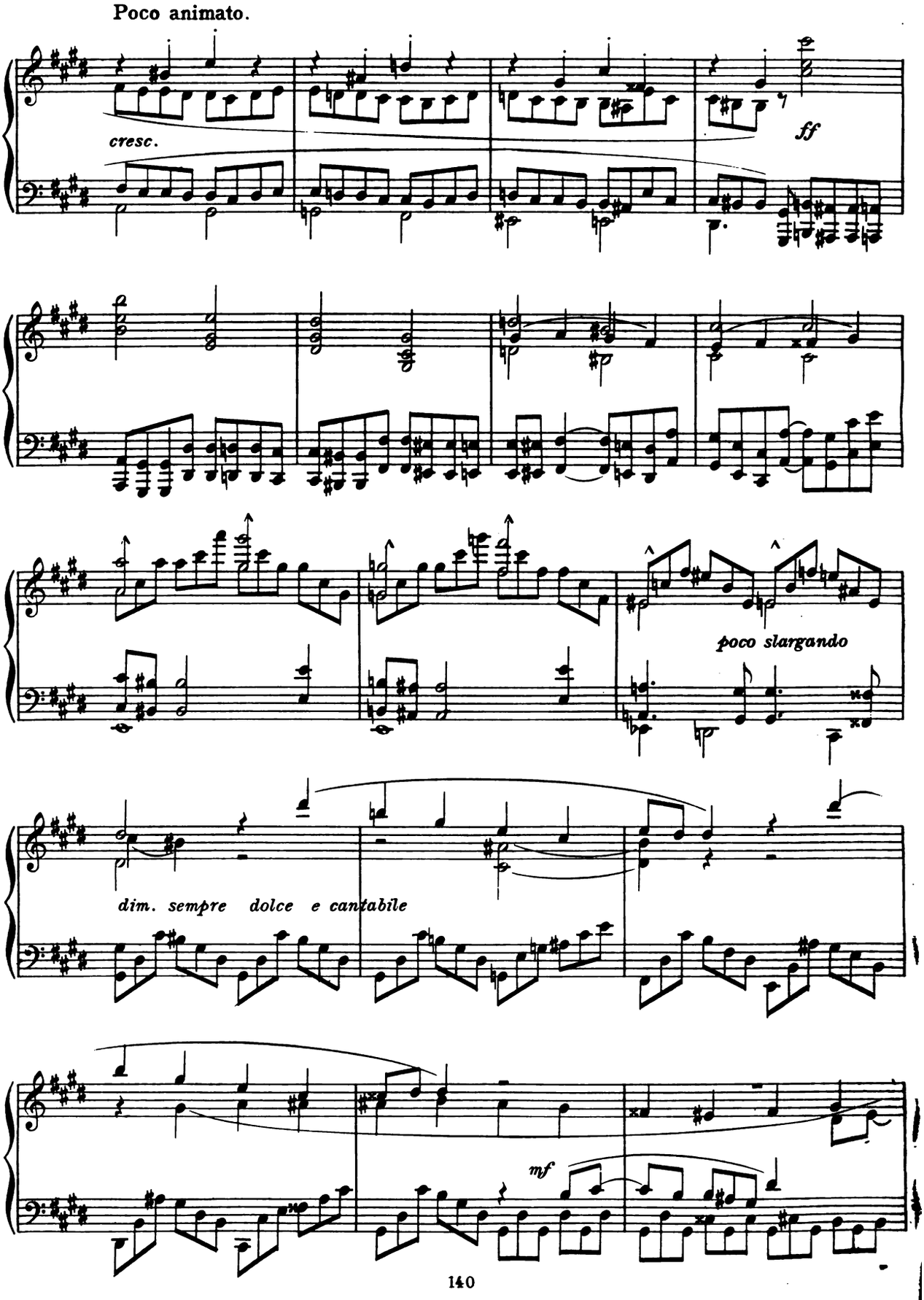
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MASTERS IN MUSIC

EDITED BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

MEYERBEER

BORN 1791: DIED 1864

GIACOMO MEYERBEER

Meyerbeer was of middle height, but of notably good carriage, though possibly not without a shade of affectation. He dressed with punctilious care, and with well-calculated effect. His face, with its genial eyes and firm mouth, was at once pleasing and strong.

GIACOMO

MEYERBEER

BORN 1791 OR 1794: DIED 1864

GIACOMO MEYERBEER, the famous dramatic composer, was born at Berlin, of Jewish parents, September 5, 1791 or 1794 (both dates are given). His father, Herz Beer, a native of Frankfort, was a wealthy banker in Berlin; his mother (born Amalie Wolf) was a woman of rare mental and intellectual gifts and high cultivation. He was their eldest son and was called Jacob Meyer, a name he afterwards contracted and Italianized into Giacomo Meyerbeer. He seems to have been the sole member of his family remarkable for musical gifts, but two of his brothers achieved distinction in other lines: Wilhelm as an astronomer, and Michael (who died young) as a poet.

His genius showed itself early. When hardly more than an infant he was able to retain in memory the popular tunes he heard, and to play them on the piano, accompanying them with their appropriate harmony. As early as seven years old he played in public the D-minor Concerto of Mozart, and two years later was reckoned one of the best pianists in Berlin. The fact that, owing to the example and patronage of royalty, music was the fashion in the Prussian capital did not prevent its being regarded by the wealthier classes in the light of a mere pastime, and it is to the credit of the Beers that they not only recognized their son's special bent, but did their best to give him a sound professional training. It was as a pianist that he was expected to win his laurels; but as he had also, from an early age, shown much talent for composition, he was placed under Zelter for instruction in theory, and subsequently (for Zelter's rigid severity was insupportable to the young prodigy), under Bernard Anselm Weber, director of the Berlin Opera, and a pupil of the then celebrated Abbé Vogler. An amiable, accomplished man, full of enthusiasm for art, Weber was an inspiring companion, but not a competent theoretical teacher for such a pupil. The boy, whose industry was equal to his talent, brought one day to his master a fugue on which he had expended an unusual amount of time and pains, as he thought, with success. So thought Weber, who, proud and joyful, sent off the fugue as a specimen of his pupil's work to his old master, the Abbé Vogler, at Darm-

stadt. The answer was eagerly looked for, but months elapsed and nothing came. At last there appeared—not a letter, but a huge packet. This proved to contain a long and exhaustive treatise on Fugue, in three sections, incidentally dissecting and criticizing Meyerbeer's fugue and proving it bad.

Weber was astonished and distressed, but Meyerbeer set to work and wrote another fugue, in eight parts, in accordance with his new lights. This, with a modest letter, he sent to Vogler. The answer soon came: "Young man, Art opens to you a glorious future! Come to me at Darmstadt. You shall be to me as a son, and you shall slake your thirst at the sources of musical knowledge." Such a prospect was not to be resisted, and in 1810 Meyerbeer became an inmate of Vogler's house.

The notorious Abbé, regarded by some people as the most profound theoretician of Germany, by others (including Mozart) as an impudent charlatan, was Meyerbeer's teacher for two years. During his stay with Vogler Meyerbeer's diligence was such that often, when interested in some new branch of study, he would not leave his room or put off his dressing-gown for days together. His great powers of execution on the pianoforte enabled him to play at sight the most intricate orchestral scores, with a full command of every part. His four-part 'Sacred Songs of Klopstock' were published at this time, and an oratorio of his, entitled 'God and Nature,' was performed in the presence of the Grand Duke, who appointed him composer to the Court. His first opera, 'Jephtha's Vow,' was also written during this Vogler period, but failed to please the public. A comic opera, 'Amimelek; or, the Two Caliphs,' met with a similar fate at Munich. It was, however, bespoken and put in rehearsal by the manager of the Kärnthnerthor Theater in Vienna.

To Vienna, in consequence, Meyerbeer now repaired, with the intention of making his appearance there as a pianist. But on the very evening of his arrival he chanced to hear Hummel, and was so much impressed by the grace, finish, and exquisite legato-playing of this artist that he became dissatisfied with all he had hitherto aimed at or accomplished, and went into a kind of voluntary retirement for several months, during which time he subjected his technique to a complete reform. He made a great sensation on his first appearance, and Moscheles, who heard him at this time, was wont to say that, had he chosen a pianist's career, few virtuosi could have rivaled him. But to be a composer was the only goal worthy of his ambition, although at this moment it seemed to recede as he pursued it. The 'Two Caliphs,' performed in 1814, had again been an utter failure. Dejected, disheartened to such a degree as almost to doubt whether he had not from the first deceived himself as to his vocation, he was somewhat consoled by the veteran Salieri, who reassured him, affirming that he wanted nothing in order to succeed but freedom from scholastic trammels and, above all, knowledge of the human voice and how to write for it—a knowledge, Salieri added, only to be acquired in Italy.

Accordingly, in 1815, Meyerbeer went to Venice. It was Carnival time. Rossini's fascinating 'Tancredi' was then at the height of its pristine popularity; its new and irresistible melodiousness had created a universal delirium; all Venice resounded with "Di tanti palpiti." To Meyerbeer, accustomed to associate Italian opera with the dreary works of Nicolini, Farinelli, Paresi, and others, this was a revelation, and he surrendered spellbound to the general charm. Hope awoke; emulation was rekindled. He had no style of his own to abandon, but he abandoned Vogler's without regret, and set to work to write Italian operas. His success was easy and complete. 'Romilda e Costanza,' 'Semiramide reconosciuta,' 'Eduardo e Cristina,' and 'Emma di Resburgo' were all received with enthusiasm by the Italian people, and this at a time when it was difficult for any one but Rossini to obtain a hearing. 'Margherita d'Anjou,' the best of these operas, was written for the Scala, at Milan.

In 1823, while engaged in writing 'Il Crociato in Egitto,' the composer went to Berlin, where he tried, but failed, to get a performance of a three-act German opera, 'Das Brandenburger Thor.' This was a time of transition in his life. He was wearying of the Italian manner, and he could not be insensible to the murmurs of dissatisfaction which everywhere in Germany made themselves heard at the degradation of his talent by his change of style. Foremost among the malcontents was C. M. von Weber, who had looked on his friend as the hope of that German opera in which were centered his own ardent aspirations, and who in 1815 at Prague, and subsequently at Dresden, had mounted the 'Two Caliphs' with extraordinary care and labor, hoping, perhaps, to induce him to return to his old path. Weber did not live to see his wish fulfilled, but the desire which he expressed before his death that an opera he left unfinished should be completed by Meyerbeer showed that his faith in him was retained to the last.

The 'Crociato' was produced at Venice in 1824, and created a furore, the composer being called for and crowned on the stage. In this opera, written in Germany, old associations seem to have asserted themselves. More ambitious in scope than its predecessors, it shows an attempt, timid indeed, at dramatic combination which constitutes it a kind of link between his "wild oats" (as in after-years he designated the Italian works) and his later operas. In 1826 he was invited to witness its first performance in Paris, and this proved to be the turning-point of his career. He eventually took up his residence in Paris, and lived most of his subsequent life there. From 1824 to 1831 no opera appeared from his pen. A sojourn in Berlin, during which his father died, his marriage, and the loss of two children were among the causes which kept him from public life. But in these years he undertook that profound study of French character, French history, and French art which resulted in the final brilliant metamorphosis of his dramatic and musical style, and in the great works by which his name is remembered.

Many vicissitudes preceded the first performance, in 1831, of 'Robert

le Diable,' the opera in which the new Meyerbeer first revealed himself, and of which the unparalleled success extended in a very few years over the whole civilized world. It made the fortune of the Paris Opera. Scenic effect, striking contrast, novel and brilliant instrumentation, vigorous declamatory recitative, melody which pleased none the less for the strong admixture of Italian-opera conventionalities, yet here and there (as in the beautiful scene "Robert, toi que j'aime") attaining a dramatic force unlooked for and till then unknown; a story part heroic, part legendary, part allegorical—with this strange picturesque medley all were pleased, for in it each found something to suit his taste.

The popularity of this opera was so great that the 'Huguenots,' produced in 1836, suffered at first by contrast. The public, looking for a repetition, with a difference, of 'Robert,' was disappointed at finding the new opera quite unlike its predecessor, but was soon forced to acknowledge the incontrovertible truth that it was immeasurably the superior of the two. As a drama it depends for none of its interest on the supernatural. It is, as treated by Meyerbeer, the most vivid chapter of French history that ever was written. The splendors and the terrors of the sixteenth century—its chivalry and fanaticism, its ferocity and romance, the brilliance of courts and the chameleon colors of artificial society, the somber fervor of Protestantism—are all here depicted and endued with life and reality, while the whole is conceived and carried out on a scale of magnificence hitherto unknown in opera.

In 1838 the book of 'L'Africaine' was given to Meyerbeer by Eugène Scribe, his librettist and invaluable collaborator. He became deeply interested in it, and the composition and recomposition, casting and recasting, of this work occupied him at intervals to the end of his life. His excessive anxiety about his operas extended to the libretti, with which he was never satisfied, but would have modified to suit his successive fancies over and over again, until the final form retained little likeness to the original. This was especially the case with the 'Africaine,' subsequently called 'Vasco de Gama,' and many were his altercations with Scribe.

A good deal of his time was now passed in Berlin, where the king had appointed him Kapellmeister. Here he wrote several occasional pieces, cantatas, marches, and dance-music, besides the three-act German opera, 'Ein Feldlager in Schlesien.' The success of this work was magically increased a few weeks after its first performance by the appearance, in the part of the heroine, of a young Swedish singer, introduced to the Berlin public by Meyerbeer, who had heard her in Paris,—Jenny Lind.

'Le Prophète,' produced at Paris in 1849, materially added to its composer's fame. Thirteen years had elapsed since the production of its predecessor. Once again the public, looking for something like the 'Huguenots,' was disappointed. Once again it was forced, after a time, to do justice to Meyerbeer's power of transferring himself, as it were, according to the dramatic requirements of the theme. But there are

fewer elements of popularity in the 'Prophète' than in the 'Huguenots.' The conventional operatic forms are subordinated to declamation and the coherent action of the plot. The work depends for its popularity on coloring and chiaroscuro.

Meyerbeer's health was beginning to fail, and after this time he spent part of every autumn at Spa, where he found a temporary refuge from his toils and cares. Probably no great composer ever suffered such a degree of nervous anxiety about his own works as he did. During their composition, and for long after their first completion, he altered and retouched continually, never satisfied and never sure of himself. During the correcting of the parts, the casting of the characters, the coaching of the actors, he never knew, nor allowed any one else to know, a moment's peace of mind. Then came endless rehearsals, when he would give the orchestra passages scored in two ways, written in different colored inks, and try their alternate effect; then the final performance, the ordeal of public opinion, and of possible adverse criticism, to which, probably owing to his having been fed with applause and encouragement from his earliest years, he was painfully susceptible.

Faithful to change, he now challenged his adopted countrymen on their own especial ground by the production at the Opéra Comique in 1854 of 'L'Etoile du Nord.' To this book he had intended to adapt the music of the 'Feldlager in Schlesien,' but his own ideas transforming themselves gradually while he worked on them, there remained at last only six numbers of the earlier work. 'L'Etoile' achieved considerable popularity, although it aroused much animosity among French musicians, jealous of this invasion of their own domain, which they also thought unsuited to the melodramatic style of Meyerbeer. The same may be said of 'Le Pardon de Ploermel,' founded on a Breton idyl, and produced at the Opéra Comique in 1859. Meyerbeer's special powers found no scope in this comparatively circumscribed field. The development of his genius since 1824 was too great not to be apparent in any style of composition, but these French operas, although containing much that is charming, were, like his Italian "wild oats," the result of an effort of *will*—the will to be whomsoever he chose.

In the winter of 1862 Meyerbeer was still working at the 'Africaine,' to which the public looked forward with impatience and curiosity. For years the difficulty of getting a satisfactory cast had stood in the way of the production of this opera. His excessive anxiety and fastidiousness resulted in its being never performed at all during his lifetime. In October, 1863, he returned for the last time to Paris. The opera was now finished and in rehearsal. Still he corrected, polished, touched, and retouched; it occupied his thoughts night and day. But he had delayed too long. On April 23, 1864, he was attacked by illness, and on May 2 he died.

The 'Africaine' was performed after his death at the Académie in Paris, April 28, 1865.—CONDENSED FROM MRS. JULIAN MARSHALL'S SKETCH OF MEYERBEER IN GROVE'S 'DICTIONARY OF MUSIC'

THE ART OF MEYERBEER

Mrs. J. Marshall *In Grove's 'Dictionary of Music'*

IT is common to speak of Meyerbeer as the founder of a new school. Fétis affirms that whatever faults or failings have been laid to his charge by his opponents, one thing, his originality, has never been called in question: "All that his works contain,—character, ideas, scenes, rhythm, modulation, instrumentation,—all are his, and his only."

Between this view and that of Wagner, who calls him a "miserable music-maker," "a Jew banker to whom it occurred to compose operas," there seems an immeasurable gulf. The truth probably may be expressed by saying that he was unique rather than original. No artist exists that is not partly made what he is by the accident of preceding and surrounding circumstances. But on strong creative genius these modifying influences, especially those of contemporary art, have but a superficial effect wholly secondary to the individuality which asserts itself throughout, and finally molds its environment to its own likeness. Meyerbeer's faculty was so determined in its manifestations by surrounding conditions that, apart from them, it may almost be said to have had no active existence at all. He changed music as often as he changed climate, though a little of each of his successive styles clung to him to the last. A born musician, of extraordinary ability, devoted to Art, and keenly appreciative of the beautiful in all types, with an unlimited capacity for work, helped by the circumstance of wealth which in many another man would have been an excuse for idleness, he seized on the tendencies of his time and became its representative. He left no disciples, for he had no doctrine to bequeath; but he filled a gap which no one else could fill. As a great actor endows the character he represents with life—since to the union of his personality with the outlines suggested by the dramatist they do in fact owe to him their objective existence, and are said to be created by him—so Meyerbeer, by blending his intellect with the outlines and suggestions of a certain epoch, gave to it a distinct art-existence which it has in his works, and in his only. His characters stand out from the canvas with, his contemporary eulogists say, the vividness of Shakespeare's characters; we would say rather of Scott's. The literary analogue to his operas is to be found not in tragedy—they are too realistic for that—but in the historical novel. Here the men and women of past times live again before our eyes, not as they appear to the poet, who "sees into the life of things," but as they appeared to each other when they walked this earth. This is most compatible with the conditions of the modern stage, and Meyerbeer responds to its every need.

It is consistent with all this that he should have been singularly dependent for the quality of his ideas on the character of his subject. His

own original vein of melody was limited, and his constructive skill not such as to supplement the deficiency in sustained idea. His genuine thoughts rarely go beyond the first syllable; the rest is built up by a wholly different process, and too often—as though his self-reliance failed him at the critical point—a melody with a superbly suggestive opening will close with some conventional phrase or vulgar cadenza, all the more irritating for this juxtaposition. Something of the same sort is the case with his harmonies. He often arrests the attention by some chord or modulation quite startling in its force and effect, immediately after which he is apt to collapse, as if frightened by the sudden stroke of his own genius. The modulation will be carried on through a sequence of wearisome sameness, stopping short in some remote key, whence, as if embarrassed how to escape, he will return to where he began by some trite device or makeshift. His orchestral coloring, however, is so full of character, so varied and *saisissant*, as to hide many shortcomings in form. His grand combinations of effect can hardly be surpassed, and are so dazzling in their result that the onlooker may well be blinded to the fact that what he gazes on is a consummate piece of mosaic rather than an organic structure.

But in some moments of intense dramatic excitement he rises to the height of the situation as perhaps no one else has done. His very defects stand him here in good stead, for these situations do not lend themselves to the evenness of beauty. Such a moment is the last scene in the fourth act of the 'Huguenots,' culminating in the famous duet. Here the situation is supreme, and the music is inseparable from it. Beyond description, beyond criticism, nothing is wanting. The might, the futility, the eternity of Love and Fate—he has caught the whole of the emotion and uttered it. Whatever was the source of such an inspiration (and the entire scene is said to have been an afterthought), it bears that stamp of truth which makes it a possession for all time. If Meyerbeer lives, it will be in virtue of such moments as these.

Richard Wagner *'Opera and Drama'*

MEYERBEER had a special knack at observing closely and on the spot each successive phenomenon in the progress of opera music; he dogged its footsteps constantly and everywhere. It is especially noteworthy that he only *followed* its lead, but never walked *side by side with*, not to speak of never leading, it. He was like the starling, which follows the ploughshare in the fields, gladly picking out the angle-worms turned up in its furrow.

Meyerbeer has not one single individual tendency; but, by his eavesdropping, he has always caught each and every word of his predecessors, and elaborated it with such monstrous ostentation, and withal with such astounding rapidity, that he whose footsteps he was dogging had hardly

uttered a word before Meyerbeer would instantly shriek out the whole sentence, perfectly unconcerned as to whether he had understood the word aright. Hence it not seldom happened that he said something different from what the original speaker meant to say. But Meyerbeer's noise was so deafening that the first speaker never got to the true expression of his own meaning, and at last found himself forced to chime in with Meyerbeer's phrase, as his only chance of putting in his word at all. In Germany Meyerbeer never succeeded in finding a phrase that would in any way fit Weber's original word. What Weber uttered in such plenitude of melodious life could not be reëchoed by Meyerbeer's acquired, arid formalism. So at last, tired of such fruitless toil, forgetful of his friend, he listened only to Rossini's siren strains, and migrated to the land where those raisins grew.[1]

He thus became the weathercock of music in Europe, turning around undecided for a while after every change in the wind, and standing still only after its direction had been well settled. Thus Meyerbeer only composed operas *à la* Rossini in Italy until the great wind began to veer about in Paris and Auber and Rossini had raised the new breeze to a hurricane with the 'Muette' and 'Tell.' How soon Meyerbeer was in Paris! There he found in the gallicized Weber and the be-Berliozed Beethoven treasures which neither Auber nor Rossini had noticed, as lying too remote from their purposes, but which Meyerbeer, with his cosmopolitan jack-of-all-trades eye, knew very well how to value. He grasped together everything that thus presented itself to him into a wondrously gaudy, motley armful, and produced something before whose strident shriek both Auber and Rossini became suddenly inaudible; the grim devil 'Robert' took them one and all!

Arthur Pougin *In 'Famous Composers and Their Works'*

WHAT are the salient traits of Meyerbeer's genius, and what influence has this genius exerted upon his contemporaries? Such is the double question which presents itself to us in the presence of the works of this great man. First of all should be remarked his power of inspiration and power of conception. He was the first to give to France the example of these five-act operas of colossal dimensions, the performance of which requires fully five hours; and the richness, the power, of his inspiration is such that so far from weakening during the course of these five long acts, it is often higher, more sublime, at the end than at the beginning. Witness the fifth act of all his great works: 'Robert,' 'Les Huguenots,' 'Le Prophète,' 'L'Africaine'; every one of them is a masterpiece! As to the power of conception, that mysterious faculty of unifying the different parts of a work so large and complex as each of his operas, and forming of them a

[1] There is a pun here on the German word *Rosinen* (raisins) and Rossini.— EDITOR

harmonic, homogeneous whole, it is truly marvelous, and indicates a peculiarly organized and quite exceptional musical brain. Everything, indeed, is to be found in his works: dramatic sentiment is carried to its highest power, the musical style is full of splendor, the general form is superb, the harmony is solid and substantial, and the union of the voices with the instruments admits of no criticism. If there were any fault to be found with him it would be in the excess of sonority, sometimes overwhelming, which he gives to the orchestra. But on the other hand, how much he has improved the orchestra, giving it increased interest and life, as well as variety of color, of timbre, and of effect! What an important part it takes in certain situations, and how carefully, conscientiously, and cleverly it is managed!

Conscience, indeed, was one of Meyerbeer's master qualities. Others so richly gifted might perhaps have been content to follow the course of their inspiration without taking the trouble to enrich it, to fortify it with the aid of all the means which art puts at the disposal of the composer. He neglected nothing, no detail, no effect, no method that enabled him to augment his resources, to complete his thought—in a word, to attain perfection. Nothing dismayed him, he spared no pains to realize his ideal, to obtain the result at which he aimed, and he never felt that he had done a thing so well that it could not be improved. Thus his works have the solidity of marble and the strength of iron. And if a blemish be sometimes discovered in them, it is like the spots on the sun, which do not interfere with its dazzling light.

In regard to the influence exerted by Meyerbeer upon his contemporaries, although genuine and unmistakable, it cannot be said to be so complete or so general as that exerted by Rossini. And this is due to the nature of his genius, which was very complex, and in which cerebral reflection and the combination of means held as important a place as inspiration, properly speaking. It was easy to imitate, without obtaining the same results, the methods and the forms employed by Rossini (I refer to the *Italian* Rossini, and not to the Rossini of 'William Tell'); very much less easy was it to imitate the forms and the methods of Meyerbeer, these being not only more complicated, more varied, but essentially dependent on the subject, on the situations, on the episodes. This is why Meyerbeer's influence has been mainly felt in the conception and general form of a work, and has been much less sensible in technical detail and musical method.

In closing, I would say that Meyerbeer is one of the noblest, most glorious artists who have ever shed luster not only upon the French stage, but on musical art as applied to the theater. A great musician, but especially a great dramatic musician, he has power, nobility, bold and heroic inspiration, and above all the gift of emotion, of that poignant and vigorous emotion which stirs the spectator, wrings his heart, lays hold upon his very vitals, and forces the tears from his eyes.

Moritz Moszkowski *In the 'Century Magazine' 1900*

MEYERBEER'S instrumentation is replete with characteristic qualities. A certain virtuoso-like treatment of certain instruments, entirely different from that found in Mozart's and Weber's writings, was one of Meyerbeer's characteristics. Raoul's romanza in the first act of 'Les Huguenots' suggested to the ingenious composer the employment of the long-disused viola d'amore, the ethereal tones of which blend most exquisitely with the *mezzo voce* of the tenor singer. The bass clarinet, which Meyerbeer introduced into the opera orchestra, and which he used as solo instrument in 'Les Huguenots' and 'Le Prophète,' has, however, been largely adopted by later composers. Altogether, Meyerbeer's treatment of the wood-wind was entirely original and suitable. Every good treatise on instrumentation contains illustrative excerpts from his works, because they show such an extraordinary sense for tone-color and such complete familiarity with the technic of each and all instruments.

Meyerbeer's inventive faculty especially distinguished itself in producing melancholy, weird, and wild combinations. This was strikingly manifested in 'Robert le Diable.' The famous triplet passage for the bassoons in the cemetery scene has always ranked as one of the greatest strokes of this master's genius. He understood how to draw new and characteristic effects from this instrument.

W. F. Apthorp *'Atlantic Monthly' 1879*

MEYERBEER'S intrinsically musical endowments were small in comparison with those of Rossini. In spontaneity of inspiration, in melodic power, in what we may call the specific musical sense, he falls far behind the great Italian *maestro*. As a contrapuntist, in spite of his pretensions and the claims that are made for him by his French admirers, he has given nothing to the world that can entitle him to a really high rank. His mastery of musical form, his power of developing a theme into an orderly and finely organized composition of sustained interest, must be called small when judged by any high standard. His dramatic power was great, it is true, yet the instances in which it shows itself in his works as being of inherently fine and pure quality are few and far between; his gift of *theatrical effect*, however, was undoubted and utterly phenomenal, and it is to this that his success must be mainly attributed.

Meyerbeer had an unusually sharp eye for effect, a rare appreciation of whatever is striking, which has seldom been paralleled; unremitting work, eager and ceaseless observation, an easy-going, esthetic conscience —or, possibly, the lack of absolutely fine esthetic perceptions—enabled him to develop this power to the utmost. The sharpness of his observation of other composers, the rapidity with which he took the slightest

hint from the works of other men, was astounding. Of plagiarism in an invidious sense one finds little in his compositions. He had a distinct and unmistakable individuality of his own; and if we find him borrowing ideas from others, they were first melted down in the crucible of his mind, were then recast into a mold peculiar to himself, and bore his own stamp.

It is almost easy to forgive Wagner the apparently spiteful drop of vinegar with which he has seasoned his figurative sketch of Meyerbeer, for there is something in Meyerbeer's music that unavoidably ruffles the temper of any one who is inclined to take the art seriously. If we would admire his high qualities unrestrictedly, we can do so only by painfully repressing a sort of rage into which his shortcomings are too apt to throw us. Although there are many pages in his works that easily compel enthusiastic homage, it is difficult to come away from a performance of a whole opera of his in an entirely agreeable frame of mind; his gold is mixed with so much alloy, and the alloy is often of very base metal indeed.

It must be admitted that it is impossible to speak at any length about Meyerbeer without using the word "vulgarity." Of all his faults, his innate tendency toward that which is artistically trivial and vulgar is the most serious. His very effectiveness is often vulgar and meretricious in itself. He so often makes the impression of being a mere musico-dramatic pot-hunter; with all his genius, all his sense for what was fine and noble, his appetite for praise and pudding was so enormous. He himself once admitted that he never could forego the pleasure of "bringing down the house" whenever the opportunity presented itself. The ostentation of his style is at times astounding.

In spite of the generally dramatic atmosphere of his music, Rossini himself could not have exceeded the coolness with which he would sometimes stop the impassioned flow of a composition, that the singer might have a chance of displaying her vocal flexibility and agility in an elaborate cadenza. He knew well enough that singers are fond of brilliant *bravura* passages, as one of the surest means of reaping applause, and also that applause bestowed upon a singer is pretty sure to add its imputed luster to the music sung; so he loaded his scores with brilliant cadenzas. These vocal cadenzas of Meyerbeer's show great knowledge of the voice on his part, and are often singularly effective; yet they are also apt to contrast too sharply with the general character of the pieces in which they occur, and often seem actually lugged in by the hair. They are not, as a rule, amalgamated with the rest of the music, like the florid passages in Bellini or Rossini. Bellini's and Rossini's vocal *coloratura*, like Chopin's on the pianoforte, seems often but the natural efflorescence of the melody itself; their melodies now and then blossom out into florid bedizenment as naturally and beautifully as the apple-branches in spring. Meyerbeer's *coloratura*, on the contrary, too often seems artificial, sought after with malice prepense, and intended merely for display.

One of Meyerbeer's traits, which has been very loudly admired, is his power of writing *characteristic* music, his skill in local coloring. This power of his was unquestionably great, yet it seldom shows itself as of really poetic quality. He could seize upon the salient points of a situation with astonishing sureness of grasp, but he had little faculty of idealizing them. Take, for instance, the coronation scene in 'Le Prophète,' a situation of which ideal use might well have been made. The ceremonial music in this scene is certainly as gorgeous as could be wished; it is a fitting musical expression of the glittering pomp of a gala church ceremony. One is tempted to call it the most splendid ceremonial music money could buy. But it stops here. As for genuine grandeur and impressiveness, it affects the listener of really lofty musical aspirations much as the rich ceremonial pomp of a feast-day high mass in St. Peter's affects a non-Catholic observer—as an overpoweringly brilliant display. It is, in fact, a superb, dazzling cathedral ceremony, taken bodily out of the church and put upon the stage. But in the cathedral all this theatrical pomp is ennobled, idealized, and hallowed (in the believer's eyes) by the solemn fact that it is a divine service, by the more than ever sensible presence of the omnipotent God; on the stage this idealizing element falls out at once. What even approximate substitute could the composer give us, save the intrinsically noble and elevating character of his music? The church ceremony is idealized by its own lofty purpose; its mimic presentation on the stage must be idealized by the composer. Meyerbeer has not done it.

Upon the whole, it was neither in the terrible, the passionate, nor the graceful and charming that Meyerbeer's genius displayed itself in its fullest glory. It was in the realm of the heroic, the chivalric, and knightly that he was most conspicuously at home and worked with the most unerring touch. There is a flavor of high-bred courtliness and mediæval gallantry in much of Meyerbeer's music, for which we look in vain in the work of his contemporaries. Wagner never got that touch, not even in 'Tannhäuser' nor 'Lohengrin'; he could be heroic enough, and in the most highly poetic way, too; but the heroic element in his music was more akin to the super-man, or godlike; it had nothing of that specific worldly flavor we find in Meyerbeer's. Where Wagner painted heroes and demigods Meyerbeer drew gallant knights and gentlemen.

Meyerbeer's dramatic power was really the ground-tone of the man's genius. If his conscious striving was ever toward effectiveness, effectiveness in any and every imaginable way, the true bent of his better genius was essentially dramatic. This is one reason why he found so congenial a field in France; for French opera had, from the beginning, always been intrinsically dramatic in character. And perhaps the chief secret of his immediate and overwhelming success in Paris was that, besides being dramatic by instinct, he gave expression to his dramatic conceptions in an essentially theatrical and scenic way. No Frenchman ever had a keener sense for the stage than Meyerbeer.

With all the good and bad sides of Meyerbeer's genius, with all his strength and weakness, his genuine power and studied artificiality, one cannot but recognize in the end that the man, taken as a whole, was one of the greatest figures in the history of the opera. He was not only great, he was distinctly epoch-making; he set his seal upon a whole era of French musico-dramatic production. And since Meyerbeer, although his formula has been variously modified and stretched by Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, Massenet, and others, no one has yet appeared who could really establish a new one; the Meyerbeer formula still survives in France.

THE WORKS OF MEYERBEER

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

IT is hard for a modern music-lover, acquainted with the music dramas of the German school, to understand how the world could have been so carried off its feet as it was by the operas of Meyerbeer. To us, they seem threadbare, empty, conventional, and insincere, to a degree. We admit their effectiveness at times, we see that their composer had a keen sense for theatrical effect, and that he knew what his audiences expected and took care to give it to them. We recognize that his melodies are often pleasing in a rather cheap way, and that his orchestration is cleverly wrought. But beyond this we are cold. The music does not stir us—and music that does not stir cannot hold our attention for long. Meyerbeer is to-day more a historically interesting than an actually commanding figure.

This is due in part, perhaps, to the intermediate position his works hold between two schools, each more attractive in its own peculiar way than his somewhat mongrel style. The pure Italian school, though insipid and artificial enough from the dramatic standpoint, can still charm by the grace of its melodies. It is the school of *bel canto*, of singing as naïve and pure as that of a bird. It is a tissue of improbabilities and absurdities, so far as truth-seeming on the stage is concerned; but once we accept its conventions (and all art must rest on conventions) we find in it a good deal of pure musical delight.

On the other hand, the German school, far less melodious than the Italian, has so much more dramatic power, coherence, and plausibility that we find our sympathies and interests enlisted by it on that side, and can forgive it a certain turgidity and long-windedness. It is drama with music; and whether or not we like the music, we can enjoy the drama.

Meyerbeer, however, falls between the two stools. His opera is a hybrid half way between the two species, and like all hybrids it will eventually perish in the struggle for existence, because it is neither one thing

nor the other. It is too theatrical and tinselly to be musically satisfying, and it is not sufficiently liberated from the Italian traditions to be dramatically cogent and convincing. It made a tremendous furore in its day; but now that day is past, its gilt is tarnished, and it is rapidly taking its destined place among the discarded ornaments of an older and more artificial generation.

I. "O Robert, My Beloved" *From 'Robert the Devil'*

THIS once celebrated aria sounds thin and pallid to our ears. There is a certain facile grace in the opening strains, but how soon they lose themselves in meaningless phrases that have nothing to do with the initial theme! How obvious and mechanical is the artifice for which the voice, at the top of page 19, leaps first to F, and then to the high A! It is an elaborately devised "effect"; we know it, and we refuse to be moved. Even more thin and threadbare is the gradual rise, by semitones, on page 23, up to the F with which the primary tempo returns. It is a climax that affords an excellent opportunity to the clever singer, but after all it is essentially melodramatic, and we seem to see Meyerbeer, finger on nose, saying complacently to himself, "There, that will thrill them!" The selection ends with the inevitable vocal ornament, interpolated simply to show off the singer, and without regard to the musical requirements of the moment.

II. Procession of Nuns *From 'Robert the Devil'*

IN this short instrumental piece of stage "business" the merits of the composer are more apparent and his mannerisms less irritatingly evident. Meyerbeer's ear for orchestral "color" was especially keen, and his ingenuity in devising impressive and bizarre combinations of tone was tireless. In this respect he is often comparable to Berlioz.

This short instrumental piece, although in triple measure, is in essential spirit a sort of mysterious march. Very striking and individual is the effect of the two staccato notes in the bass, followed by the soft held chord on the second and third beats of the measure. After four phrases of the choral-like first theme there comes a vividly contrasted and strongly accented passage in triplets (the fourth and fifth systems on page 25). Here the pedal must be carefully avoided. The least blurring would ruin the effect. The rest of the piece, up to the last eight measures, is but a repetition of these two characteristic effects. In the final passage they are combined. The right hand gives the chords, on the second and third beats of each measure, the left meanwhile continuing the staccato theme in triplets. The pianist will find this whole piece a most interesting study in pedaling, touch, and general color.

III. "Go, go, said she, O Child Beloved" *From 'Robert the Devil'*

THIS is a graceful, rather sentimental aria, the most attractive feature of which is the refrain "For when in Heaven," etc., at the bottom of page 29, and the similar passage at the bottom of page 33. In spite of a tinge of artificiality which slightly shakes our confidence in the composer's sincerity, this passage (down to the cadence at the bottom of page 30) is appealing and not without a tender grace. Pity that Meyerbeer has to cap it with the inane and irrelevant vocal cadenza on page 31! But such were the operatic conventionalities which formed a constant element of his stock in trade.

The tremolo passage, in octaves, also, at page 32, is a device for making the nerves of his audience quiver, similar to the long chromatic ascent to the climax in the first selection.

IV. Consecration of the Swords *From 'The Huguenots'*

THIS passage of instrumental music, accompanying the scene of the consecration of the swords, in 'The Huguenots,' though much acclaimed by Meyerbeer's admirers, is of course nothing but incidental music, which, divorced from its stage setting, impresses us as surprisingly thin and pointless. It may serve to point the moral, however, that in the typical Meyerbeer opera there existed a good deal of music that from any absolute standpoint can be called music only by courtesy.

V. "My Noble Knights" *From 'The Huguenots'*

THIS aria is an example of Meyerbeer's florid type of melody. It begins with a very blustering recitative, "My noble knights, I hail you," with a long and exceedingly ornamental cadenza at the final "hail." Then comes the rather graceful, though jerky and incoherent, melody, "Pure and noble is the lady fair." This is worked up with much spirit and emphasis, and reintroduced with great effect after the striking series of figures developed out of the harmless little monosyllable, "No." The aria ends with another display of pyrotechnical virtuosity, including a staccato arpeggio up to high C and a chromatic scale down from it to more ordinary altitudes.

VI. "Ah, My Son" *From 'The Prophet'*

HERE is another sentimental song in the same style as "Go, go, said she, O Child Beloved." There is little in it that calls for special comment. Perhaps it reënforces still further the general impression we can hardly avoid in dealing with Meyerbeer—that his art is essentially theatrical, and that his interest for our generation is hardly more than a historical one.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF MEYERBEER

ALTHOUGH Meyerbeer wrote an oratorio, 'God and Nature,' many sacred and secular cantatas, and other such vocal music in small forms, a number of single songs with piano accompaniment, and a few orchestral pieces for special occasions, none of his works except his operas, and only the later of those, have survived. The titles and dates of his operas are as follows:

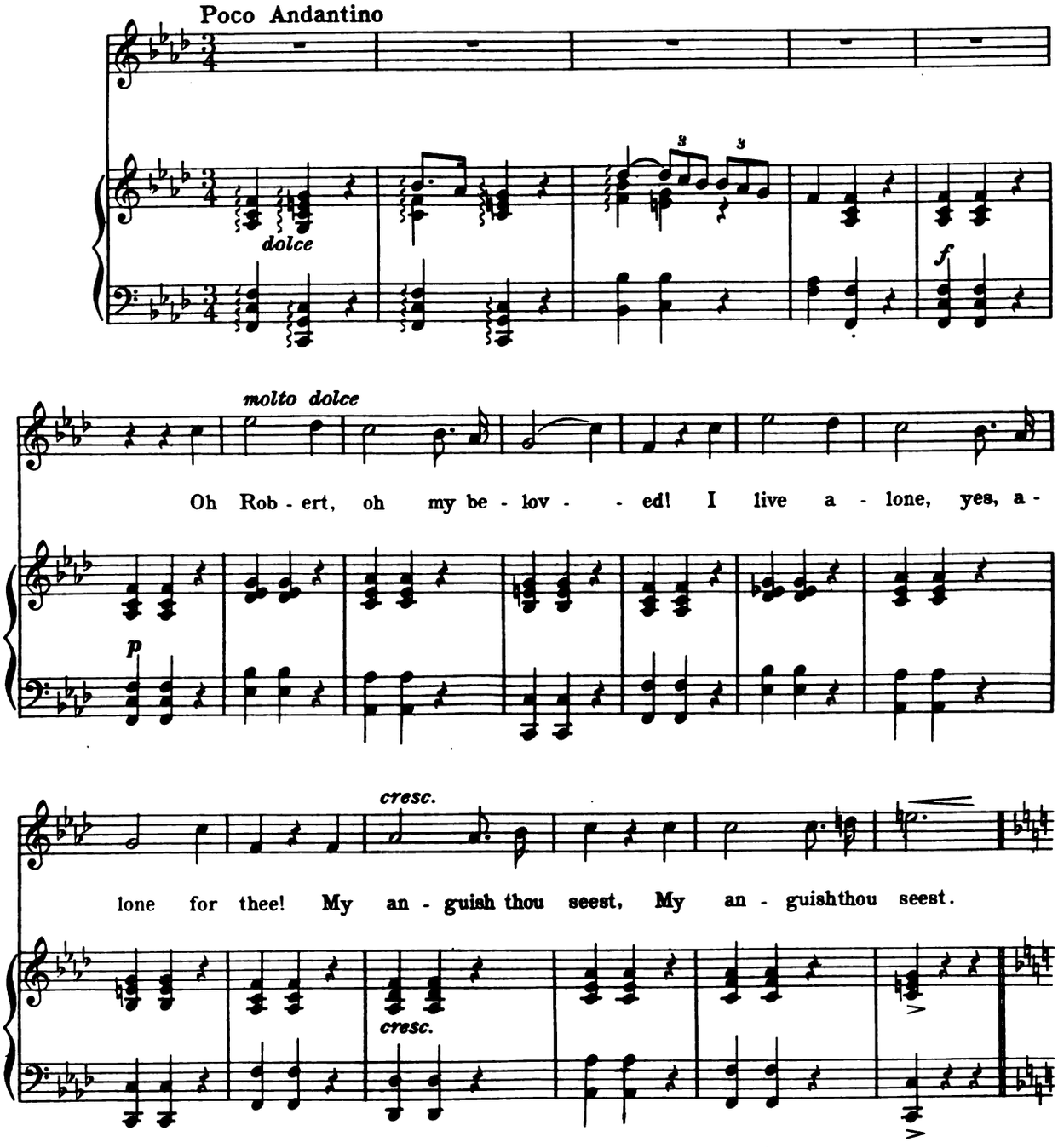
'Jephtha's Gelübde' (1811); 'Les Amours de Tevelinde' (n. d.); 'Amimelek; or, the Two Caliphs' (1813); 'Romilda e Costanza' (1815); 'Semiramide riconosciuta' (1819); 'Emma di Resburgo' (1819); 'Margherita d'Anjou' (1820); 'L'Esule di Granata' (1822); 'Das Brandenburger Thor' (1823); 'Il Crociato in Egitto' (1824); 'Robert le Diable' (1831); 'Les Huguenots' (1836); 'Ein Feldlager in Schlesien' (1840); 'Struensée' (1846); 'Le Prophète' (1849); 'L'Etoile du Nord' (1854); 'Le Pardon de Ploermel' (1859); 'L'Africaine' (1864).

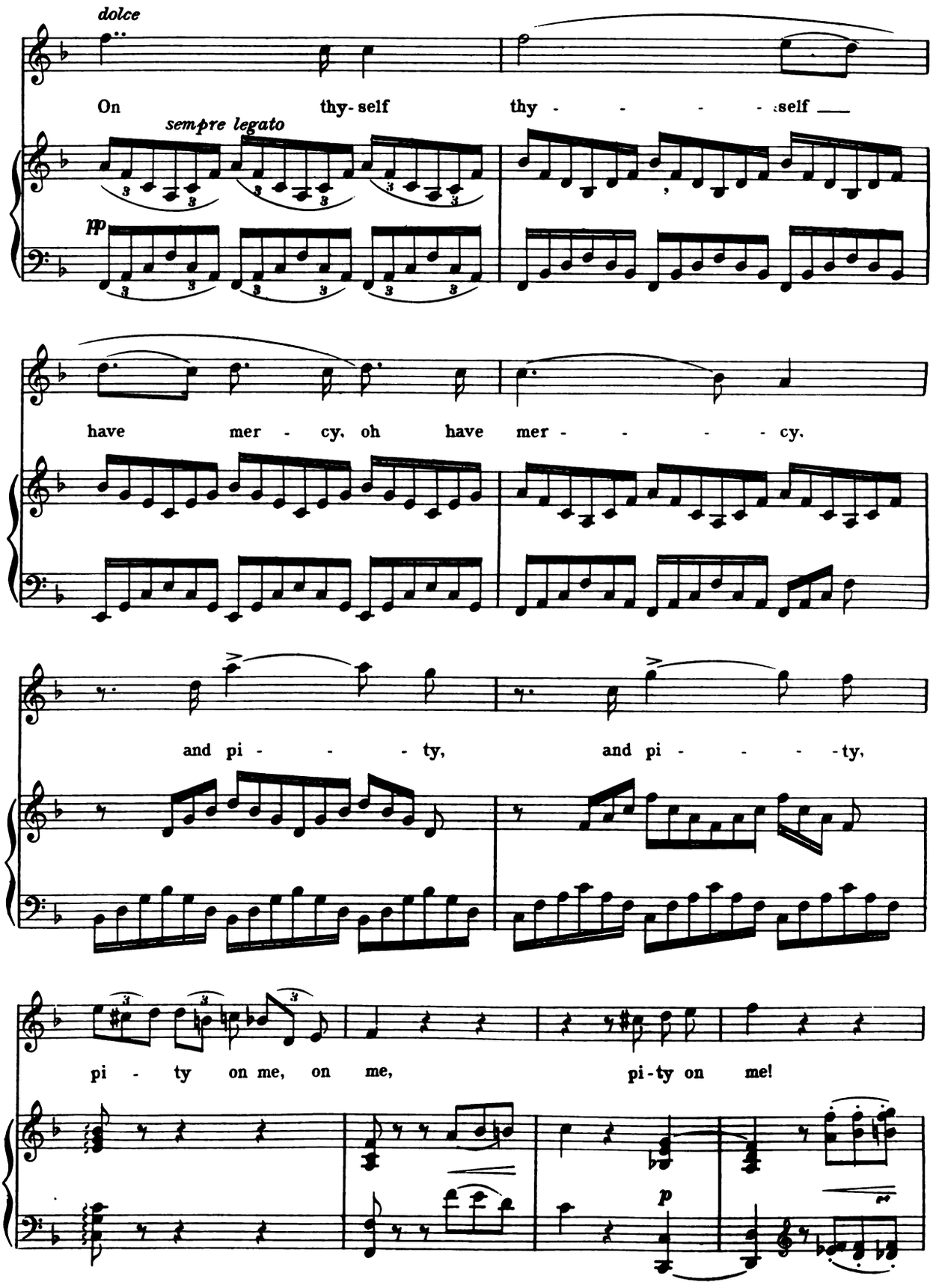
MEYERBEER BIBLIOGRAPHY

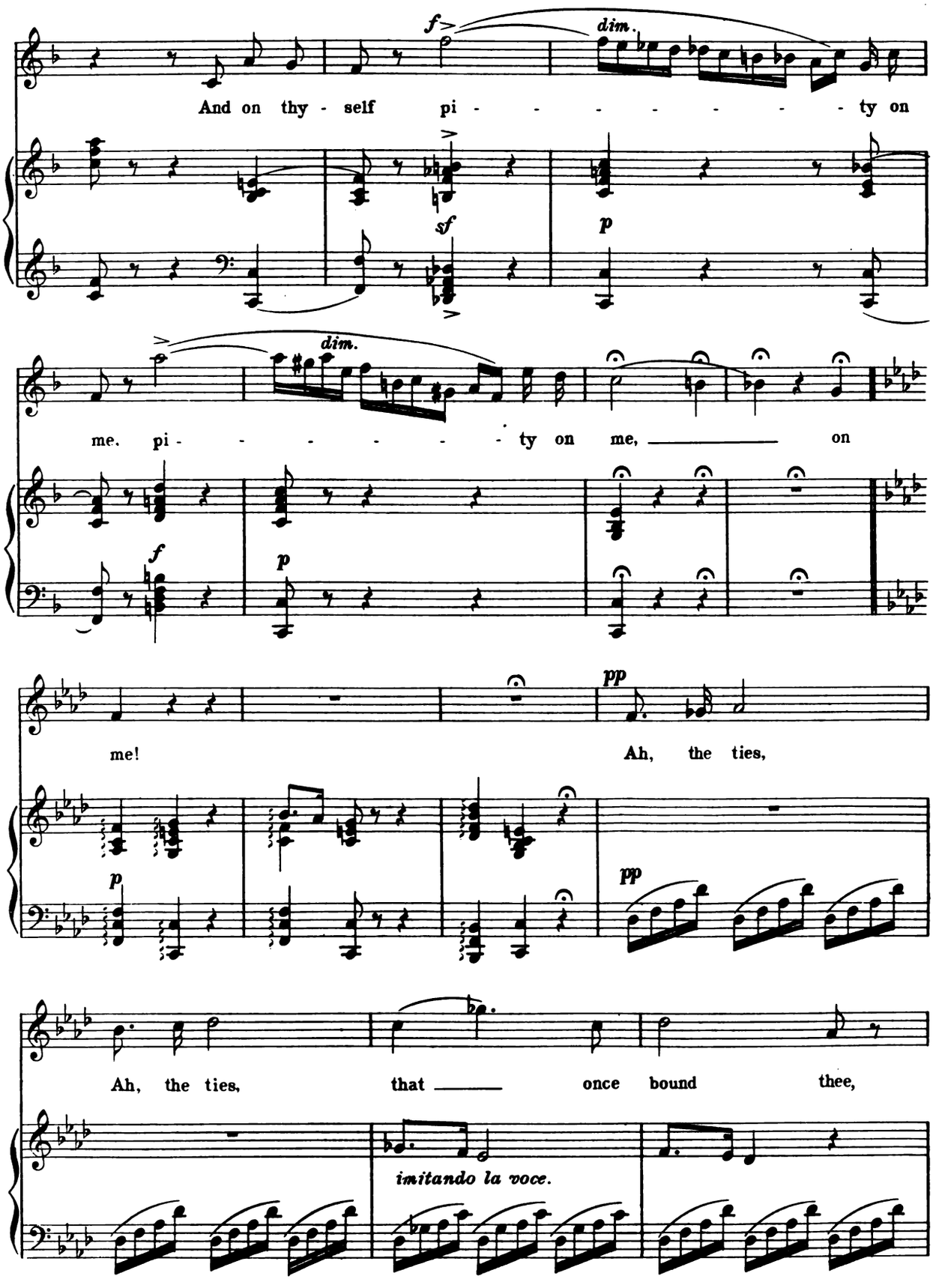
THERE is no satisfactory biography of Meyerbeer in English. Perhaps on the whole the most adequate single sketch of his life is that of Mrs. Julian Marshall in Grove's 'Dictionary of Music,' from which the biographical sketch in this issue of MASTERS IN MUSIC has been abstracted. M. Arthur Pougin's sketch, in 'Famous Composers and Their Works,' is interesting, though uncritically eulogistic in tone. 'La Revue Musicale,' a Parisian music journal, devoted an entire number to Meyerbeer in 1904 (Volume 4, No. 19).

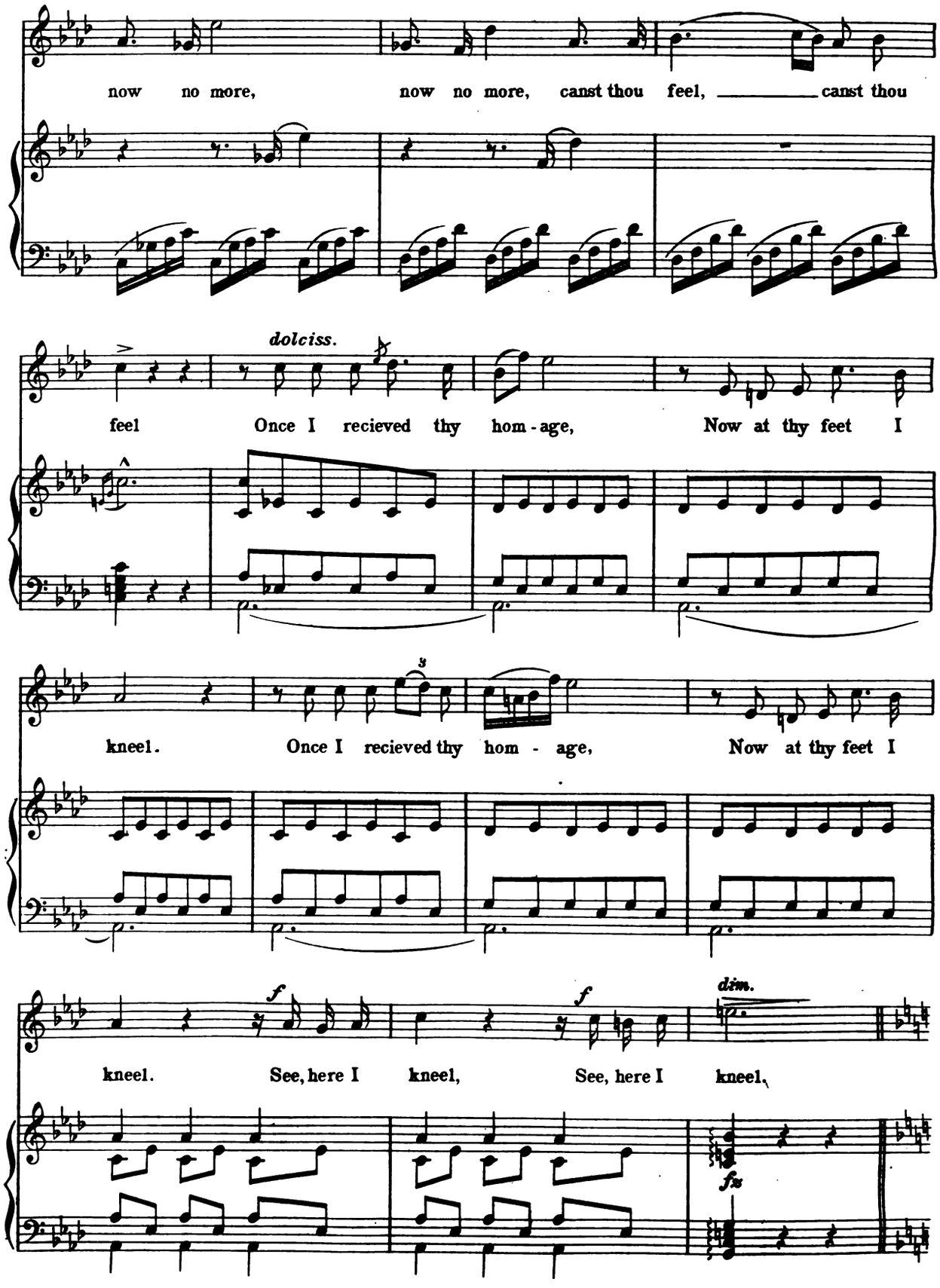
I. "O ROBERT, MY BELOVED"

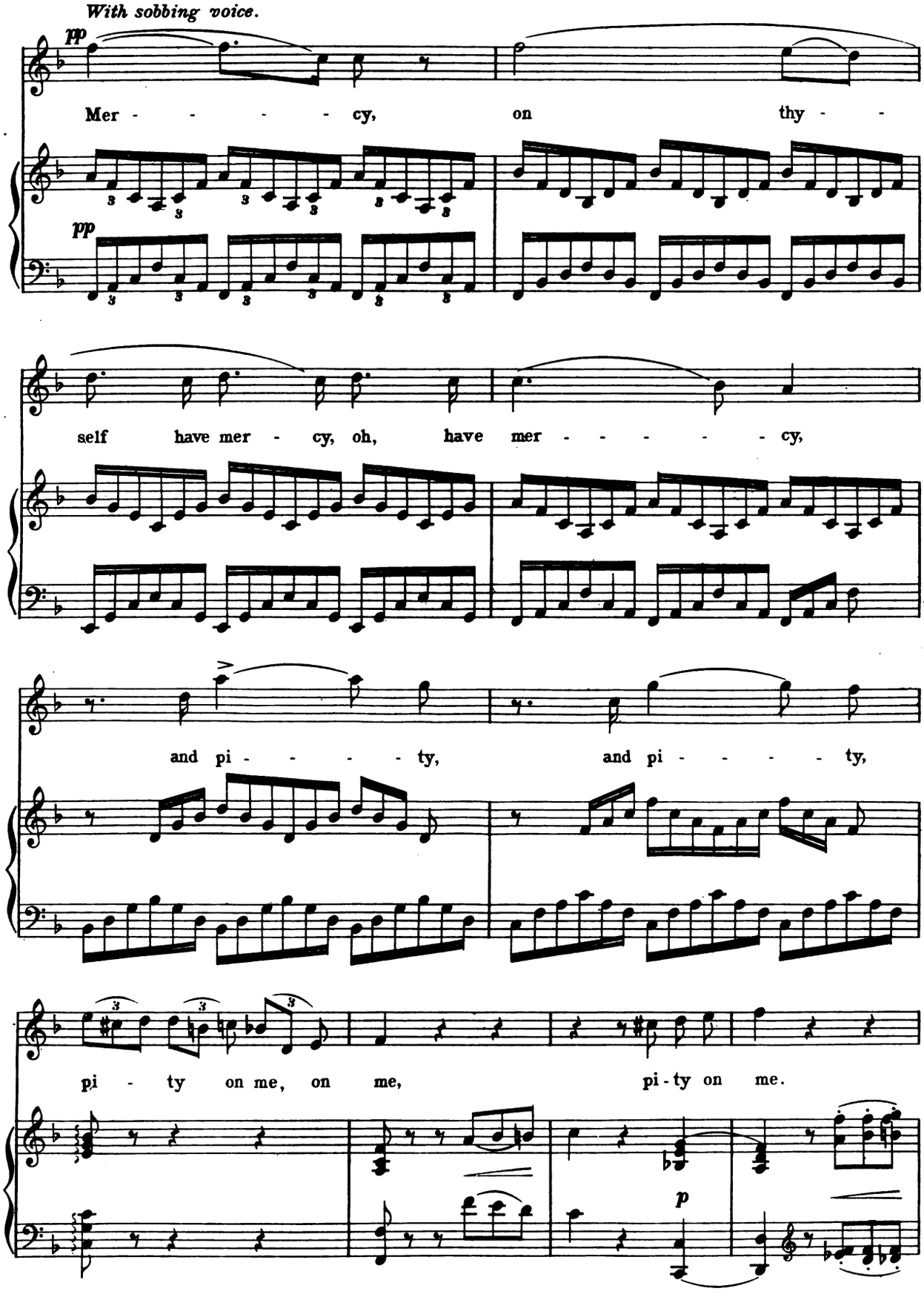
FROM 'ROBERT THE DEVIL'

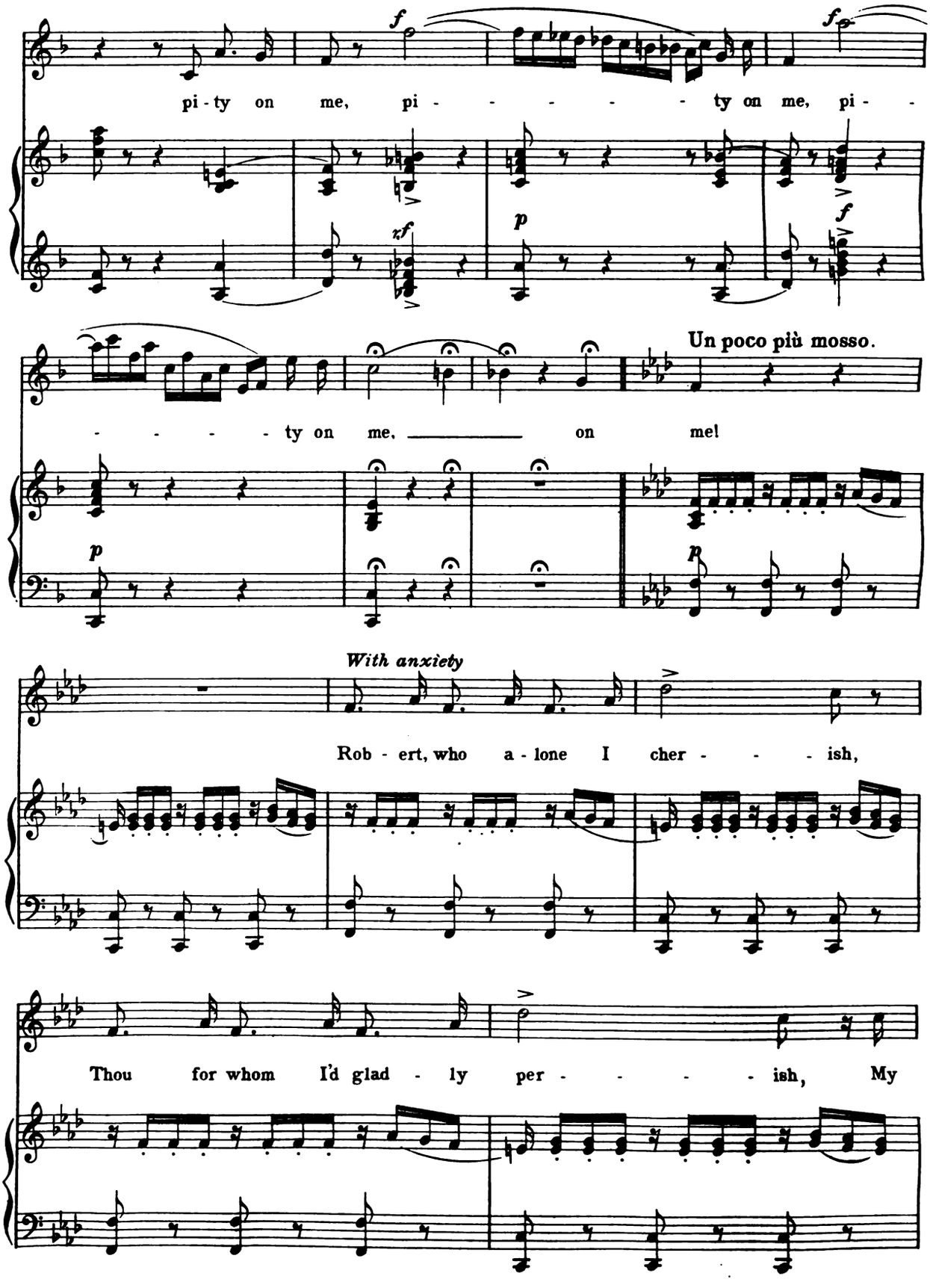


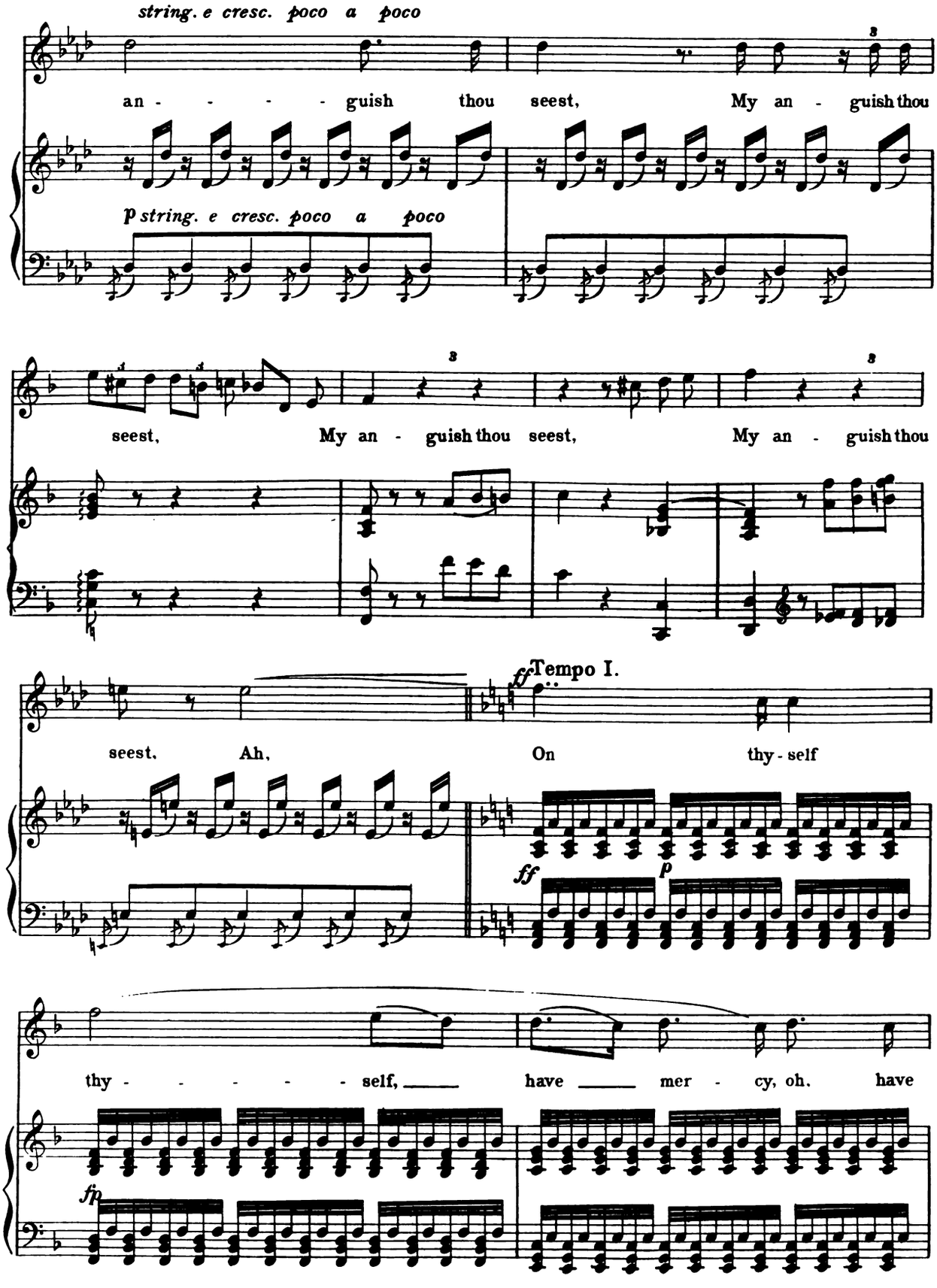

dolce
On thy-self thy - - - - -self
sempre legato
pp
have mer - cy, oh have mer - - - - cy,
and pi - - - ty, and pi - - - - ty,
pi - ty on me, on me, pi-ty on me!
p

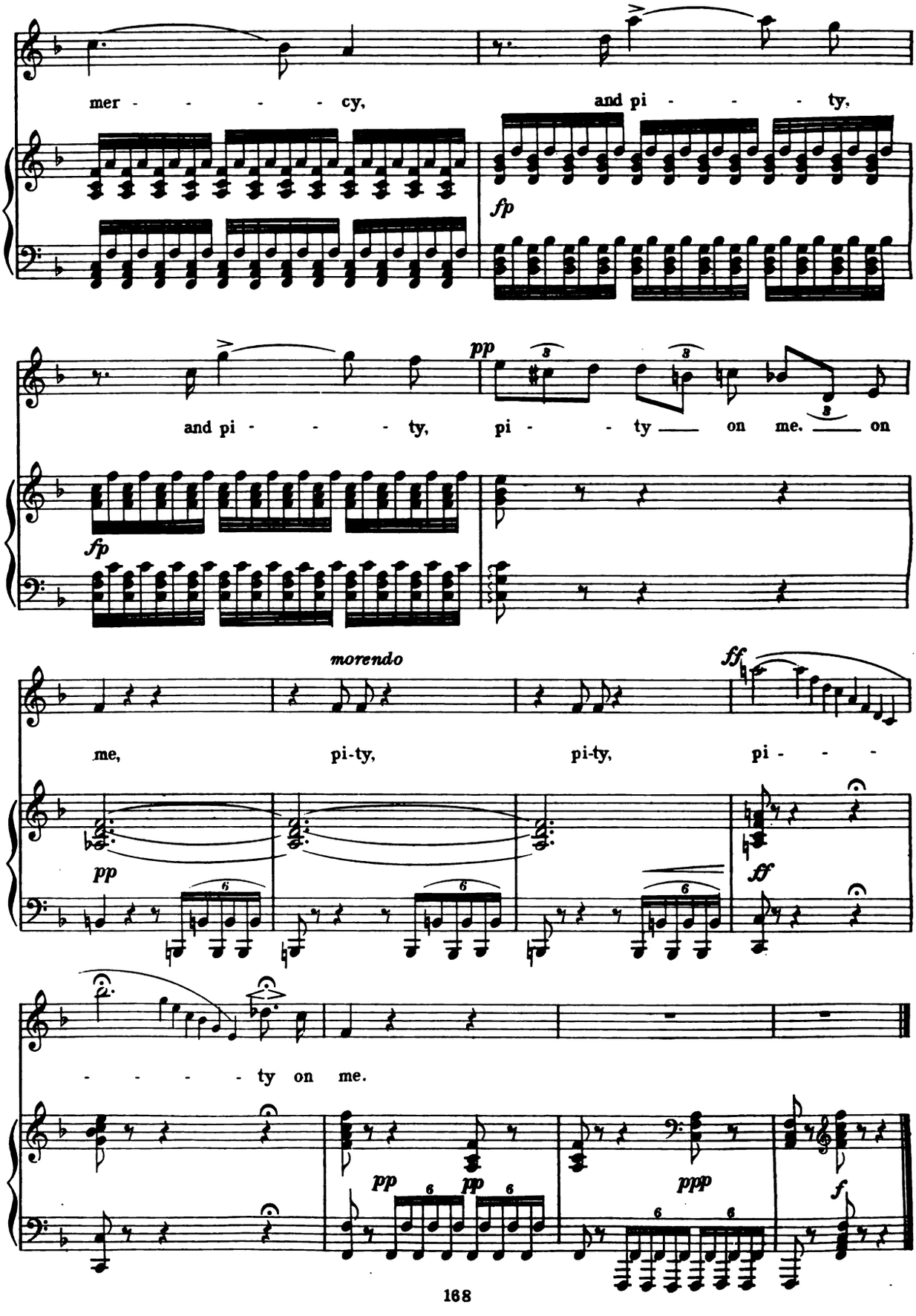

f
dim.
And on thy - self pi - - - - - - - - ty on
sf
p
dim.
me, pi - - - - - - - ty on me, on
f
p
me!
pp
Ah, the ties,
p
pp
Ah, the ties, that once bound thee,
imitando la voce.


now no more, now no more, canst thou feel, canst thou
dolciss.
feel Once I recieved thy hom - age, Now at thy feet I
kneel. Once I recieved thy hom - age, Now at thy feet I
kneel. See, here I kneel, See, here I kneel,
dim.
fz


With sobbing voice.
pp
Mer - - - - - cy, on thy - -
pp
self have mer - cy, oh, have mer - - - - - cy,
and pi - - - - - ty, and pi - - - - - ty,
pi - ty on me, on me, pi - ty on me.
p

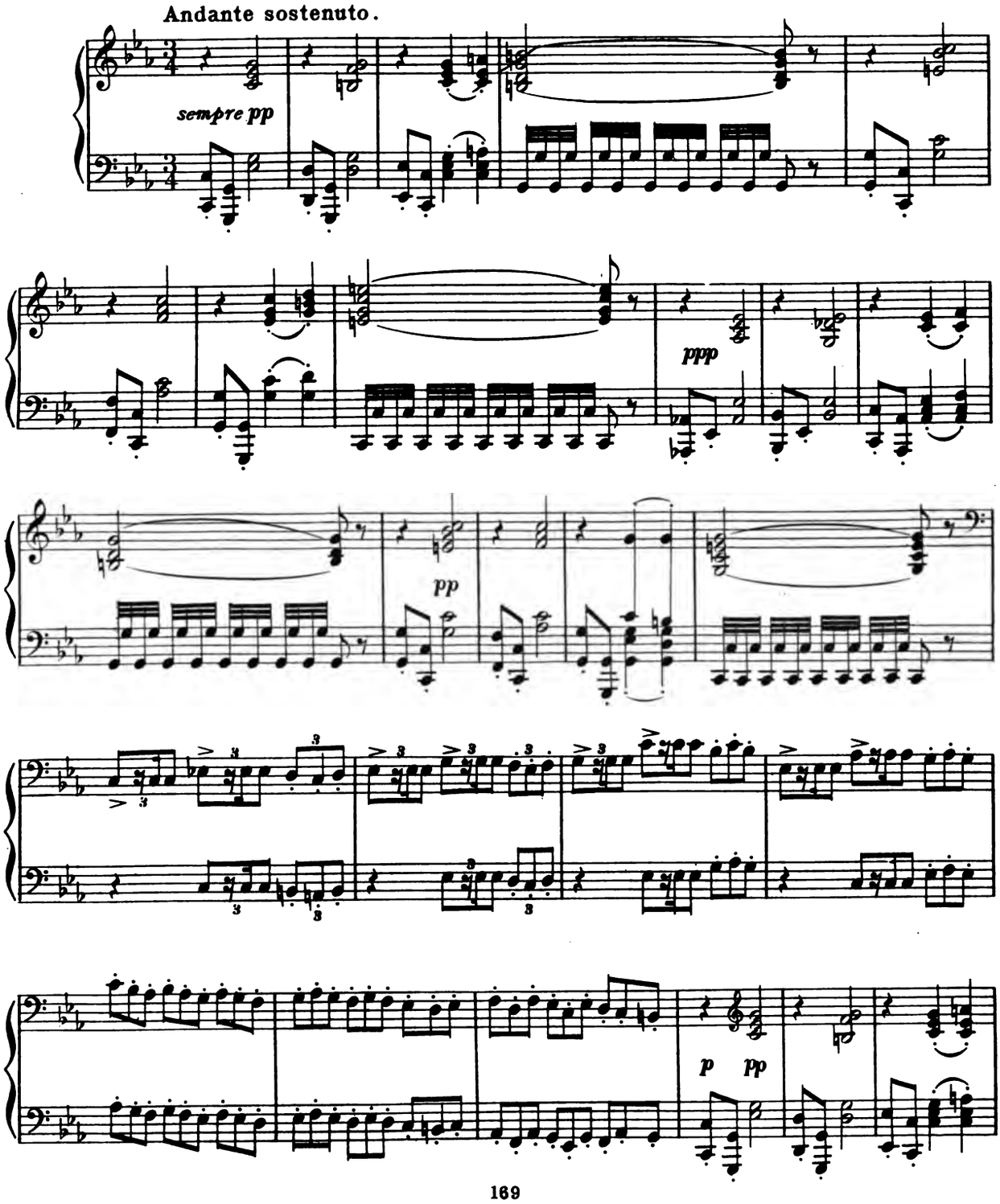

pi - ty on me, pi - - - - - ty on me, pi - -
- - - - - ty on me, _____ on me!
Un poco più mosso.
With anxiety
Rob - ert, who a - lone I cher - - - - ish,
Thou for whom I'd glad - ly per - - - - - ish, My

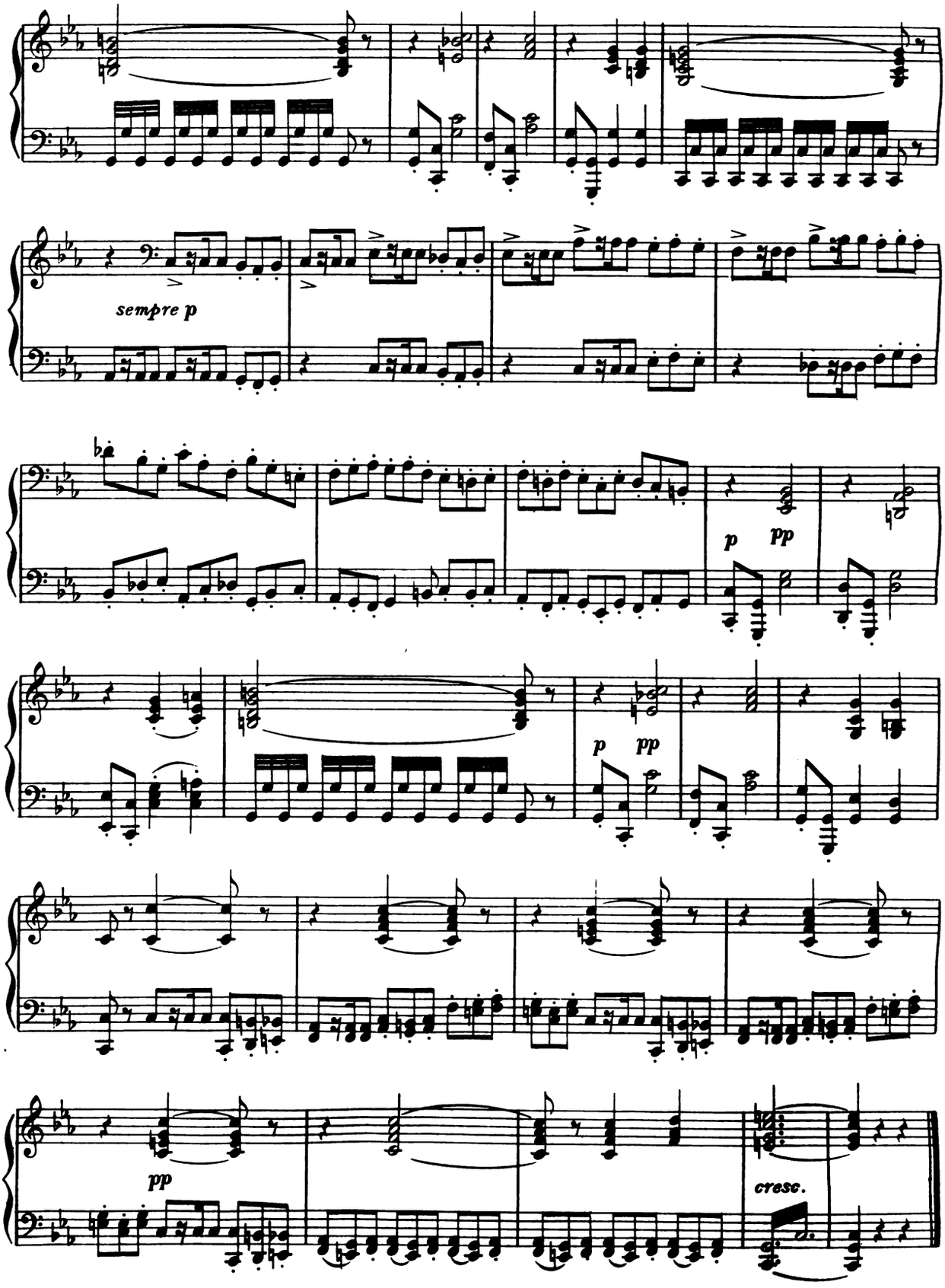

string. e cresc. poco a poco
an - - - - - guish thou seest, My an - guish thou
p string. e cresc. poco a poco
seest, My an - guish thou seest, My an - guish thou
seest. Ah,
ff Tempo I.
On thy - self
ff
p
thy - - - - - self, have mer - cy, oh. have
fp


mer - - - - - cy,
and pi - - - - ty,
fp
and pi - - - - ty, pi - - ty on me. on
fp
pp
morendo
ff
me, pi-ty, pi-ty, pi - - -
pp
ff
- - - - - ty on me.
pp
pp
ppp
f

II. PROCESSION OF NUNS

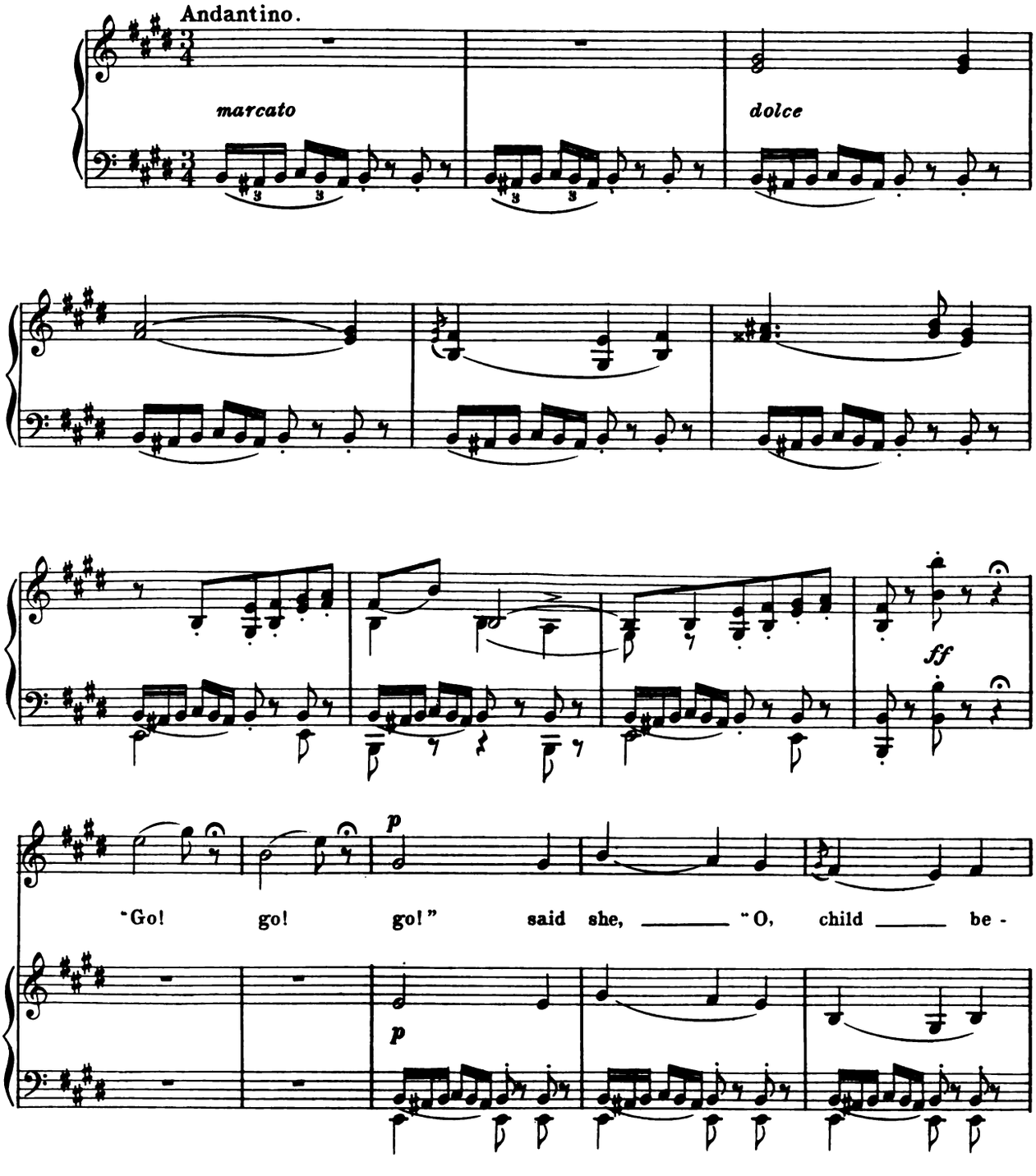
FROM 'ROBERT THE DEVIL'

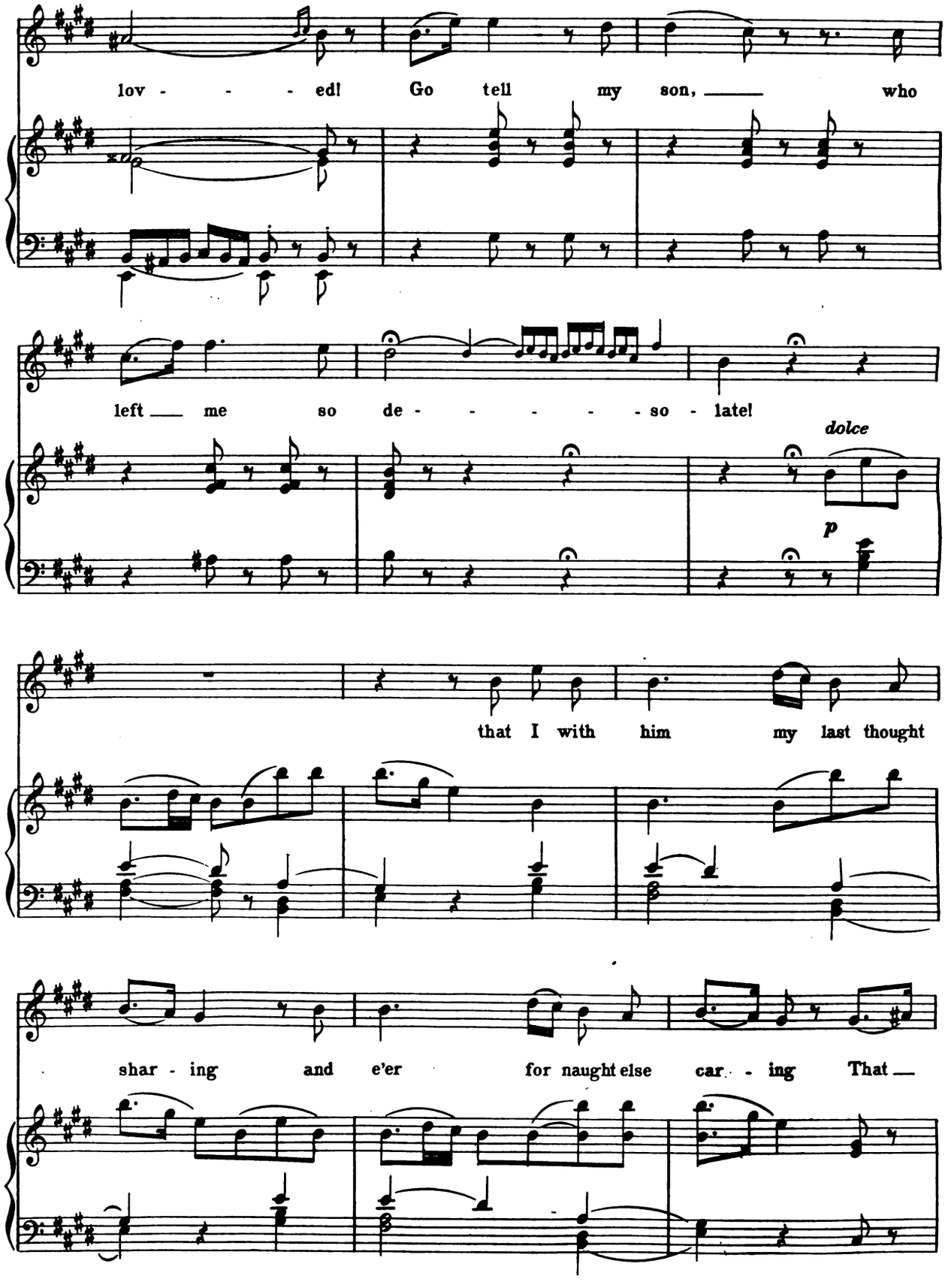


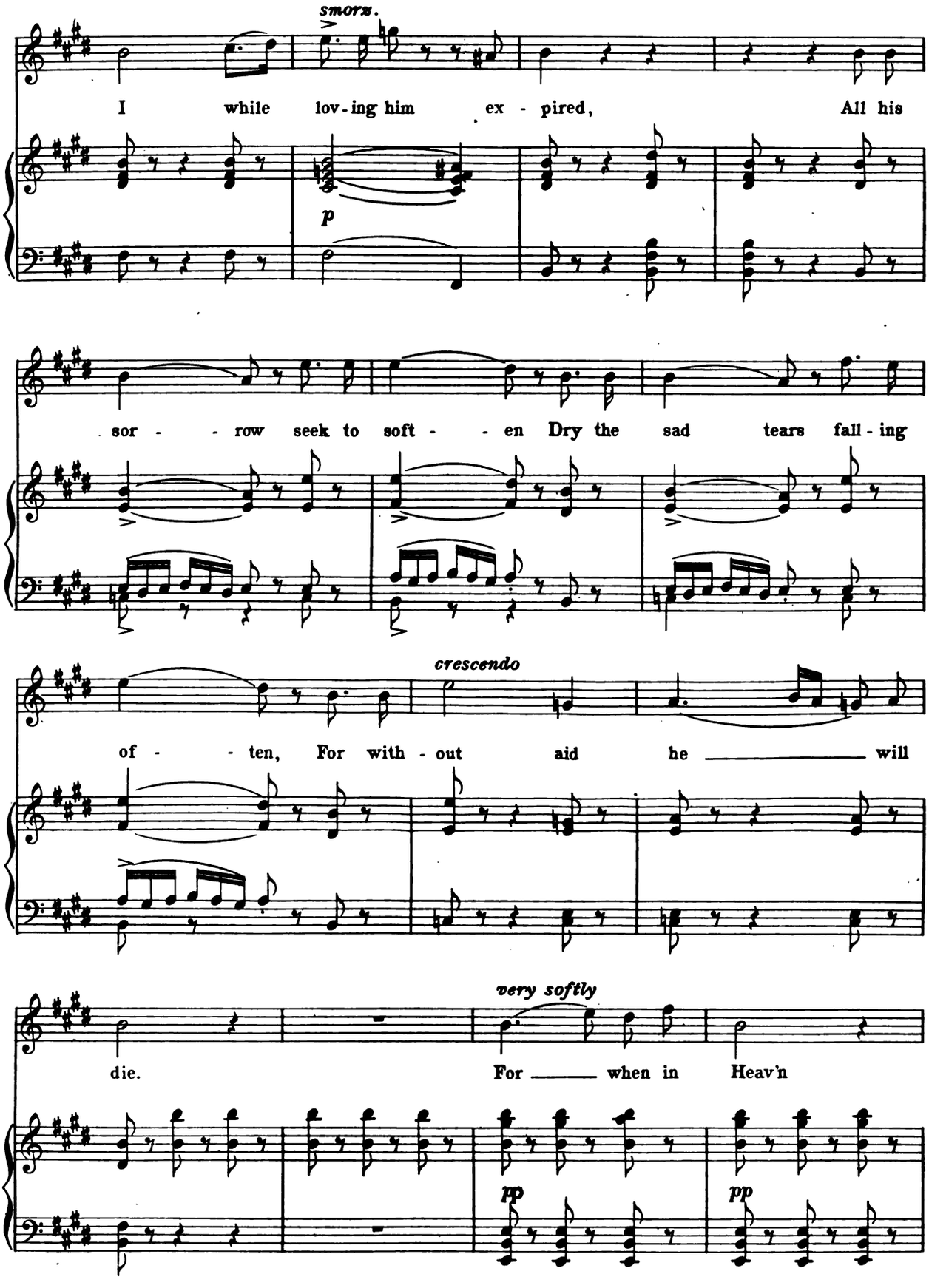

sempre p
p
pp
p
pp
pp
cresc.

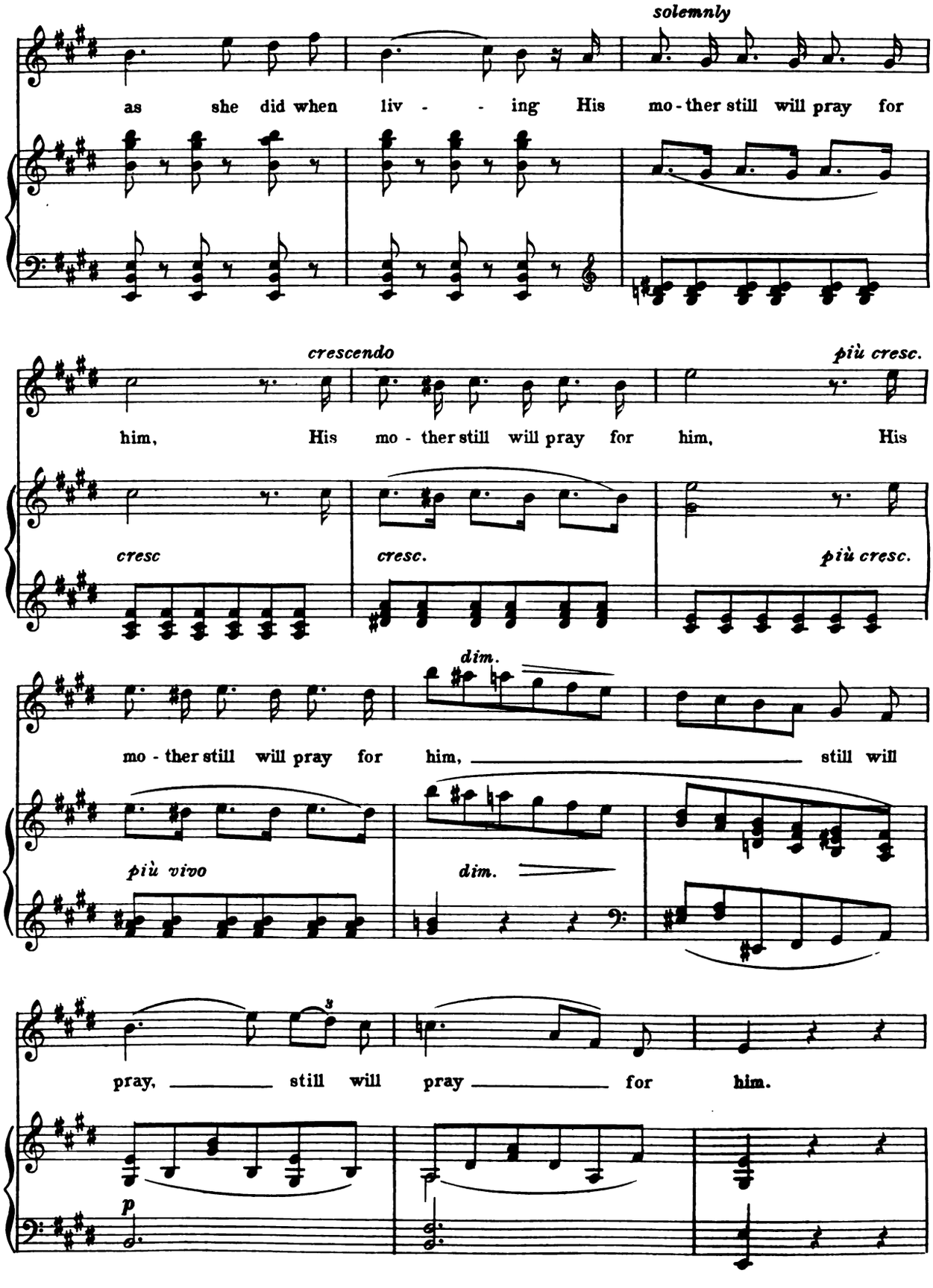
III. "Go, go, said she, O Child Beloved"

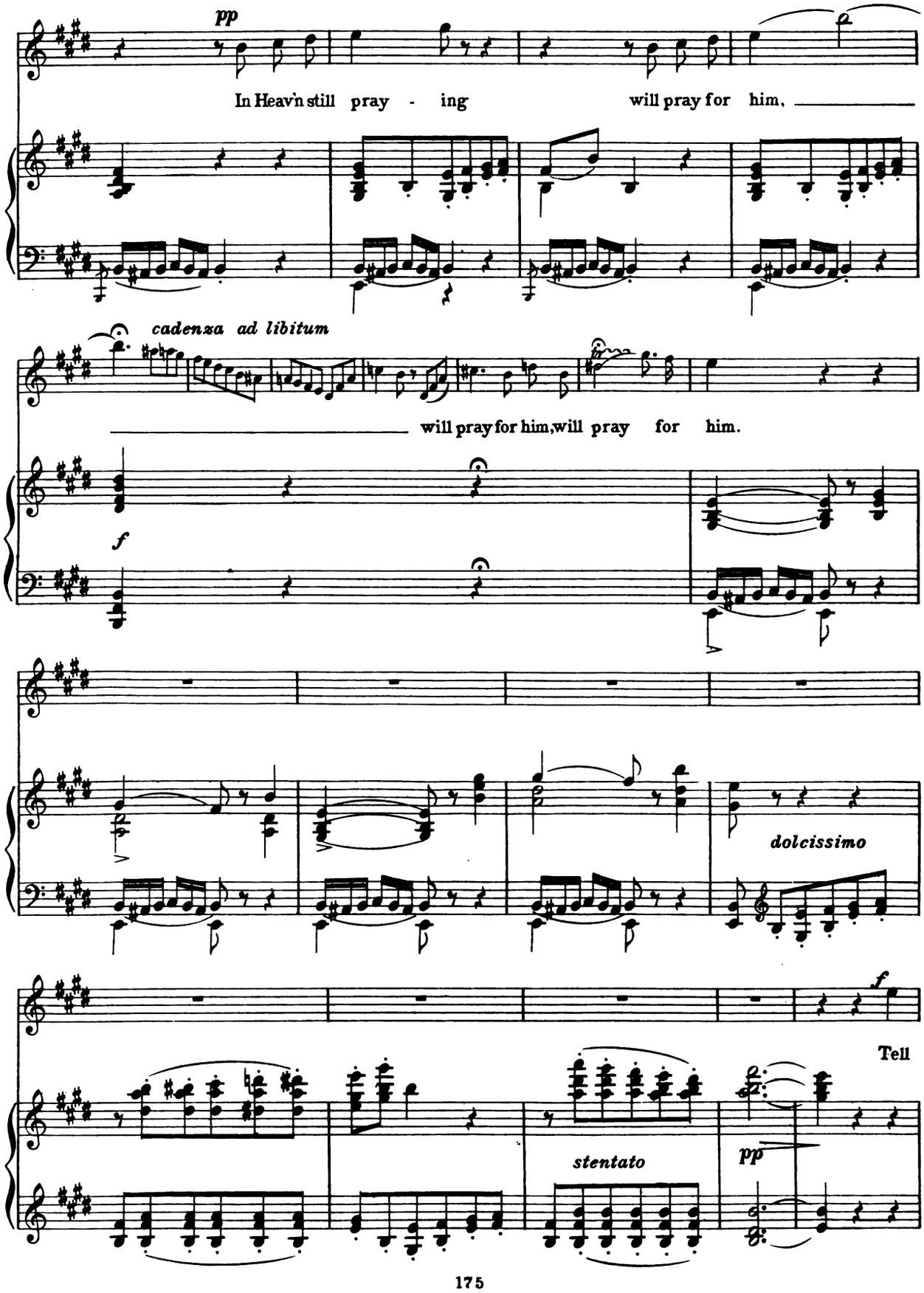
FROM 'ROBERT THE DEVIL'

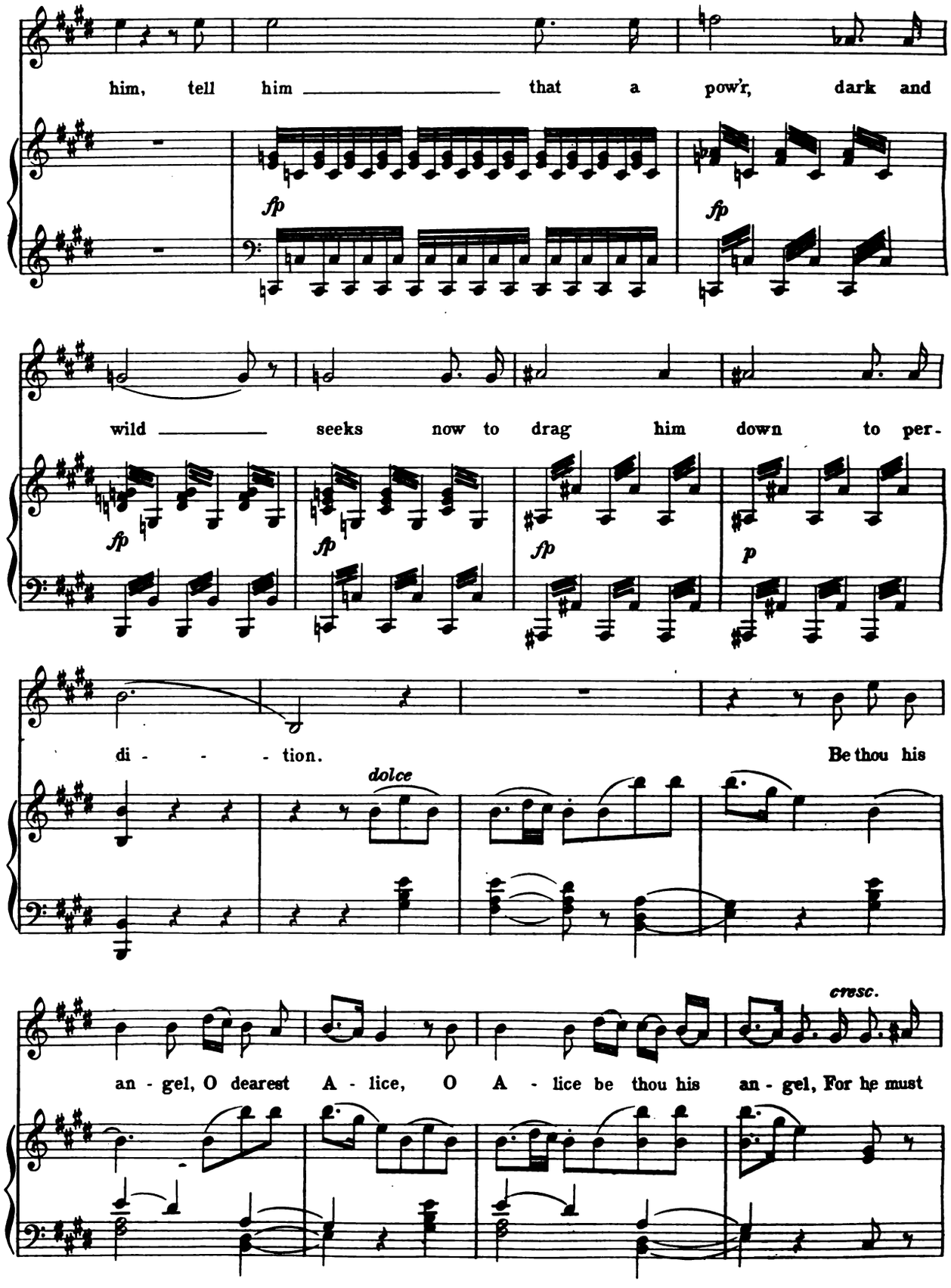


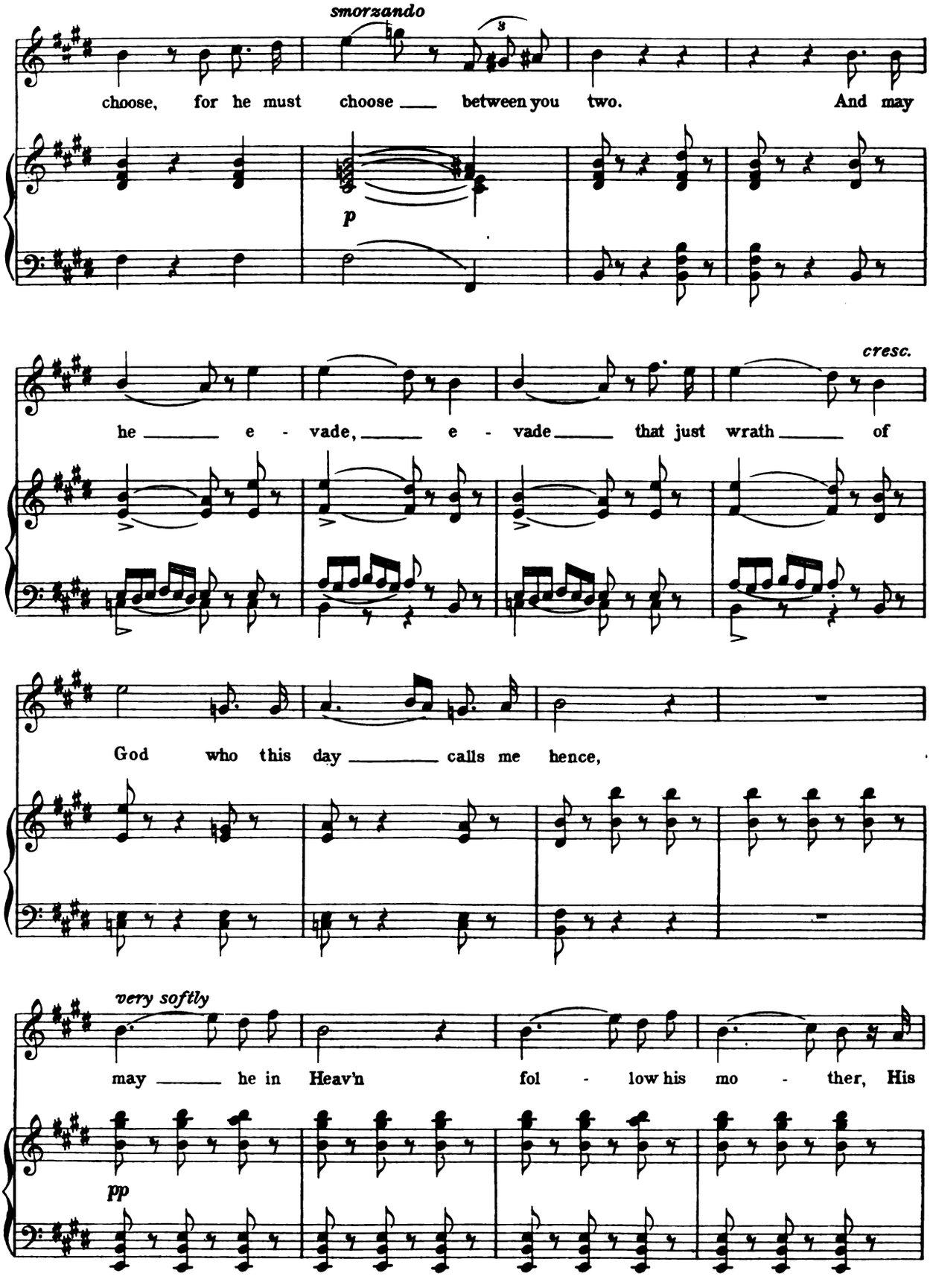

lov - - - - ed! Go tell my son, ____ who
left ___ me so de - - - - - - so - late!
dolce
p
that I with him my last thought
shar - ing and e'er for naught else car - - ing That ___

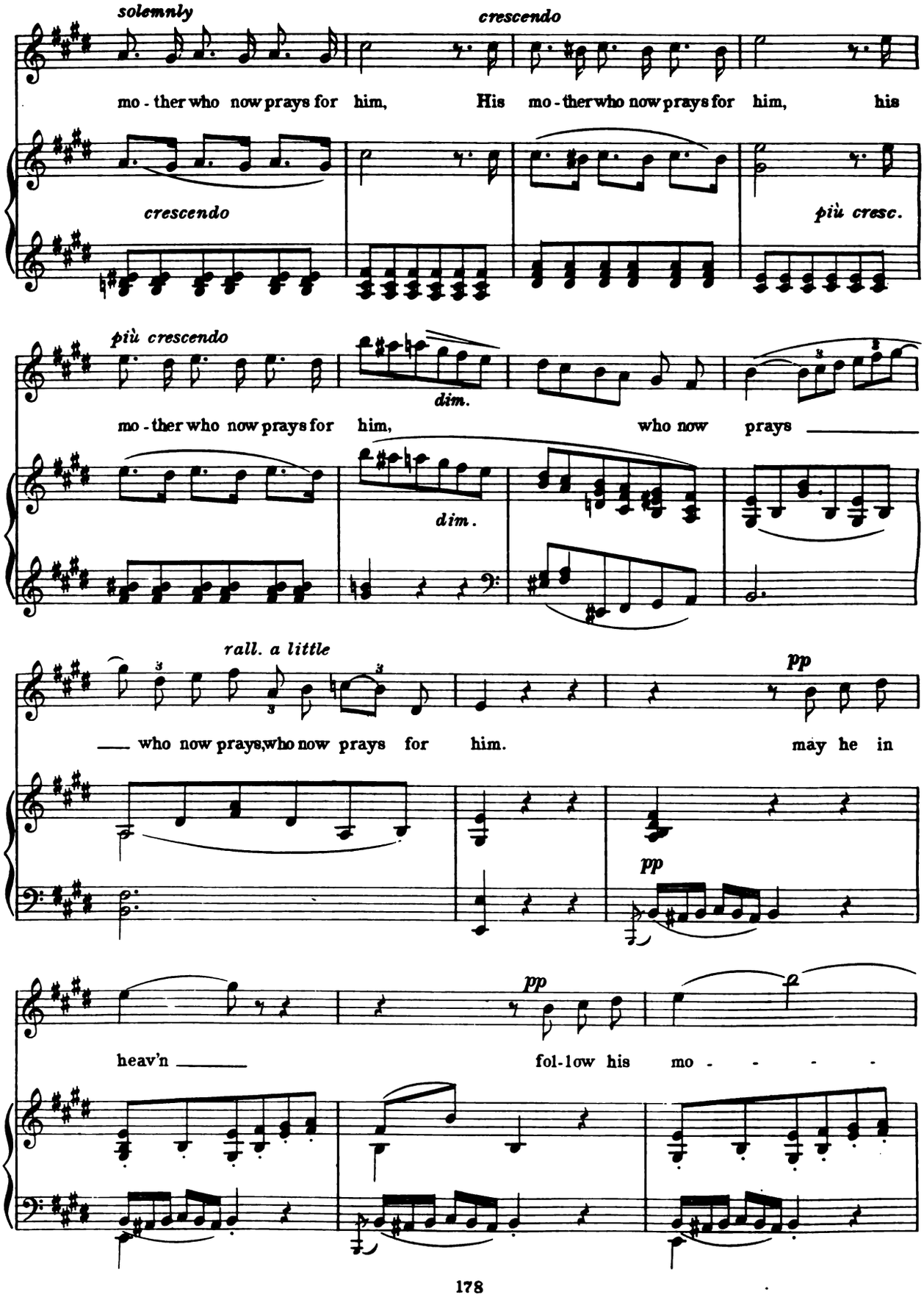

smorz.
I while lov-ing him ex - pired, All his
p
sor - - row seek to soft - - en Dry the sad tears fall-ing
crescendo
of - - ten, For with - out aid he ____ will
very softly
die. For ____ when in Heav'n
pp
pp

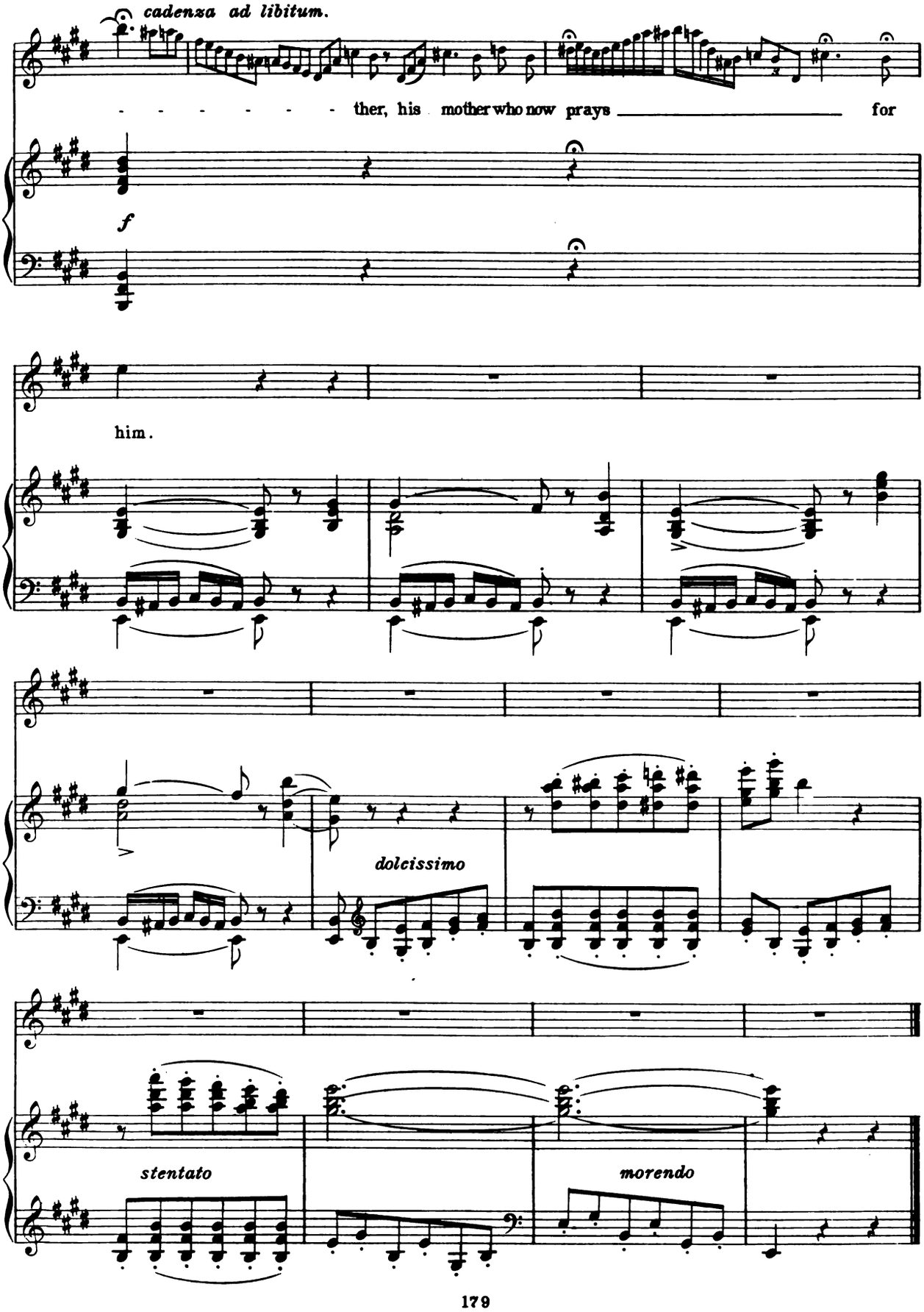

solemnly
as she did when liv - - ing His mo - ther still will pray for
crescendo
più cresc.
him, His mo - ther still will pray for him, His
cresc
cresc.
più cresc.
dim.
mo - ther still will pray for him, still will
più vivo
dim.
pray, still will pray for him.
p


pp
In Heav'n still pray - ing will pray for him,
cadenza ad libitum
will pray for him, will pray for him.
f
dolcissimo
f
Tell
stentato
pp


him, tell him that a pow'r, dark and
fp
fp
wild seeks now to drag him down to per-
fp
fp
fp
p
di - - - tion. Be thou his
dolce
cresc.
an - gel, O dearest A - lice, O A - lice be thou his an - gel, For he must

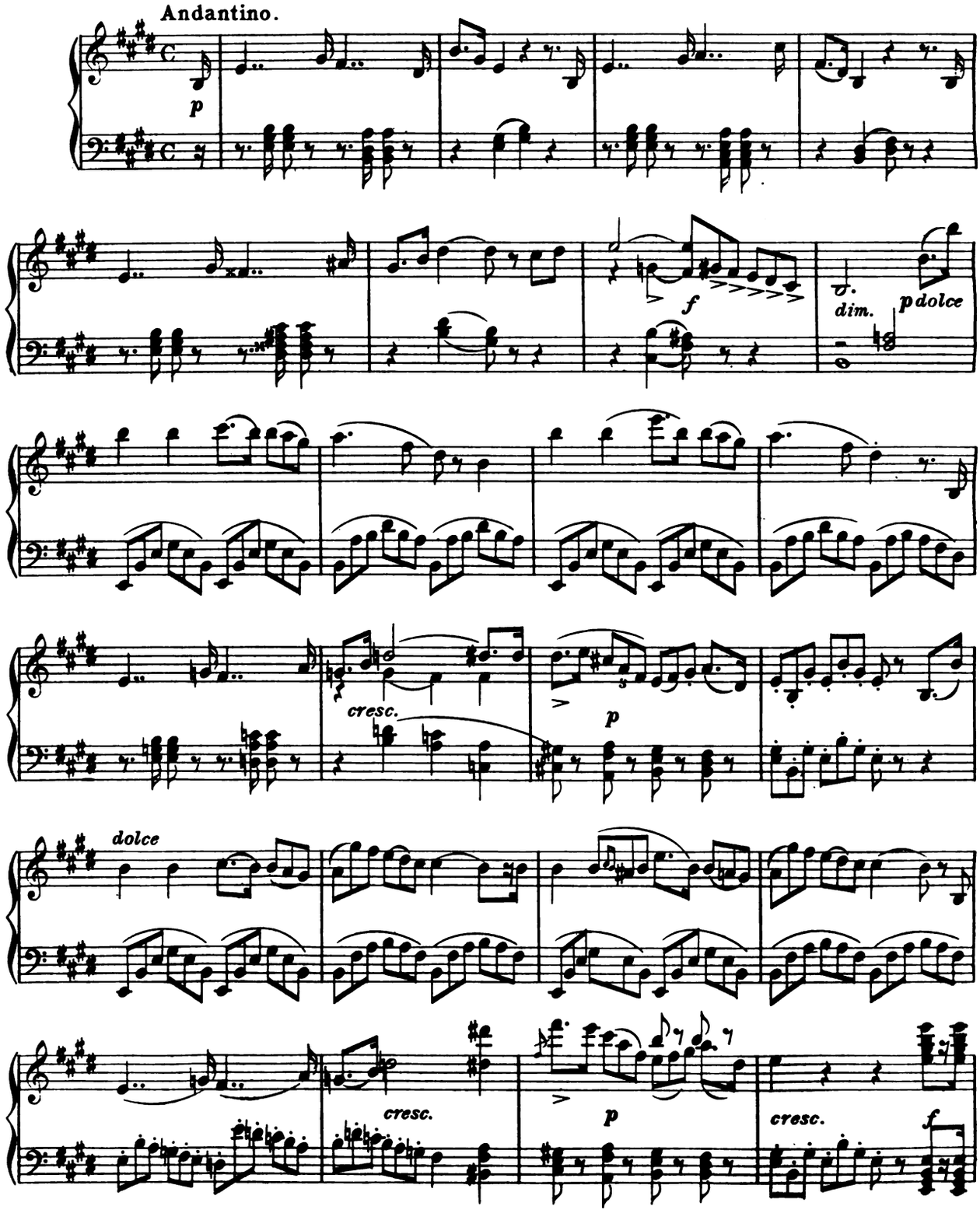

smorzando
choose, for he must choose between you two. And may
p
cresc.
he e - vade, e - vade that just wrath of
God who this day calls me hence,
very softly
may he in Heav'n fol - low his mo - ther, His
pp

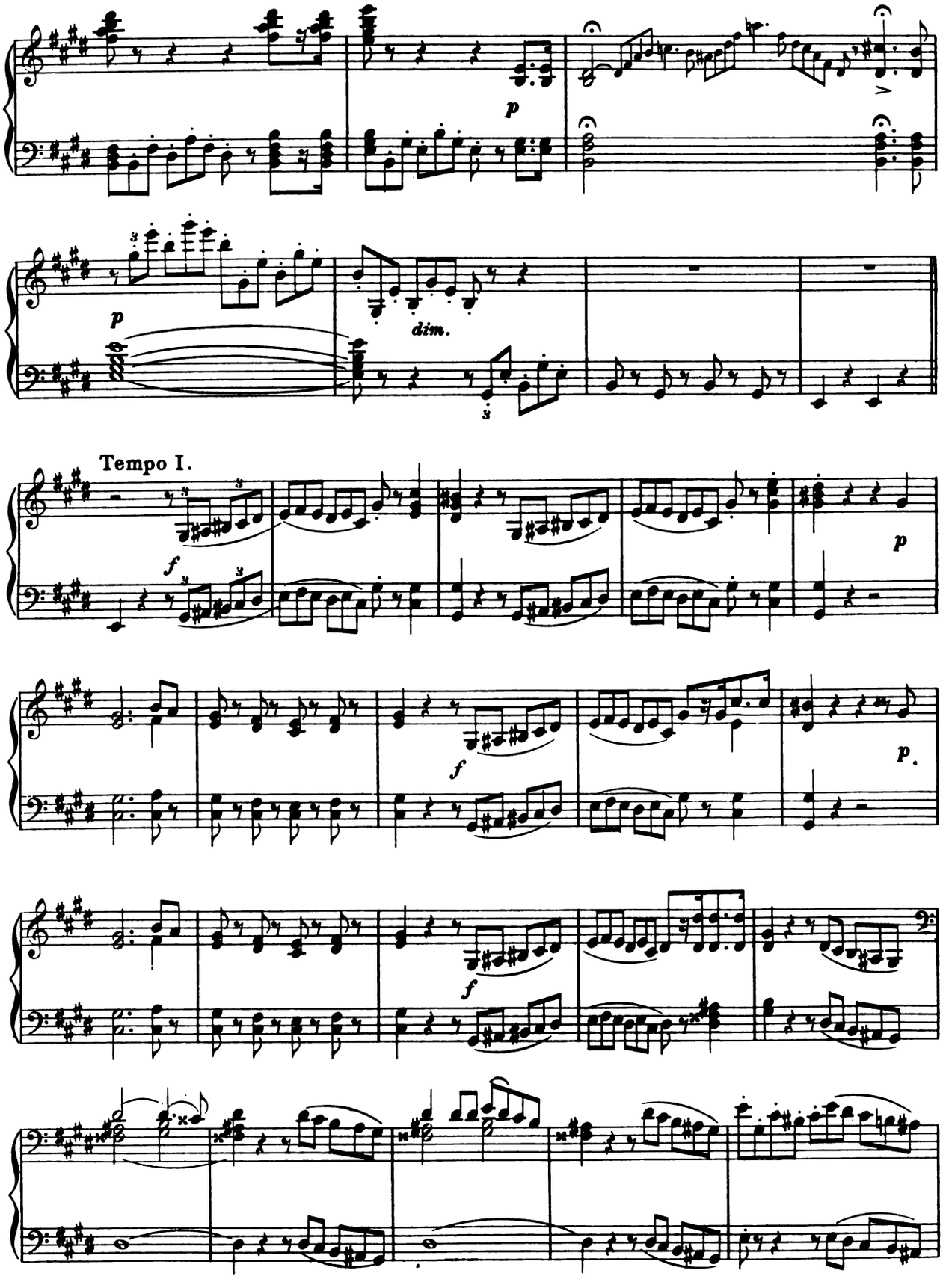

solemnly
crescendo
mo - ther who now prays for him, His mo - ther who now prays for him, his
crescendo
più cresc.
più crescendo
dim.
mo - ther who now prays for him, who now prays
dim.
rall. a little
pp
who now prays, who now prays for him. may he in
pp
pp
heav'n fol-low his mo - - - -

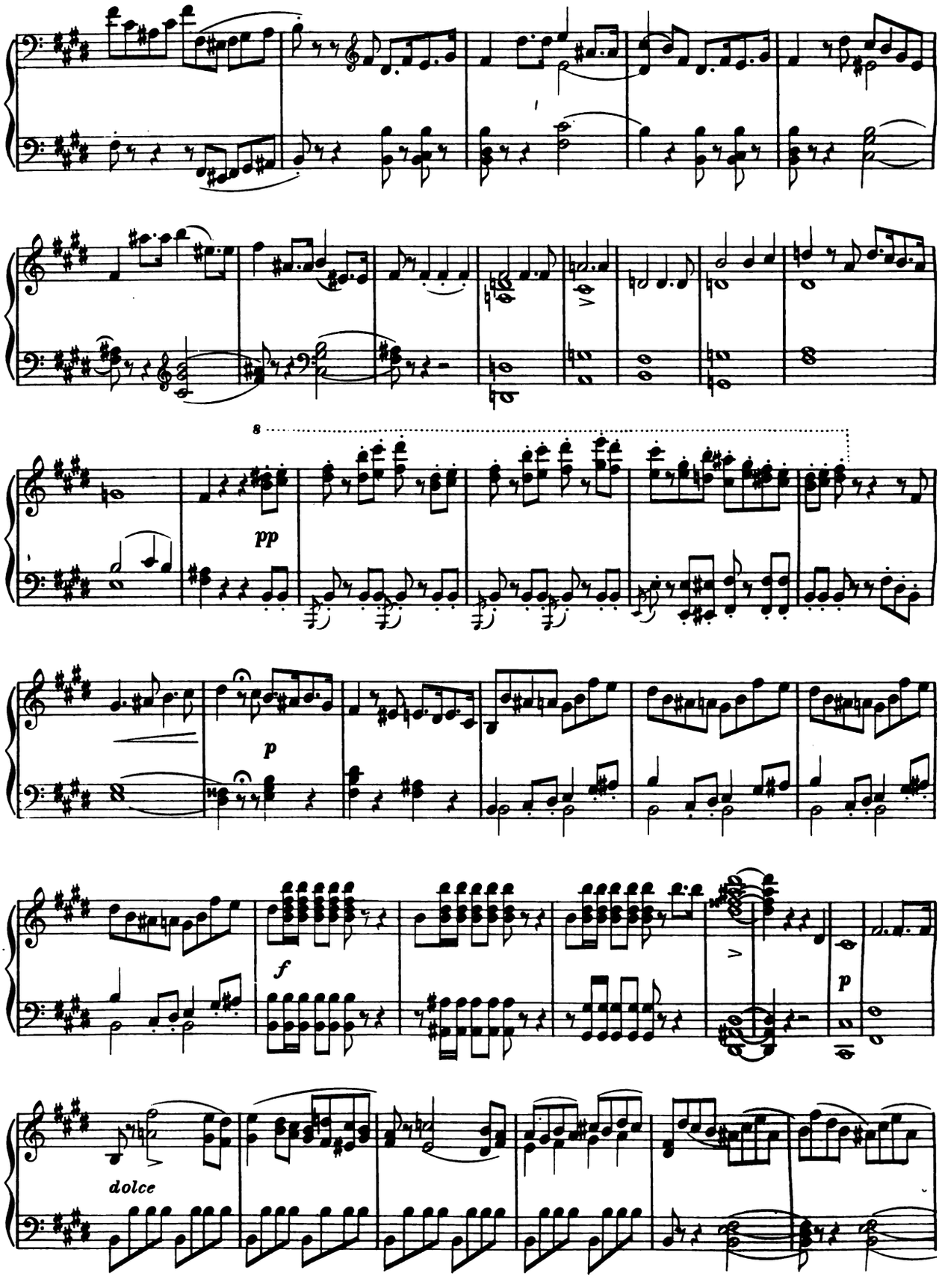

cadenza ad libitum.
- - - - - - - ther, his mother who now prays _____ for
f
him.
dolcissimo
stentato
morendo

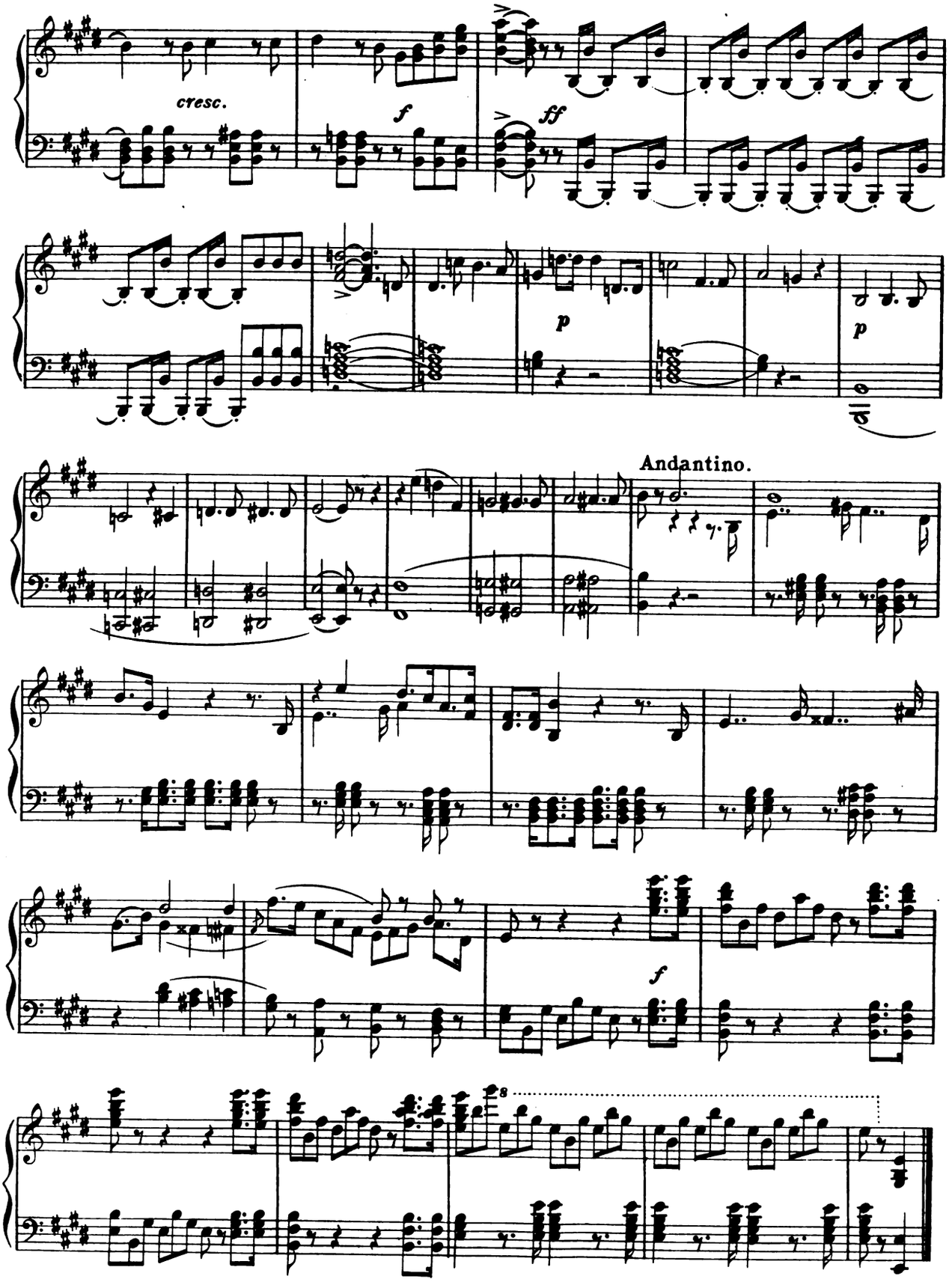
IV. CONSECRATION OF THE SWORDS

FROM 'THE HUGUENOTS'



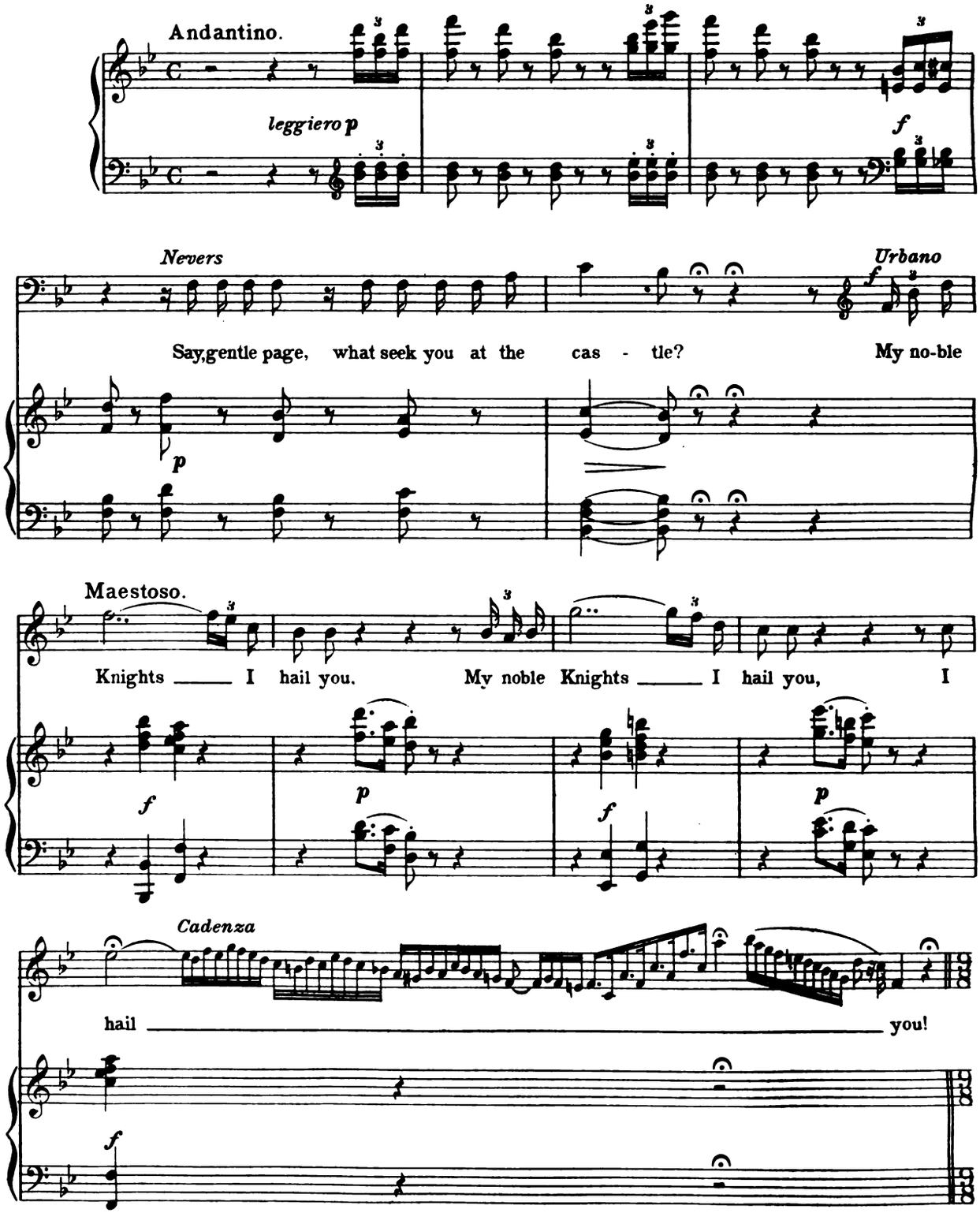

p
dim.
Tempo I.
f
p
f
p.
f

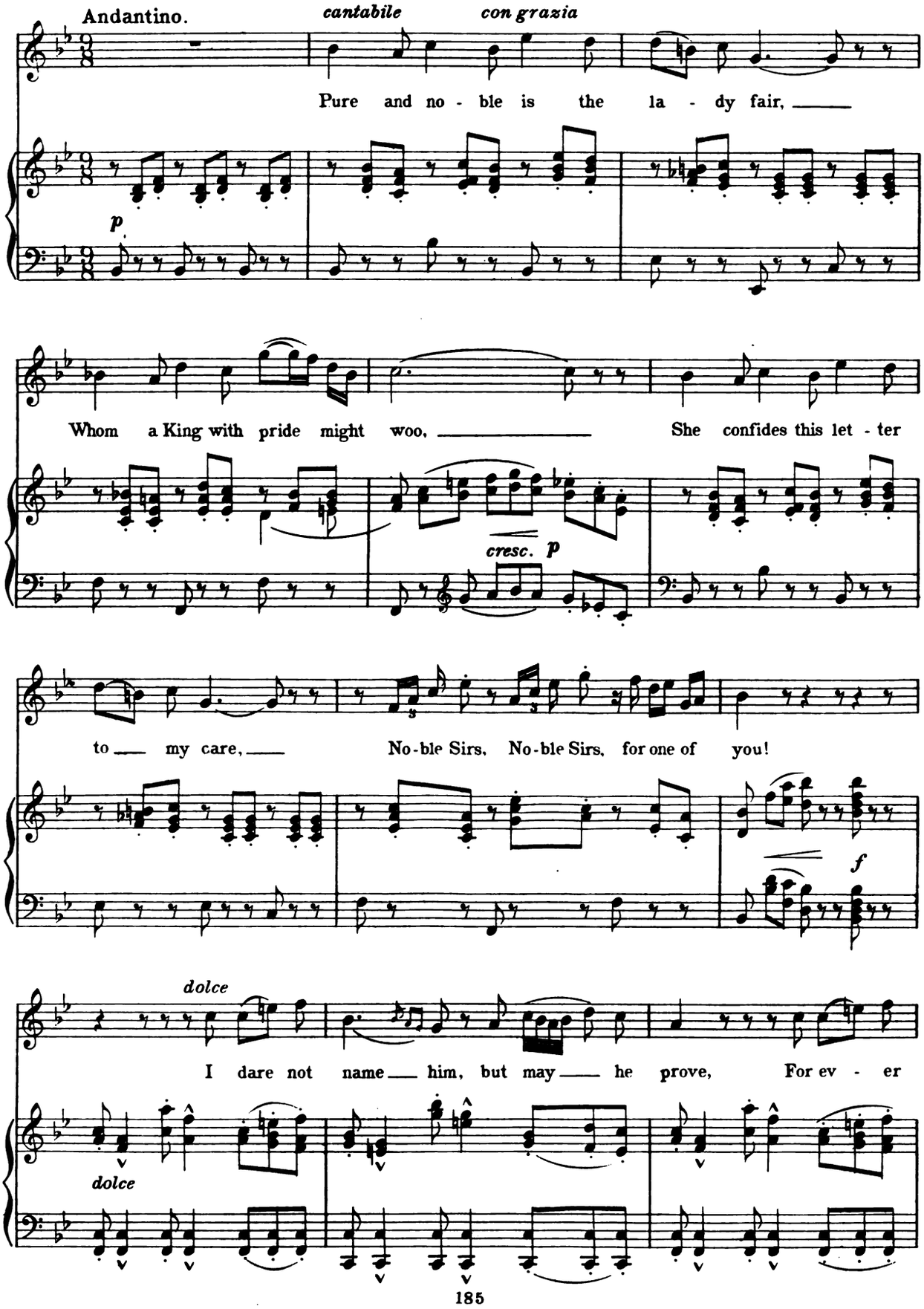

8
pp
p
f
p
dolce

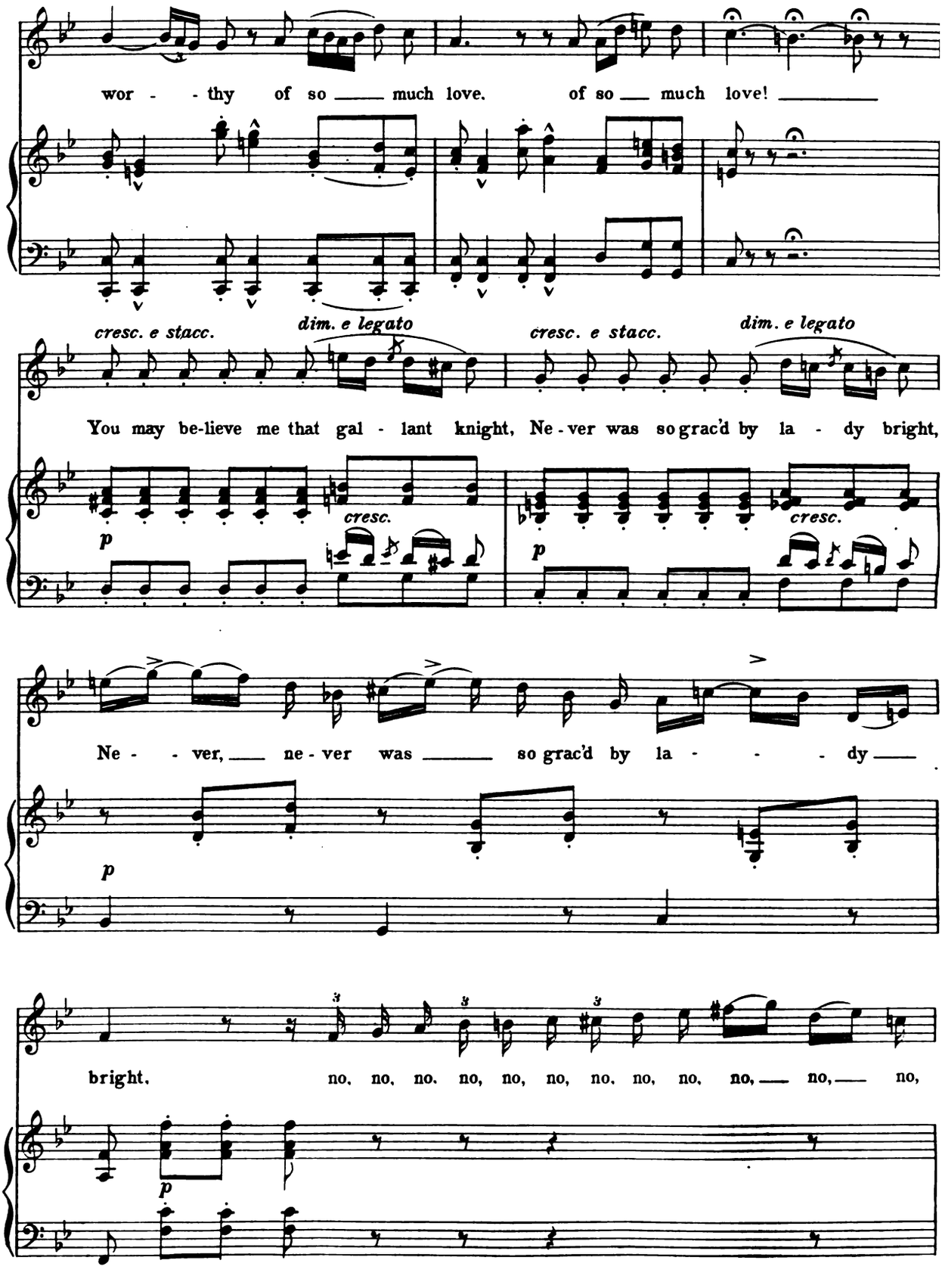

cresc.
f
ff
p
p
Andantino.
f
8

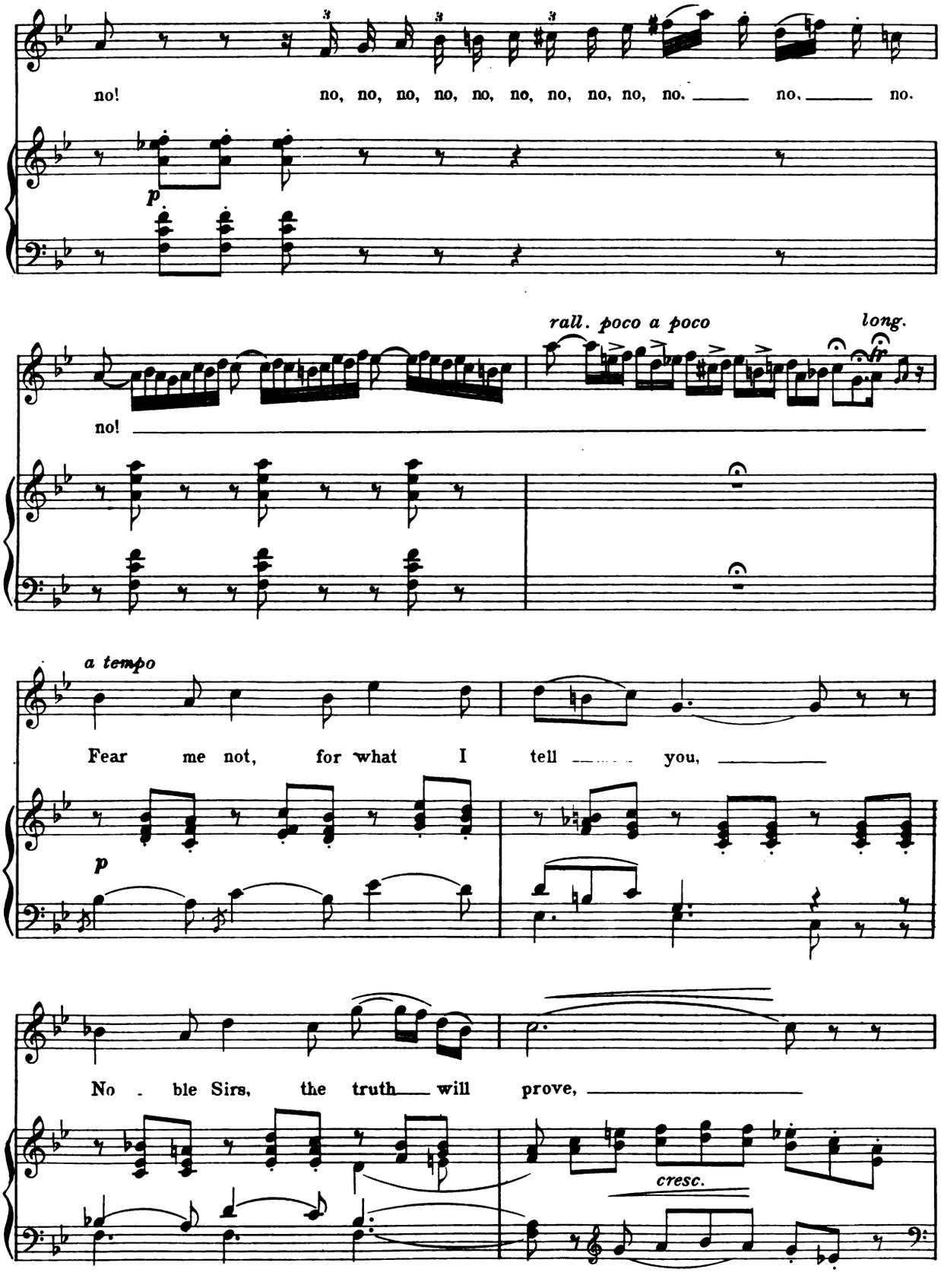
V. "MY NOBLE KNIGHTS"

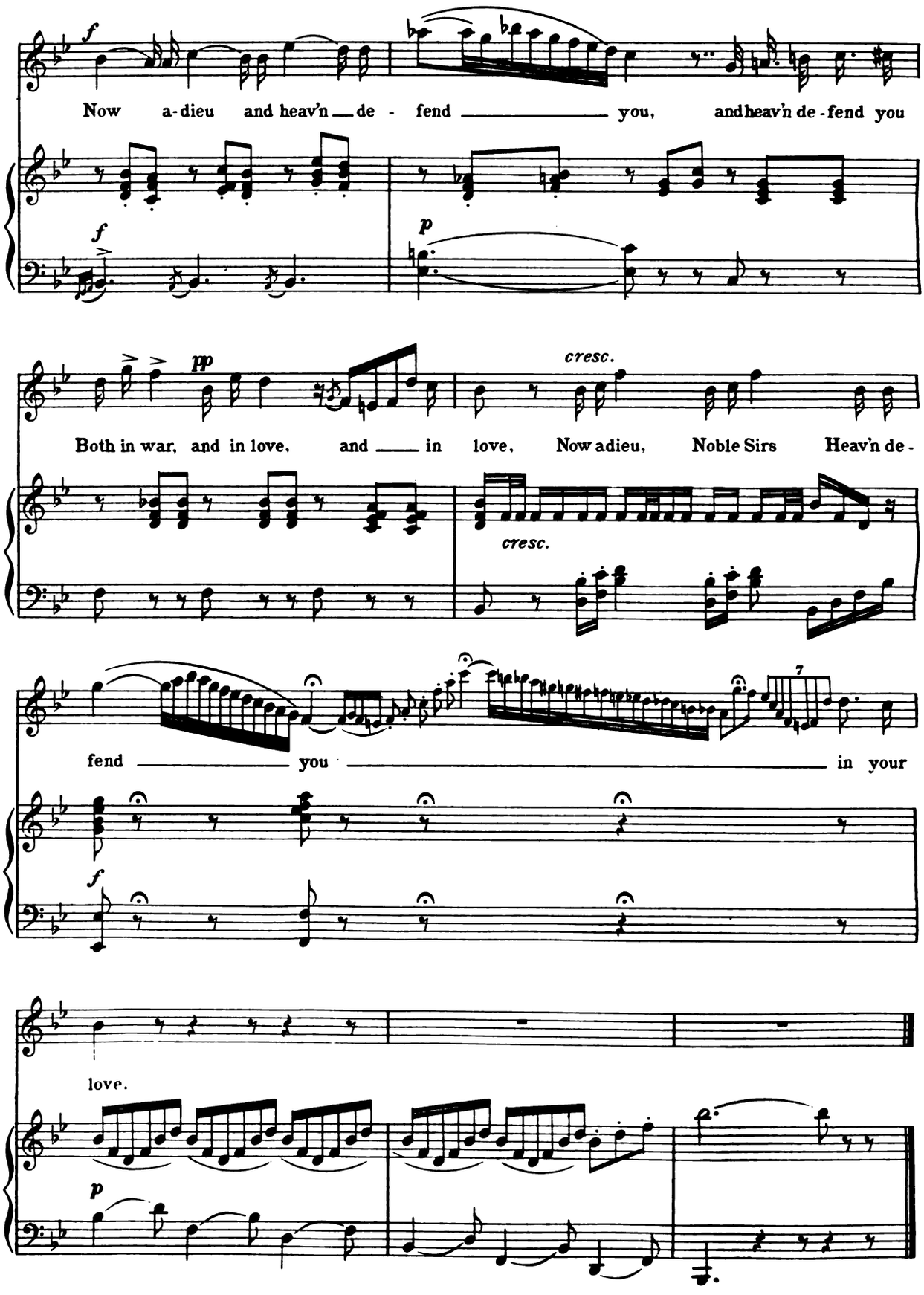
FROM 'THE HUGUENOTS'




Andantino.
cantabile
con grazia
Pure and no - ble is the la - dy fair,
p
Whom a King with pride might woo,
She confides this let - ter
cresc.
p
to my care,
No-ble Sirs, No-ble Sirs, for one of you!
f
dolce
I dare not name him, but may he prove, For ev - er
dolce

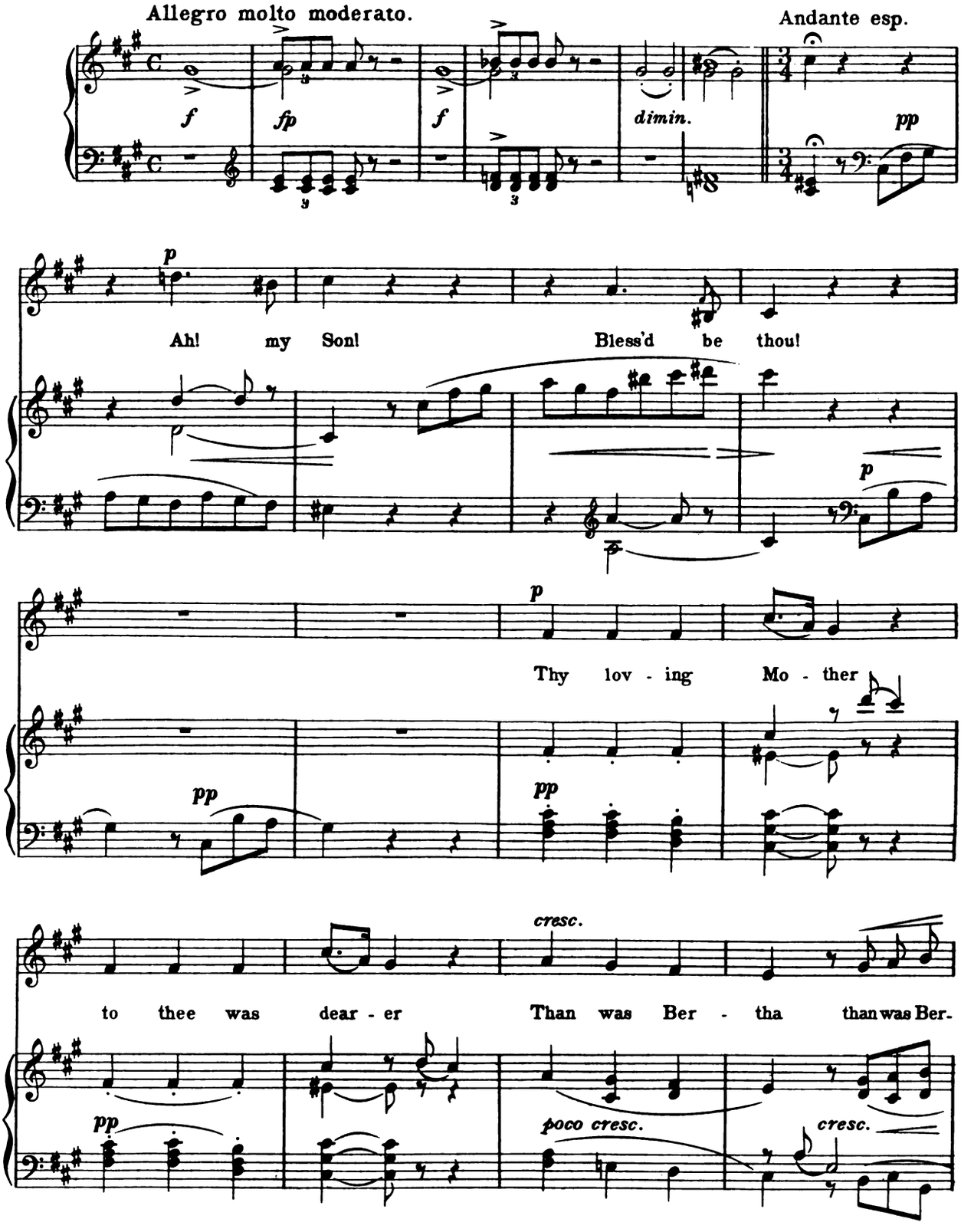

wor - - thy of so ___ much love. of so ___ much love! ___
cresc. e stacc. dim. e legato cresc. e stacc. dim. e legato
You may be-lieve me that gal - lant knight, Ne - ver was so grac'd by la - dy bright,
p cresc. p cresc.
Ne - - ver, ___ ne - ver was ___ so grac'd by la - - - dy ___
p
bright, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, ___ no, ___ no,
p

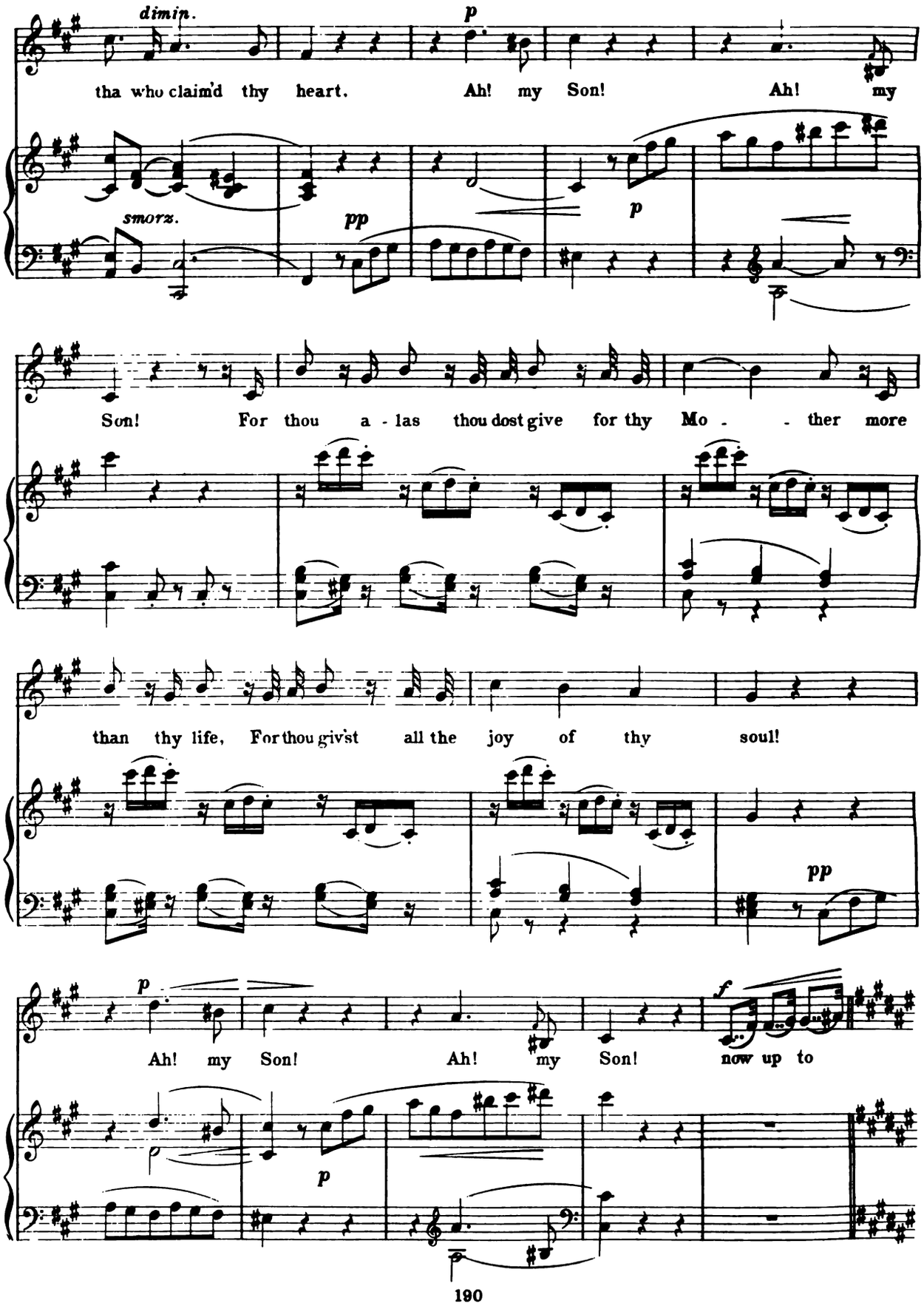

no! no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. no. no.
p
rall. poco a poco
long.
fz
no!
a tempo
Fear me not, for what I tell you,
p
No - ble Sirs, the truth will prove,
cresc.

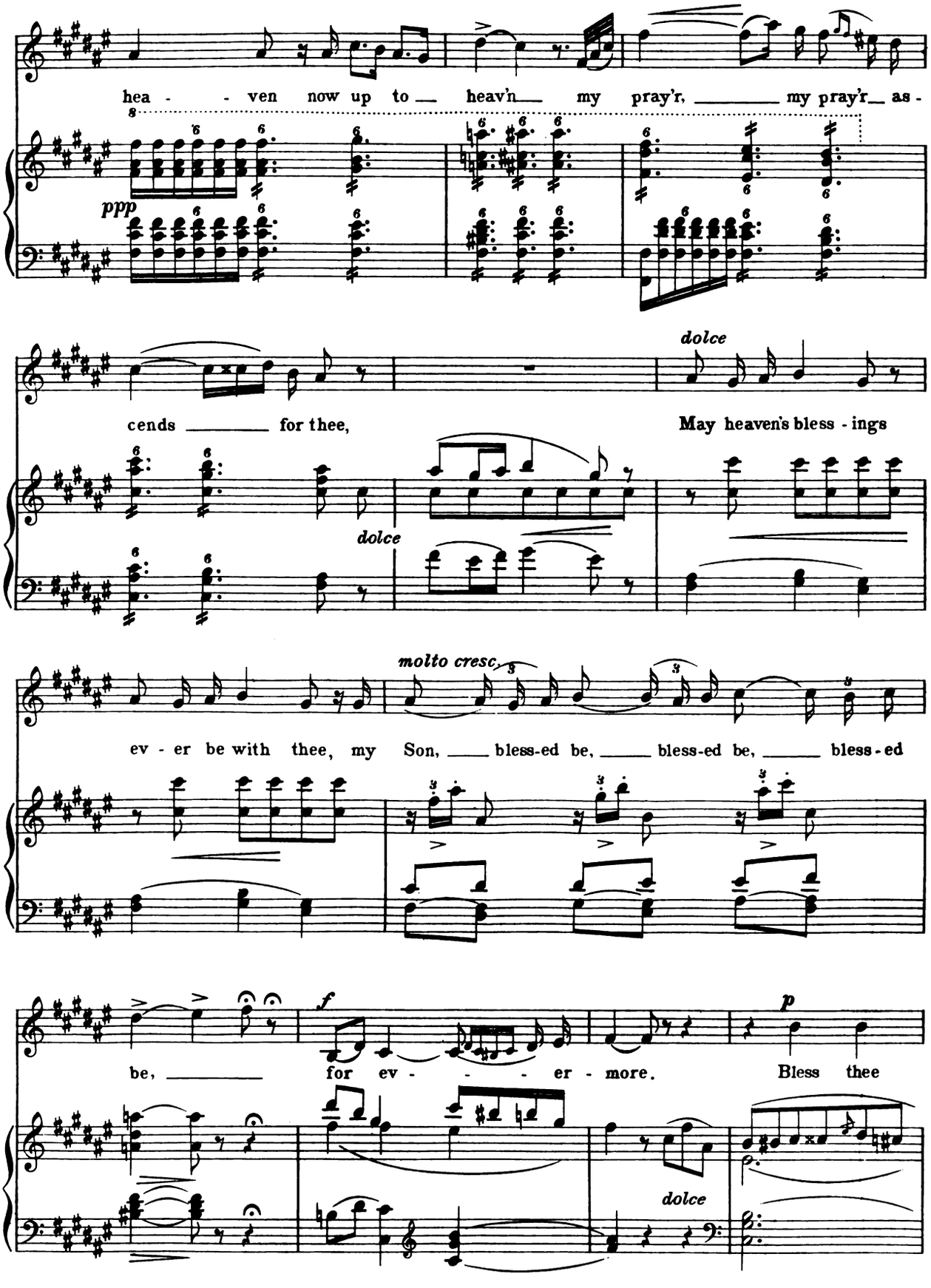

Now a-dieu and heav'n de - fend you, and heav'n de-fend you
Both in war, and in love, and in love, Now adieu, Noble Sirs Heav'n de-
fend you in your
love.
cresc.
cresc.
pp
f
p
7

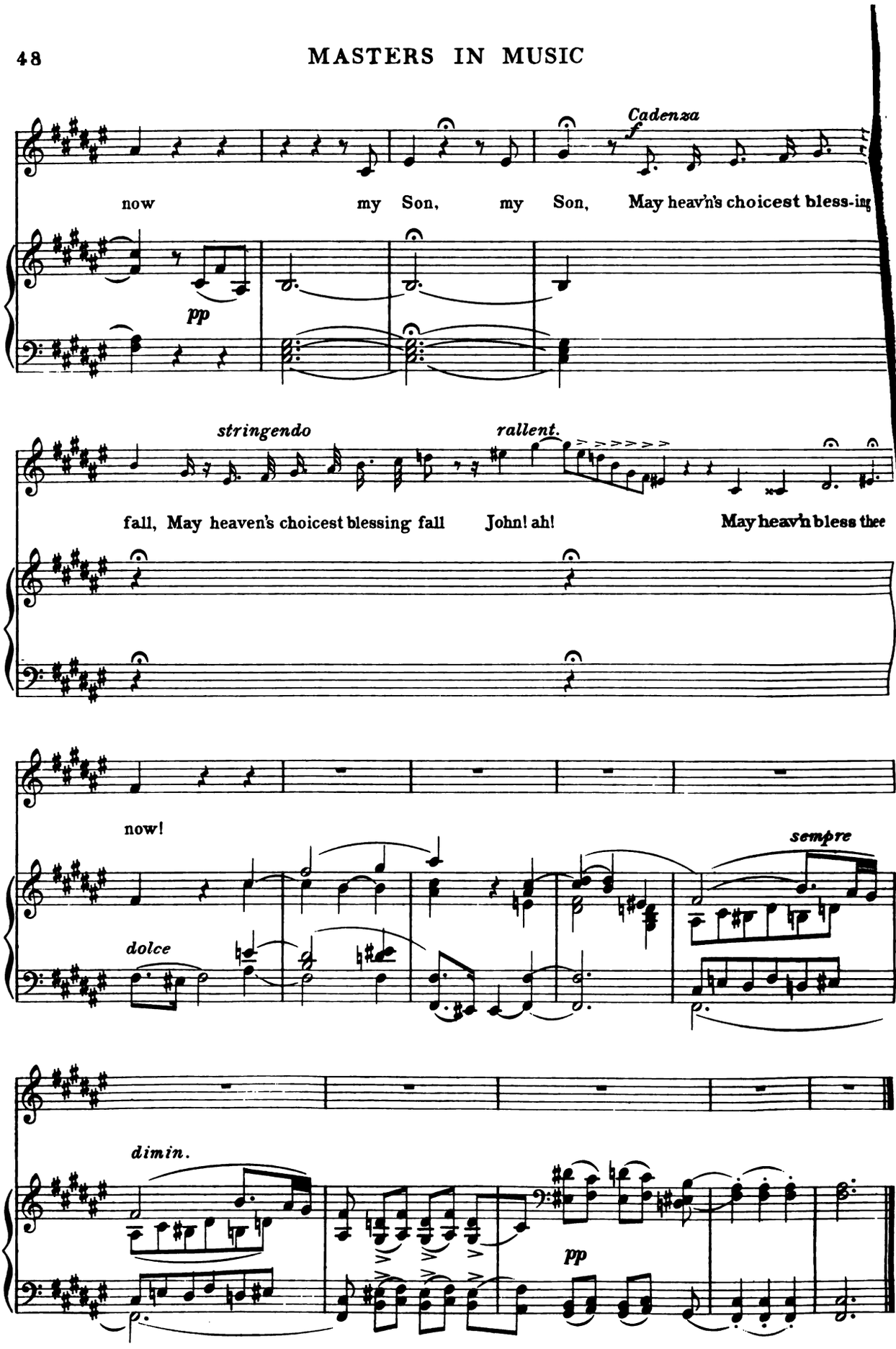
VI. "AH, MY SON"

FROM 'THE PROPHET'




dimin.
p
tha who claim'd thy heart. Ah! my Son! Ah! my
smorz.
pp
p
Son! For thou a - las thou dost give for thy Mo - - ther more
than thy life, For thou giv'st all the joy of thy soul!
pp
p
Ah! my Son! Ah! my Son! now up to
p


hea - - ven now up to heav'n my pray'r, my pray'r as -
ppp
cends for thee,
dolce
May heaven's bless - ings
dolce
molto cresc.
ev - er be with thee, my Son, bless-ed be, bless-ed be, bless - ed
be, for ev - - - er - more.
f
p
Bless thee
dolce


Cadenza
f
now my Son, my Son, May heav'n's choicest bless-ing
pp
stringendo
rallent.
fall, May heaven's choicest blessing fall John! ah! May heav'n bless thee
now!
sempre
dolce
dimin.
pp

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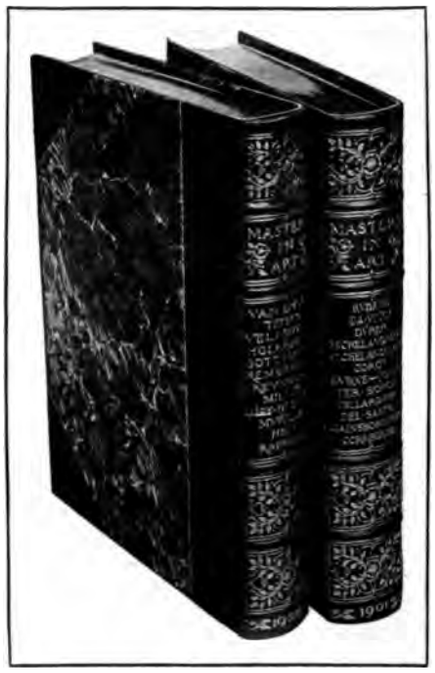

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

BRAHMS

BORN 1833: DIED 1897

JOHANNES BRAHMS

With his fine wide forehead, steady eyes, and long flowing beard, Brahms presents an appearance almost Jove-like or heroic. It is the fitting physical expression of his high mental and emotional qualities.

JOHANNES

BRAHMS

BORN 1833: DIED 1897

The selections of music in the present issue are chosen from Brahms's compositions for the Piano. Those in the next issue of MASTERS IN MUSIC, which will also have Brahms for its subject, will be taken from his Songs.

OF all the figures of modern music, brilliant and varied as they are, impressing one with the many-sidedness and wide scope of the art, there is perhaps only one, that of Johannes Brahms, which conveys the sense of satisfying poise, self-control, and sanity. Others excel him in particular qualities. Grieg is more delicate and intimate, Dvořák warmer and clearer in color; Saint-Saëns is more meteoric, Franck more recondite and subtle, and Tschaïkowsky more impassioned; but Brahms alone has Homeric simplicity, the primeval health of the well-balanced man. He excels all his contemporaries in soundness and universality. In an age when many people are uncertain of themselves and the world, victims of a pervasive unrest and disappointment, it is solacing to find so heroic and simple a soul, who finds life acceptable, meets it genially, and utters his joy and his sorrow with the old classic sincerity. He is not blighted by any of the myriad forms of egotism,—by sentimentality, by the itch to be effective at all costs, or to be "original," or to be Byronic or romantic or unfathomable. He has no "message" for an errant world; no anathema, either profoundly gloomy or insolently clever, to hurl at God. He has rather a deep and broad impersonal love of life; universal joy is the sum and substance of his expression.

It is hard to say whether the unique greatness of Brahms depends more on this emotional wholesomeness and simplicity or on the intellectual breadth and synthetic power with which it is combined. Probably the truth is that true greatness requires the interaction of the two. At any rate, Brahms is equally remarkable, whether considered as a man or as a musician, for both. In his personal character frankness, modesty, simple and homely virtue, were combined with the widest sympathy, the most far-ranging intelligence, extreme catholicity and tolerance. In music he prized equally the simplest elements, like the old German folk-songs and the Hungarian dances, and the most complex artistic forms that are evolved from them by creative genius. Like Bach and Bee-

thoven, he spanned the whole range of human interests; deep feeling fills his music with primitive expressiveness, and at the same time great intellectual power gives it the utmost scope and complexity. Lacking either trait he would not have been himself, he could not have performed his service to music.

There are many anecdotes illustrating the simple, large traits of the man. His pleasures were homely, his ambitions inward and vital. He cared little for fame, and was annoyed by the foolish adulation of the crowd. To a long and flowery speech addressed to him on the presentation of some sort of tribute he answered, with admirable brevity and utter prose, "Thank you very much." Once when a party of his friends were gathered together to sample a rare old wine, somebody pompously announced, "What Brahms is among the composers, this Rauenthaler is among the wines." "Ah," snapped out Brahms, "then let 's have a bottle of Bach now." He often remarked that one could never hope to get upon the level of such giants as Bach and Beethoven; one could only work conscientiously in one's own field. He had the disgust of shams that one expects in so sincere a lover of the genuine, and the armor of roughness and sarcasm with which he protected himself against the pretentious was formidable. When he was invited to write a new composition for the Leeds Festivals, which had always neglected his works, he answered: "Should you consider one or other of my existing works worthy the honor of a performance, it would give me great pleasure. But if this, as it appears, is not the case, how could I hope to succeed this time? If, however, the charm of novelty is a *sine quâ non*, forgive me if I admit that I neither rightly understand nor greatly sympathize with such a distinction." There was about him something shaggy, bear-like, and one can imagine the foxes and weasels scattering at his growl.

But for everything fresh and genuine Brahms had the heartiest love. He is one of the innumerable army of great men of whom biography loves to relate that they always carried candy in their pockets for the children, and a lady described in a letter how she had seen him on the hotel piazza, on all-fours, clambered over by young playmates. He was on cordial terms with waiters and servants, and told Mr. Henschel with emotion the story of a serving-maid who lost her position in order to shield a careless postman, who, being married, could not afford to lose his. Another pretty story, showing at once his modesty and his catholicity of taste, recounts how all the musical friends of the wife of Johann Strauss, the great waltz composer, were writing their names, with phrases from their works, on her fan. When it was his turn, the composer of the German Requiem wrote the opening phrase of the "Blue Danube" waltz, and underneath it the words, "Not, I regret to say, by your devoted friend, Johannes Brahms." Thus wholesome and unaffected was the character of this great man.

Outwardly, Brahms's life was uneventful. His father was a contrabass-player in the theater orchestra of Hamburg. In him his son's posi-

tiveness of character seems to have been foreshadowed, for we learn that when the conductor once directed him not to play so loud, he replied with dignity: "Herr Capellmeister, this is my contrabass, I want you to understand, and I shall play on it as loud as I please." Brahms was born at Hamburg, May 7, 1833, and from his earliest years was trained for music as a matter of course. His early acquaintance with the best works was of incalculable value to him. Mr. Hadow points out that the eclecticism and solidity of his style was doubtless largely due to the study of Bach and Beethoven that he made in youth under Marxsen. He had the advantage, too, of early practical experience. When he was only twenty he made a concert tour with Reményi, the Hungarian violinist, during which he gained much training and confidence. During this trip he performed a remarkable feat of virtuosity. Having to play the C-minor Violin Sonata of Beethoven[1] on a piano too low in pitch to suit Reményi, who disliked to tune down his violin, he transposed it up a semitone, and though playing without notes, performed it accurately and with spirit. To this feat, which aroused the admiration of Joachim, Brahms owed his acquaintance with the great violinist, and through him with Liszt and Schumann. His experience with the former, then in the height of his fame, was unfortunate, but characteristic. Brahms, who was worn out with travel, fell asleep during one of the most moving parts of Liszt's Sonata, which the great virtuoso was so condescending as to play. Though Brahms was only a boy at the time, he was evidently even then undazzled by worldly glory.

His meeting with Schumann was much more happy; indeed, it was one of the important events of his life. Probably no young composer ever received such a hearty welcome into the musical world as Schumann extended to Brahms in his famous article, "New Paths." "In sure and unfaltering accents," writes Mr. Hadow, "he proclaimed the advent of a genius in whom the spirit of the age should find its consummation and its fulfilment; a master by whose teaching the broken phrases should grow articulate, and the vague aspirations gather into form and substance. The five-and-twenty years of wandering were over; at last a leader had arisen who should direct the art into 'new paths,' and carry it a stage nearer to its appointed place." It is not surprising that Schumann, whose generous enthusiasm often led him to praise worthless work, should have received the early compositions of Brahms so cordially. Their qualities were such as to affect profoundly the great romanticist. Although the essential character of his mature works is their classical balance and restraint, these first compositions show an exuberance, a wayward fertility of invention, thoroughly romantic. His first ten opuses, or at any rate the three sonatas and the four ballades for piano, are frequently turgid in emotion, and ill-considered in form. The massive vigor of his later work here appears in the guise of a cyclopean

[1]This story has generally been told as relating to the Kreutzer Sonata; but Kalbeck, in his Life of Brahms, asserts that the work played was the C-minor Sonata.— EDITOR

violence. It is small wonder that Schumann, dazzled, delighted, overwhelmed, gave his ardent support to the young man. Brahms now found himself suddenly famous. He was discussed everywhere, his pieces were readily accepted by publishers, and his new compositions were awaited with interest.

But fortunate as all this was for Brahms, it might easily, but for his own good sense and self-control, have turned out the most unfortunate thing that could happen to him. For consider his position. He was a brilliant young composer who had been publicly proclaimed by one of the highest musical authorities. He was expected to go on producing works; he was almost under obligation to justify his impressive introduction. Not to do so would be much worse than to remain a nonentity; it would be to become one. And he had meanwhile every internal reason for meeting people's demands; he was full of ideas, conscious of power, under inward as well as outward compulsion to express himself. Yet for all that, he was in reality immature, unformed, and callow. His work, for all its brilliancy, was whimsical and subjective. If he had followed out the path he was on, as any contemporary observer would have expected, he would have become one of the most radical of romanticists. At thirty he would have been a bright star in the musical firmament; at forty he would have been one of several bright stars; at fifty he would have been clever and disappointed. It required rare insight in so young a man, suddenly successful, to realize the danger; rare courage to avert it. When we consider the temptation it must have been to him to continue these easy triumphs, when we imagine the inward enthusiasm of creation with which he must have been on fire, we are ready to appreciate the next event of the drama.

That event was withdrawal from the musical world and the initiation of a long course of the severest study. About the middle of 1854 Brahms accepted the post of music-director to the Prince of Lippe-Detmold, a position not requiring much of his working-time, and enabling him to earn his livelihood without too much anxiety, and to pursue his own studies. In other words, when he was a little over twenty-one Brahms imposed upon himself a new period of arduous training, and commanded himself to forego for a while the eloquent but ill-controlled expression hitherto his, in order to acquire a broader, firmer, purer, and stronger style. For four or five years, to borrow Stevenson's expression, he "played the sedulous ape" to Bach and Beethoven, and in a minor degree to Haydn and Mozart. The complex harmonies of his first period gave place to simple, strong successions of triads; for an emotional and often vague type of melody he substituted clearly crystallized, fluent, and gracious phrases, frequently devoid of any particular expression; the whimsical rhythms of the piano sonatas were followed by the square-cut sections of the Serenade, opus 11. Of course the immediate effect of all this was a great sacrifice of what is called originality; had Brahms not had complete faith in the vitality of his genius he could not have surrendered so much of immediate attainment for the sake of an ultimately

greater mastery. It is a profound lesson in the ethics of art that a man who could write the fourth of the Ballades, opus 10, should have been willing to follow it up with this Serenade, opus 11. Yet Brahms knew what he was about, and his first large work, the Piano Concerto, opus 15, shows his individuality of expression entirely regained, and now with immensely increased power and resource.

Nothing could exhibit better than this dissatisfaction with his early work, and withdrawal from the world for study, that intellectual breadth which we have noted as characteristic of Brahms. He was not a man who could be content with a narrow personal expression. No subjective heaven could satisfy him. His wide human sympathy and his passion for artistic perfection alike compelled him to study unremittingly, to widen his ideals as his powers increased. No fate could seem to him so horrible as that "setting" of the mind which is the æsthetic analogue of selfishness. Originality, which so often degenerates into idiosyncrasy, was much less an object to him than universality, which is after all the best means of being serviceably original. Dr. Deiters, in his reminiscences, after describing this period of study, continues: "Henceforth we find him striving after moderation, endeavoring to place himself more in touch with the public, and to conquer all subjectiveness. To arrive at perspicuity and precision of invention, clear design and form, careful elaboration and accurate balancing of effect, now became with him essential and established principles."

From this time until the end of his life, in fact, a period of only a little less than forty years—he died in 1897—Brahms never departed from the modes of work and the ideals of attainment he had now set himself.[1] He labored indefatigably, but with no haste or impatience. He was too painstaking and conscientious a workman to botch his products by hurrying them. He thus described to his friend Mr. Henschel his method of composing: "There is no real *creating* without hard work. That which you would call invention, that is to say, a thought, is simply an inspiration from above, for which I am not responsible, which is no merit of mine. Yes, it is a present, a gift, which I ought even to despise until I have made it my own by right of hard work. And there need be no hurry about that either. It is as with the seed-corn: it germinates unconsciously and in spite of ourselves. When I, for instance, have found the first phrase of a song, I might shut the book there and then, go for a walk, do some other work, and perhaps not think of it again for months. Nothing, however, is lost. If afterward I approach the subject again, it is sure to have taken shape; I can now really begin to work at it." Another inkling of the severity of his standard we have in a remark he made after pointing out certain imperfections in a song of Mr. Henschel's. "Whether it is beautiful also," he said, "is an entirely different matter; but perfect it must be." With such a standard, we need not be surprised

[1] Brahms remained in the service of the Prince of Lippe-Detmold only five years. In 1859 he returned to his native Hamburg for a while; then followed two years in a small Swiss town, Winterthur; and in November, 1862, he established himself permanently in Vienna.

that he imposed so severe a training upon himself at twenty-one, or that he continued all his life the practice of writing each day a contrapuntal exercise, or that he wrought for ten years over his first symphony, that Titanic work. Thus laboring always with the same calm persistence, returning upon his ideas until he could present them with perfect clarity, caring little for the indifference or the applause of the public, but much for the approval of his own fastidious taste, he produced year by year an astonishing series of masterpieces. No one has better described the kind of work that made Brahms great than Matthew Arnold in those lines about labor

> "which in lasting fruit outgrows
> Far noisier schemes; accomplished in repose;
> Too great for haste, too high for rivalry."

One of the speakers at Brahms's funeral said: "There have been great artists who were small men in character; but Brahms was great and noble both as a man and as an artist. All was harmony in that life. He never strove by flippant tunes to win rapidly fading wreaths of popular favor. He who will gather palms must be content to wait; the lofty and truly beautiful is sure of victory in the end. When a few weeks ago his noble countenance appeared for the last time on the scene of his many triumphs, and when the enthusiasm of a grateful multitude again and again cheered the master already marked for death, he may have felt the joy of one entering a laurel grove of lasting rest and peace. Not that he had ever been greedily anxious for fame and applause; but he felt a man's noblest pride—to be understood by the intelligent. We may esteem him happy in this farewell.

"Besides his art, three things filled his heart with strong affection. First, his German Luther Bible, from which he drew, as from a perennial fountain and as a true Protestant, life and art. Secondly, he was a lover of children, and of their childish minds; to please children, rich or poor, was to him the purest of delights. Thirdly, his heart beat for the poor; wherever he could assist silent sufferers—the earnest but unsuccessful student, the dying, the helpless—he proved himself a ready benefactor."

Brahms's personal appearance is described by his friend Mr. Henschel as follows:

"He was broad-chested, of rather short stature, with a tendency to stoutness. The healthy and rather ruddy color of his skin indicated a love of nature and a habit of being in the open air in all kinds of weather; his thick hair fell nearly down to his shoulders. His clothes and boots were not exactly of the latest pattern, nor did they fit particularly well, but his linen was spotless. What, however, struck me most was the kindliness of his eyes. They were of a light blue, wonderfully keen and bright, with now and then a roguish twinkle in them, and yet sometimes of almost childlike tenderness."—EXPANDED FROM THE EDITOR'S SKETCH OF BRAHMS IN 'FROM GRIEG TO BRAHMS'

THE ART OF BRAHMS

Robert Schumann *'The New Journal of Music,' October 28, 1853*

TEN years have passed away since I have allowed myself to commit my opinions to this soil, so rich in memories. Often, in spite of an overstrained productive activity, I have felt moved to do so; many new and remarkable talents have made their appearance, and a fresh musical power seemed about to reveal itself among the many aspiring artists of the day. I thought to follow with interest the pathways of these elect; there would —there must—after such promise, suddenly appear one who should utter the highest ideal expression of the times, who should claim the mastership by no gradual development, but burst upon us fully equipped, as Minerva sprang from the brain of Jupiter.

And he has come, this chosen youth, over whose cradle the Graces and the Heroes seem to have kept watch. His name is Johannes Brahms; he comes from Hamburg, where he has been working in quiet obscurity, instructed by an excellent, enthusiastic teacher in the most difficult principles of his art. . . .

May the Highest Genius help him onward! Meanwhile another genius —that of modesty—seems to dwell within him. His comrades greet him at his first step in the world, where wounds may perhaps await him, but also the bay and the laurel.

James Huneker *'Mezzotints in Modern Music'*

THE death of Johannes Brahms in 1897 removed from the sparsely settled land of music the last of the immortals; the one whom Bülow justly ranked with Bach and Beethoven; the one upon whom Schumann lavished both praise and prophecy. Not by any wrench of the imagination can we conjure the name of Antonin Dvořák, despite his delightful gift of saying naïve and Slavic things; not by any excess of sentiment can we dower Italy's grand old man Verdi with the title, nor yet France's favorite son, Saint-Saëns; not any one nor all of these three varying talents can be compared to the great, virile man who died in Vienna, the city of his preference but not of his birth.

When the printed list of Brahms's achievements in song, sonata, symphony, and choral works of vast proportions is placed before you, amazement at the slow, patient, extraordinary fertility and versatility of the man seizes upon you. For half a century he pursued the beautiful in its most elusive and difficult form; pursued it when the fashions of the hour, day, and year mocked at such wholesale, undeviating devotion, when form was called old-fashioned, sobriety voted dull, and the foot-

lights had invaded music's realm, and menaced it in its very stronghold —the symphony.

When a complete life of Brahms is written, this trait of fidelity, this marvelous spiritual obstinacy of the man, will be lovingly dealt with. There seems to be a notion abroad that because Brahms refused to challenge current tendencies in art and literature he held himself aloof, was remote from humanity, and not a bard chanting its full-blooded wants and woes with full throat. Nothing could be wider of the truth. Brahms's music throbs with humanity, with the rich red blood of mankind. He was the greatest contrapuntist after Bach, the greatest architectonist after Beethoven, but in his songs he was as simple, as manly, as tender as Robert Burns. His topmost peaks are tremendously remote, and glitter and gleam in an atmosphere almost too thin for dwellers of the plains; but how intimate, how full of charm, of graciousness, are the happy moments in his chamber-music!

It is not rashly premature for us to assign Brahms a place among the immortals. Coming after the last of the most belated romanticists, untouched by the fever for the theater, a realist with great imagination, both a classicist and a romanticist, he led music back into her proper channels by showing that a phenomenal sense of form and a mastery of polyphony second only to that of Bach are not incompatible with progress, with the faculty of uttering new things in a new way.

Brahms was a living reproach to the haste of a superficial generation. Whatever he wrought he wrought in bronze and for time, not for the hour. He was the greatest symphonist in the constructive sense since Beethoven. Not so great a colorist as Schumann or Berlioz, he was the greatest master of pure line that ever lived. . . .

Wagner and Brahms are the very antipodes of art; and let it be said must forcibly that art contains easily without violence the music of two such great artists, although some critics differ from me in this. Wagner was a great fresco painter, handling his brush with furious energy, magnificence, and dramatic intensity. Besides his vast, his tremendous scenery, the music of Brahms is all brown, all gray, all darkness, and often small. It is not imposing in the operatic sense, and it reaches results in a vast, slow, even cold-blooded manner, compared with the reckless haste of Richard of the Footlights. One is all showy externalization, a seeker after immediate and sensuous effects; the other, one of those reserved, self-contained men who feels deeply and watches and waits. In a word, Wagner is a composer for the theater, with all that the theater implies, and sought to divert—and nearly succeeded—the tide of music into theatrical channels. . . .

The inner, the spiritual ear is longer enamored of the harmonies of a Brahms or a Bach than of the sonorous splendors of Wagner or Verdi. It is the still, small voice discerned in a Brahms adagio or a Chopin prelude that abides by us and consoles when the music of the theater seems superficial and garish. The light that beats about Brahms's throne is a

trifle dry at times, but it is at least white; and the time comes to all when the chromatic ceases to make thrall, and line, not color, seems the more beautiful.

W. H. Hadow *'Studies in Modern Music'*

AFTER Beethoven came the Romantic school, the historical importance of which can roughly be epitomized under two heads. First, it widened the range of emotional expression, and so affected music from the standpoint of the idea. Secondly, it returned to Bach, and adapted his polyphonic system to the requirements of the new musical language. But as its artistic strength was its reverence for Bach, so its artistic weakness was its neglect of Beethoven. On the polyphonic side it maintained the old traditions, and even, in some respects, advanced upon them, since the more "romantic" the idea to be expressed, the more difficult is pure polyphony in its expression. But, on the structural side, it was distinctly retrograde, and either confined itself to the smaller and more rudimentary forms, or, when it attempted those of a larger scope, treated them with something of negligence and preoccupation.

What, then, is required to sum up the tendencies of the present age, and to bring music to a new landmark in its history? Surely a composer who, while he maintains and develops the harmonic traditions of the Romantic school, shall even more devote himself to the restoration and evolution of musical structure; who shall take up the classical form where Beethoven left it; who shall aid to free it from the conventions which that greatest of all masters did not wholly succeed in loosening; who shall carry it to a further stage and raise it to a fuller organization. And such a composer has appeared. So far as concerns the technical problem of composition—and it must be remembered that this is at present the only topic under discussion—the work of Brahms is the actual crown and climax of our present musical art. He is in exact and literal truth "der der kommen musste,"[1] the man for whom music has been waiting. In him converge all previous streams of tendency, not as into a pool, stagnant, passive, and motionless, but as into a noble river that receives its tributary waters and bears them onward in larger and statelier volume.

Are we to say, then, that Brahms is a more consummate master of his medium than Bach or Beethoven? By no means; but, in consequence of their work, his medium is more plastic than theirs. For certain historical reasons, with which the question of personal capacity has nothing to do, the key system of Bach is rudimentary beside that of Beethoven, and the polyphony of Beethoven less perfect, perhaps, than that of Bach. To Brahms we may apply Dryden's famous epigram, in which the force of nature "to make a third has joined the other two." By his education

[1] "He who must come"— a quotation from a letter of Schumann about Brahms.— EDITOR

he learned to assimilate their separate methods; by his position, in the later days of romance, he found a new emotional language in established use; by his own genius he has made the forms wider and more flexible, and has shown once more that they are not artificial devices, but the organic embodiment of artistic life.

Hans von Bülow *'Ausgewählte Schriften'*

Of Bach we must always think that when he wrote music for the piano his imagination was swayed by the organ. With Beethoven it was the orchestra. With Brahms it was both.

Oscar Bie *'A History of the Pianoforte and Pianoforte Players'*

BRAHMS worked in the world of tone with no trace of virtuosity, with not a suspicion of a concession to the understanding of the mere amateur. There has been no music written, in our time, so free from the slightest condescension. Stubborn, at times repellent, even in her smiles not very gracious, this music seeks to make no proselytes; but whomsoever she claims as a friend she holds fast, and allows that rarest of pleasures, the pursuit of lofty aims, and the quiet rapture of a student.

The Editor *Critical Summary*

BRAHMS was fitted for the great artistic service it was his to perform by two complementary aspects of his singularly well-balanced nature. His deep and simple human feeling, which put him in sympathy with the aims of the romanticists and enabled him to grasp their meaning, would not have sufficed alone; but fortunately it was associated with an almost unprecedented scope of intellect and power of synthesis. Brahms's assimilative faculty was enormous. Like a fine tree that draws the materials of its beauty through a thousand roots that reach into distant pockets of earth, he gathered the materials of his perfectly unified and transparent style from all sorts of forgotten nooks and crannies of medieval music. Spitta remarks his use of the old Dorian and Phrygian modes; of complex rhythms that had long fallen into disuse; of those means of thematic development, such as augmentation and diminution, which flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; of "the *basso ostinato*, with the styles pertaining to it—the Passacaglia and the Ciaconna;" and of the old style of variations, in which the bass rather than the melody is the feature retained. "No musician," Spitta concludes, "was more well read in his art or more constantly disposed to appropriate all that was new, especially all newly discovered treasures of the past. His passion for learning wandered, indeed, into every field, and resulted in a rich and

most original culture of mind; for his knowledge was not mere acquirement, but became a living and fruitful thing."

The vitality of his relation with the past is nowhere more strikingly shown than in his indebtedness to the two greatest masters of pure music, Bach and Beethoven. He has gathered up the threads of their dissimilar styles and knitted them into one solid fabric. The great glory of Bach, as is well known, was his wonderful polyphony. In his work every voice is a melody, everything sings, there is no dead wood, no flaccid filling. Beethoven, on the other hand, turning to new problems, to problems of structure which demanded a new sort of control of key-relationship and the thematic development of single "subjects" or tunes, necessarily paid less attention to the subordinate voices. His style is homophonic, or one-voiced, rather than polyphonic. The interest centers in one melody and its evolutions, while the others fall into the subordinate position of accompaniment. But Brahms, retaining and extending the complexity of structure, the architectural variety and solidity, that was Beethoven's great achievement, has succeeded in giving new melodic life also to the inner parts, so that the significance and interest of the whole web remind one of Bach. His skill as a contrapuntist is as notable as his command of structure. Thanks to his wonderful power of assimilating methods, of adapting them to the needs of his own expression, so that he remains personal and genuine while becoming universal in scope, he is the true heir and comrade of Bach and Beethoven.

It was, perhaps, inevitable that in his great work of synthesis and formulation he should sometimes be led into dry formalism. One who concerns himself so indefatigably with the technic of construction naturally comes to take a keen joy in the exercise of his skill; and this may easily result, when thought halts, in the fabrication of ingenuities and Chinese puzzles. Some pages of Brahms consist of infinitely dexterous manipulations of meaningless phrases. And though one must guard against assuming that he is dry whenever one does not readily follow him, it certainly must be confessed that sometimes he seems to write merely for the sake of writing. This occasional over-intellectualism, moreover, is unfortunately aggravated by a lack of feeling for the purely sensuous side of music, for clear, rich tone-combination, to which Brahms must plead guilty. His orchestra is often muddy and hoarse; his piano style often shows neglect of the necessities of sonority and clearness. There is danger of exaggerating the importance of such facts, however. Austere and somber as Brahms's scoring generally is, it may be held that so it should be to be in keeping with the musical conception. And if his piano style is novel, it is not really unidiomatic or without its own peculiar effects.

However extreme we may consider the weakness of sensuous perception, which on the whole cannot be denied in Brahms, it is the only serious flaw in a man equally great on the emotional and the intellectual sides. Very remarkable is the richness and at the same time the balance of

Brahms's nature. He recognized early in life that feelings were valuable, not for their mere poignancy, but by their effect on the central spirit; and he labored incessantly to express them with eloquence and yet with control. It is only little men who estimate an emotion by its intensity, and who try to express everything, the hysterical as well as the deliberate, the trivial and mischievous as well as the weighty and the inspiring. They imagine that success in art depends on the number of things they say; that to voice a temperament is to build a character. But great men, though they reject no sincere human feeling, care more to give the right impression than to be exhaustive; and the greatest feel instinctively that the last word of their art must be constructive, positive, upbuilding. Thoreau remarks that the singer can easily move us to tears or laughter, but asks, "Where is he who can communicate a pure morning joy?" It is Brahms's unique greatness among modern composers that he was able to infuse his music, in which all personal passion is made accessory to beauty, with this "pure morning joy." His aim in writing is something more than to chronicle subjective feelings, however various or intense. And that is why we have to consider him the greatest composer of his time, even though in particular departments he must take a place second to others. Steadily avoiding all fragmentary, wayward, and distortive expression, using always his consummate mastery of his medium and his synthetic power of thought to subserve a large and universal utterance, he points the way for a healthy and fruitful development of music in the future.

THE WORKS OF BRAHMS

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

THE following selections are all chosen from Brahms's works for the piano, not because his orchestral and chamber works are not equally characteristic of him, but because it seems better to do one thing with a fair approach to thoroughness than, by attempting more than a limited space will permit, to do several things lamely and superficially. Brahms's noble orchestral works and beautiful chamber compositions (which have been said by some critics to constitute his best claim to immortality) could not be adequately represented here. But it is possible to give a typical assortment of his pieces for piano; and it is the Editor's hope that those who are charmed by Brahms in this his intimate mood will go on to make for themselves acquaintance with his larger works. The next Part of MASTERS IN MUSIC will be devoted to his Songs.

I. Andante *From the Sonata for Piano, Opus 1*

THE fine piano sonata, opus 1, is one of the compositions which the young Brahms took to Schumann in 1853. This Andante, the second movement, is an example of Brahms's practice of conceiving melodies to stanzas of old German folk-songs that had struck his imagination. He told one of his friends that many of the themes of his early works were suggested in this way. In the present instance he has written underneath the first stanza of the melody the following lines from an old "Minnelied," or minstrel's song:

„Verstohlen geht der Mond auf,
Blau, blau, blümelein;
Durch Silberwölkchen führt sein Lauf;
Blau, blau, blümelein.
Rosen im Thal,
Mädel im Saal,
O schönste Rosa!"

A literal translation of this quaint old stanza would read as follows:

"The moon silently rises,
(Blue, blue little flowers);
Through silver cloudlets takes her course,
(Blue, blue little flowers).
Roses in the valley,
Maidens in the hall,
O beautiful Rosa!"

The very simple and beautiful theme is given out as if by a solo singer, answered in the refrains by a chorus. Then follow three variations of it and a short coda.

The first variation is little but a repetition, with the addition of a more agitated rhythm. In the second variation, entering at page 18, the fourth measure, the melody is given at first to the bass, while the upper voice takes a graceful running counter-melody, which must be subordinated by the player. Note the charming effect of the ornamental, cadenza-like chords, pianissimo, at page 19, the second system. The bass part again gives out the opening strains of the theme in the third variation, but now in the major key, while the treble has a new melody. The coda, a model of pure, austere part-writing, is built on a sequence on the first five tones of the theme.

This Andante, written so early, already shows unmistakably enough Brahms's tendency to use the most abstruse technical devices in the service of the simplest and most poetic musical conceptions.

II. Ballade: 'Edward, Edward' *Opus 10, No. 1*

THE four Ballades, opus 10, were the last of the works of Brahms's earliest period. The first was inspired by the well-known Scottish ballad, 'Edward, Edward,' known to Brahms through Herder's 'Stimmen der Völker.' The first stanza of Herder's version runs as follows:

„Dein Schwert, wie ist's von Blut so roth?
Edward, Edward!
Dein Schwert, wie ist's von Blut so roth,
Und gehst so traurig her? — O!"
„O ich hab' geschlagen meinem Geyer todt,
Mutter, Mutter!
O ich hab' geschlagen meinem Geyer todt,
Und keinen hab' ich wie Er — O!"

The corresponding stanza in the original Scottish ballad, which Herder found in Percy's 'Reliques,' runs:

"Why dois your brand [i.e. sword] sae drap wi bluid,
Edward, Edward?
Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
And why sae sad gang yee O?"
"O I hae killed my hawk sae guid,
Mither, mither!
O I hae killed my hawk sae guid,
And I had nae mair bot hee O."

It will be noted that Brahms does not literally follow the entire stanza, but simply reproduces the mother's question in his first phrase, and the son's reply in the phrase marked "Poco più moto." In the remaining six stanzas of the poem it transpires that Edward, at his mother's prompting, has murdered his father; and at the end he curses the mother for her evil counsels. The ballad is given in full in Child's 'English and Scottish Popular Ballads' (Vol. I., p. 169).

Brahms's music begins with a stern, almost repellent, yet wonderfully mysterious and seizing theme in D-minor. This is worked up, in character, for the first page. An interesting technical point is the inversion of the subject of the first passage marked "Poco più moto" in that of the second one similarly marked. So natural are both melodies that one might play the piece many times without noticing their connection by this usually pedantic device of inversion. Now follows a more agitated passage in D-major, upon a melody derived from the second "Poco più moto." The insistent triplet rhythm is strangely exciting, and finally reaches a climax at the very acme of which returns the first "Poco più moto" subject. A long and solemn "decrescendo" leads back to a restatement of the initial theme, and the whole comes to an end in sober gray harmonies. Hans von Bülow said of this ballad: "A wonderful, gloomy poem in tones. 'Sostenuto,' called for by Brahms, frequently means 'ritardando.' Begin the Allegro with 'una corda' [i.e., holding both pedals], thereby making the climax especially powerful."

III. Ballade — *Opus 10, No. 2*

"THE Ballade in D," says Mr. James Huneker in his 'Mezzotints in Modern Music,' "is almost popular, and is very lovely and original. The theme, so gentle, so winning, so heartfelt, is sung in octaves, and although the intervals are not favorable for a legato, yet a perfect legato is demanded. . . . The second theme, in B-minor, is in strong contrast rhythmically, in content being stern and imperious. I confess the 'molto staccato

leggiero' is a bit of Brahms that always puzzles me. I find analogies in Beethoven, in those mysterious pianissimi in his symphonies and concertos where the soul is almost freed from the earthly vesture and for a moment hovers about in the twilight of uncertain tonalities and rhythms. The awe, the awful mystery, of the life in us, the life about us, is felt by Beethoven and Brahms and marvellously expressed by them. . . . In the D-major Ballade the return to the first idea, and in the luscious key of B, is charming, and the piece ends in soft æolian harmonies. This ballade is a masterpiece in miniature."

Besides these points to which Mr. Huneker calls attention, there are several other especially interesting passages. The melody at the very beginning is suggestive of chimes, and this suggestion is even more definite in the fifth and sixth measures, where there is a certain clashing or momentary opposition of different harmonies which reminds one of the clangor of bells. The Allegro non troppo is to be taken twice as fast as the Andante; that is, a half-note in the Allegro is equal in duration to a quarter-note in the Andante. The ten measures preceding the return of the original theme, in the key of B-major, deserve special study by the pianist. The right hand holds somber, sostenuto chords, against which the left hand, in a mordant staccato, etches, as it were, fragments of the motif of the Allegro. Care should be exerted not to confuse this by the pedal.

Throughout the ballade a wide hand-reach, firm legato, and judicious pedal are required.

IV. Capriccio — *Opus 76, No. 2*

THE piano pieces, opus 76, were written in 1879, when Brahms was much more mature than in the days of his friendship with Schumann, and when his style had already attained the balance, breadth, lucidity, and tranquillity so characteristic of the mature man. There is in them, accordingly, much less "storm and stress" than in the youthful works, much more pure artistry and impersonal beauty.

The Capriccio, number 2, for all its dainty lightness, is a highly finished and perfect work of art. The theme is captivating, with its incessant staccato, strong accents, and clear but always interesting harmony. The first two pages should be played in very even tempo, with a sort of level regularity, and but a modicum of ritardando. With the marking "più tranquillo" enters a more lyrical and persuasive melody, worked up with all the wide scope and geniality of Brahms's later work. Especially piquant is the variation of the original theme which enters at page 37, all in staccato chords. After twelve measures comes another equally fascinating variation, in which the melody is distributed through three octaves; and after this a graceful coda, with a singing inner voice which should be carefully brought out by the thumb of the right hand, brings the piece to a quiet end.

V. Intermezzo *Opus 76, No. 3*

HERE is one of Brahms's most intimate and lovely pages. A tender, haunting melody, opaline harmony, further veiled by much impressionism in the use of notes foreign to the chords, and a generous pedal—all in soft monotone—"a dim, religious light." The impressionism is especially noticeable in the curious passage beginning with the eleventh measure. None of the individual tones should be heard distinctly; the touch should be entirely undynamic—fingers held close to the keyboard, and pressing, not striking, the keys—and the entire tone-mass made tremulous and liquid by means of the pedal. Brahms's self-restraint, too, is illustrated here. How many composers would have withheld a fortissimo, or at least a forte, in the fourth measure of this passage, where the melody rises to the high C? But Brahms writes "pianissimo," and the result is infinitely more compelling than a vulgar loudness would have been.

Mr. Huneker writes, perceptively and suggestively, of this intermezzo:

"A few pianists play this tender wreath of moonbeams and love, but either too slow or too fast. It exhales an odor of purity, of peace, that is not quite untroubled, and nothing sweeter can be imagined than the dolce on the first page that follows a ritenuto and introduces a break in the melody."

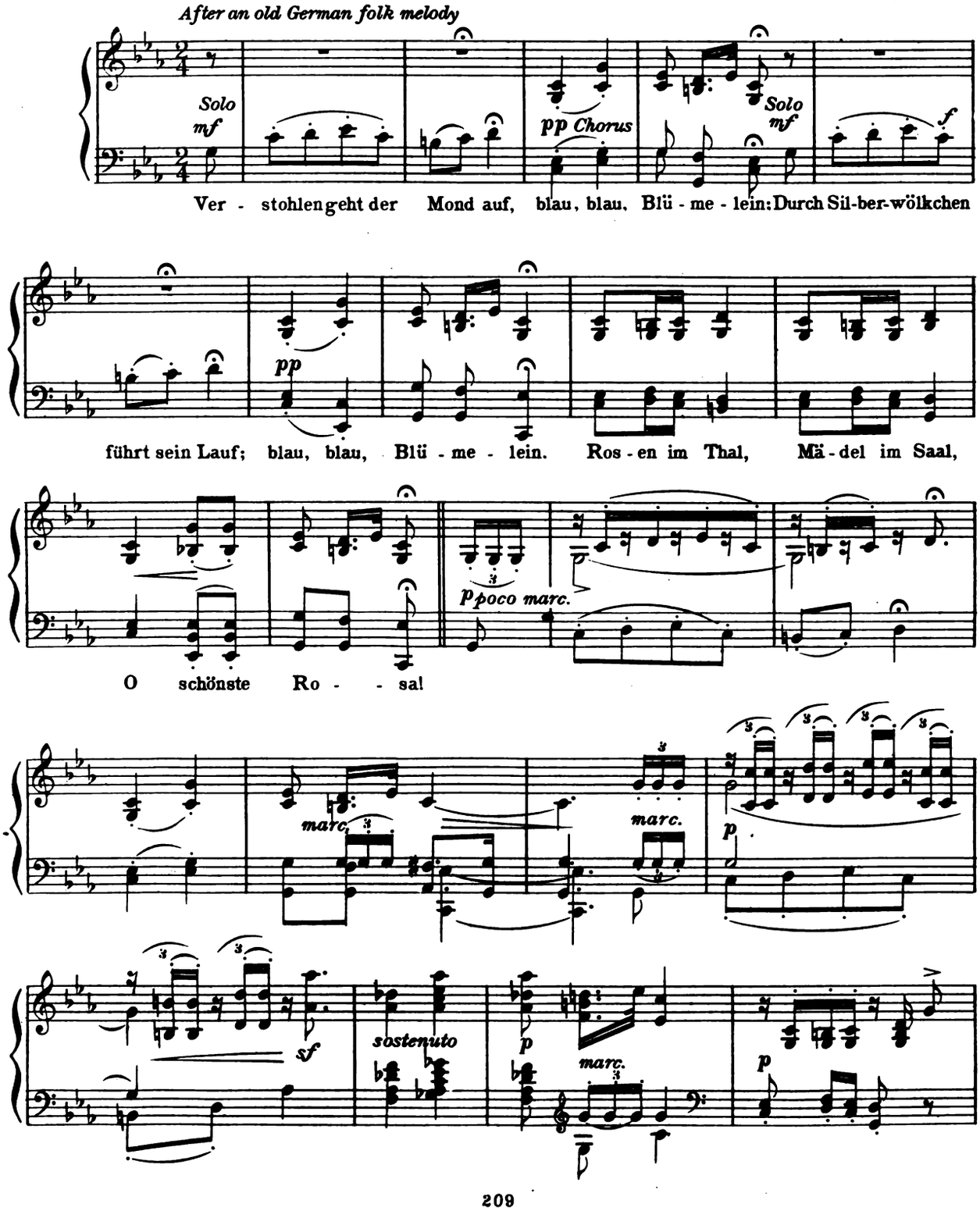
VI. Rhapsodie *Opus 79, No. 2*

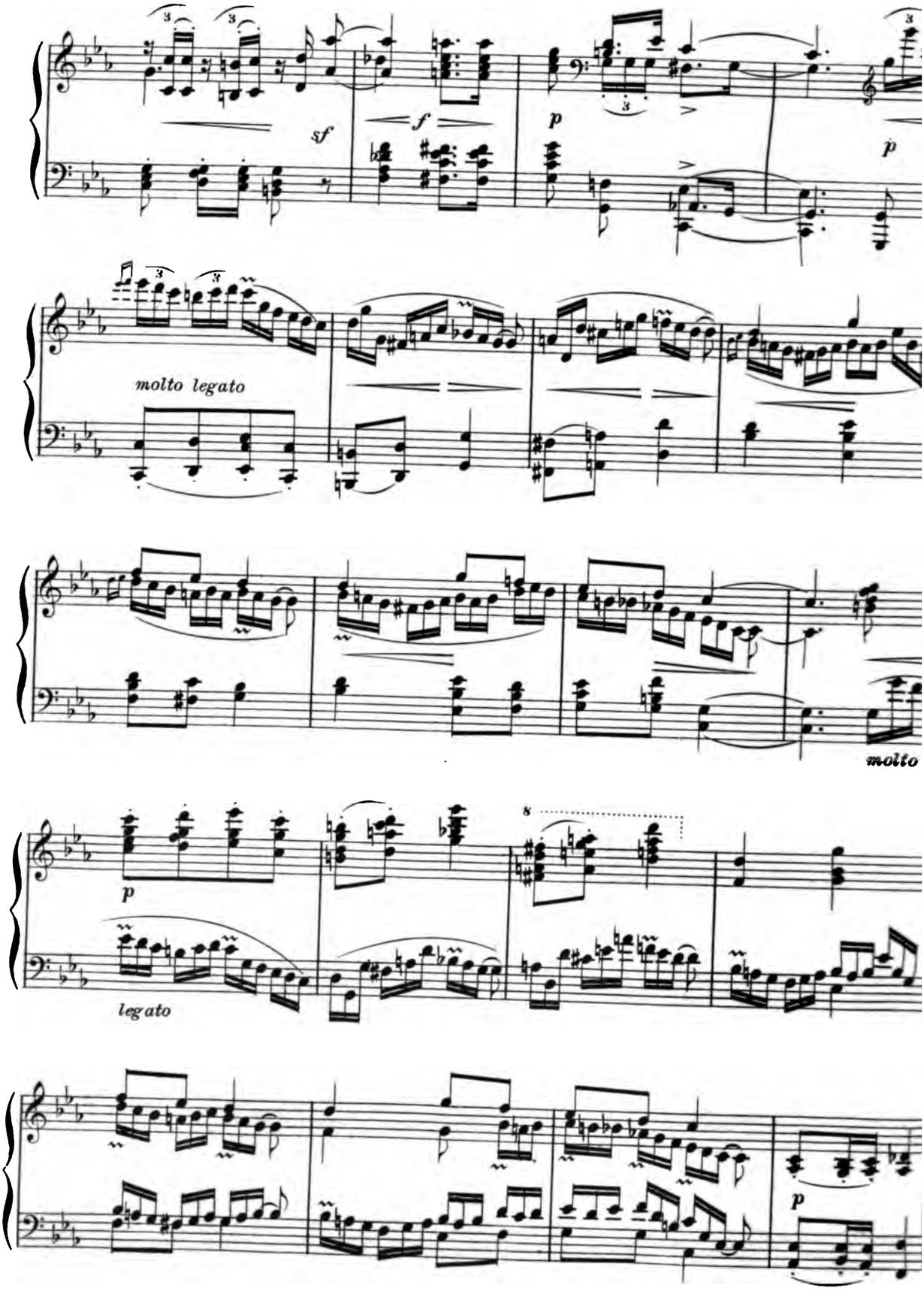
IF the preceding Intermezzo is a lyrical poem in tones, the two great Rhapsodies, opus 79, are grand epics or pæans. What vigor, what nervous energy, what large outlines and nobility of conception, we find here! The second Rhapsodie, in G-minor, marked "molto passionato," begins with one of those onslaughts that, under the powerful hands of Brahms, must have made the whole piano ring and vibrate. Soon, however, with the melody in octaves, which requires a perfect legato, comes a quieter mood; and this in turn leads into one of those long piano passages which recalls the spacious canvases of Beethoven. (This sort of effect, however, is even better illustrated by the wide expanse of pianissimo, dim and almost featureless, beginning at page 45. The reserve force of this, with its inexorable deliberateness and gradual rise to fortissimo, is fairly overpowering.) The final presentation of the theme leads into a long and slowly retarding murmur, all on the tonic chord, and finally coming to rest, pianissimo; after which two crashing chords, dominant and tonic, end the piece.

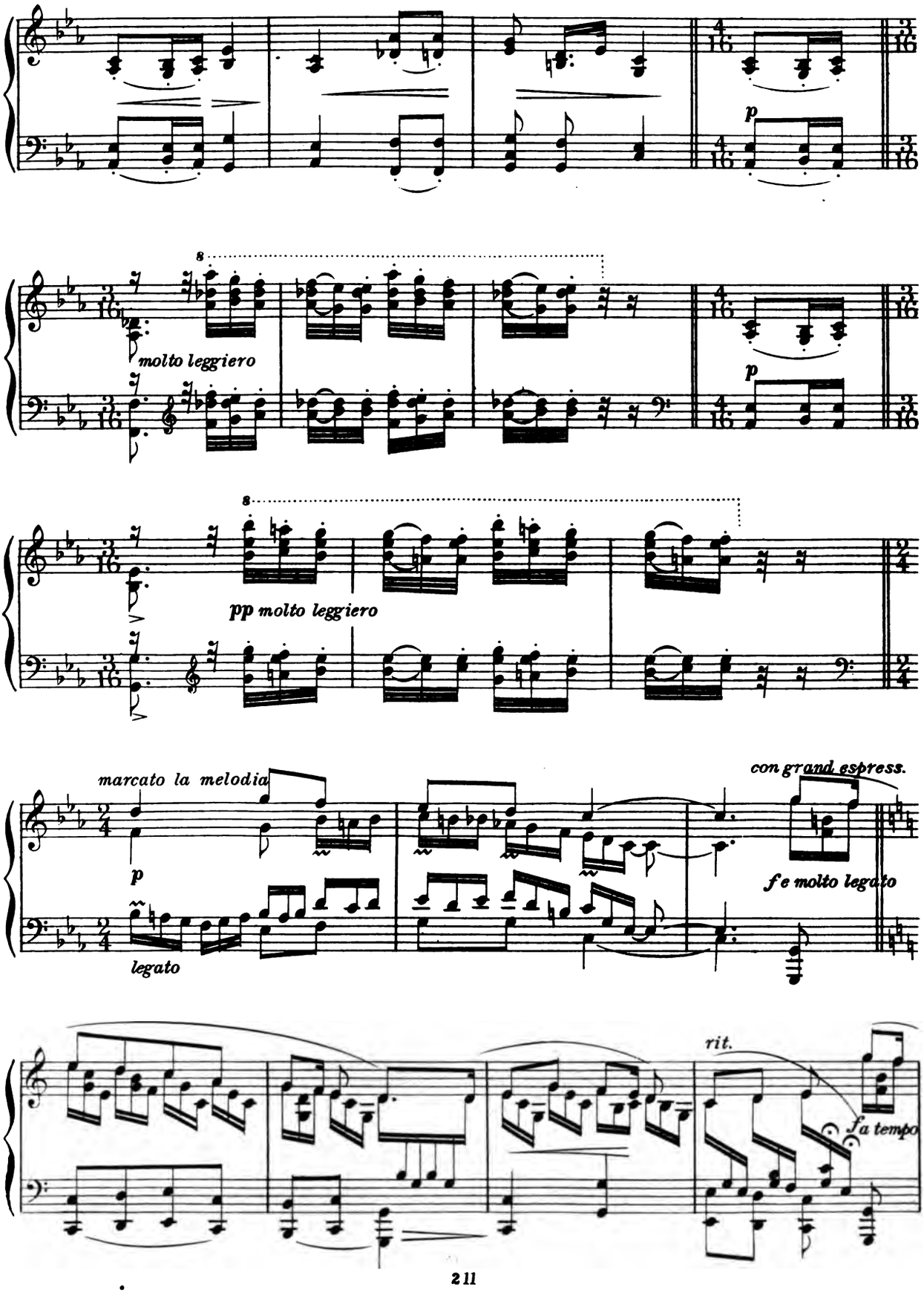
NOTE.— The List of Brahms's Principal Works, and the Bibliography of Books and Magazine Articles dealing with Brahms, will be found in the next Part of MASTERS IN MUSIC, which will deal with Brahms's Songs.

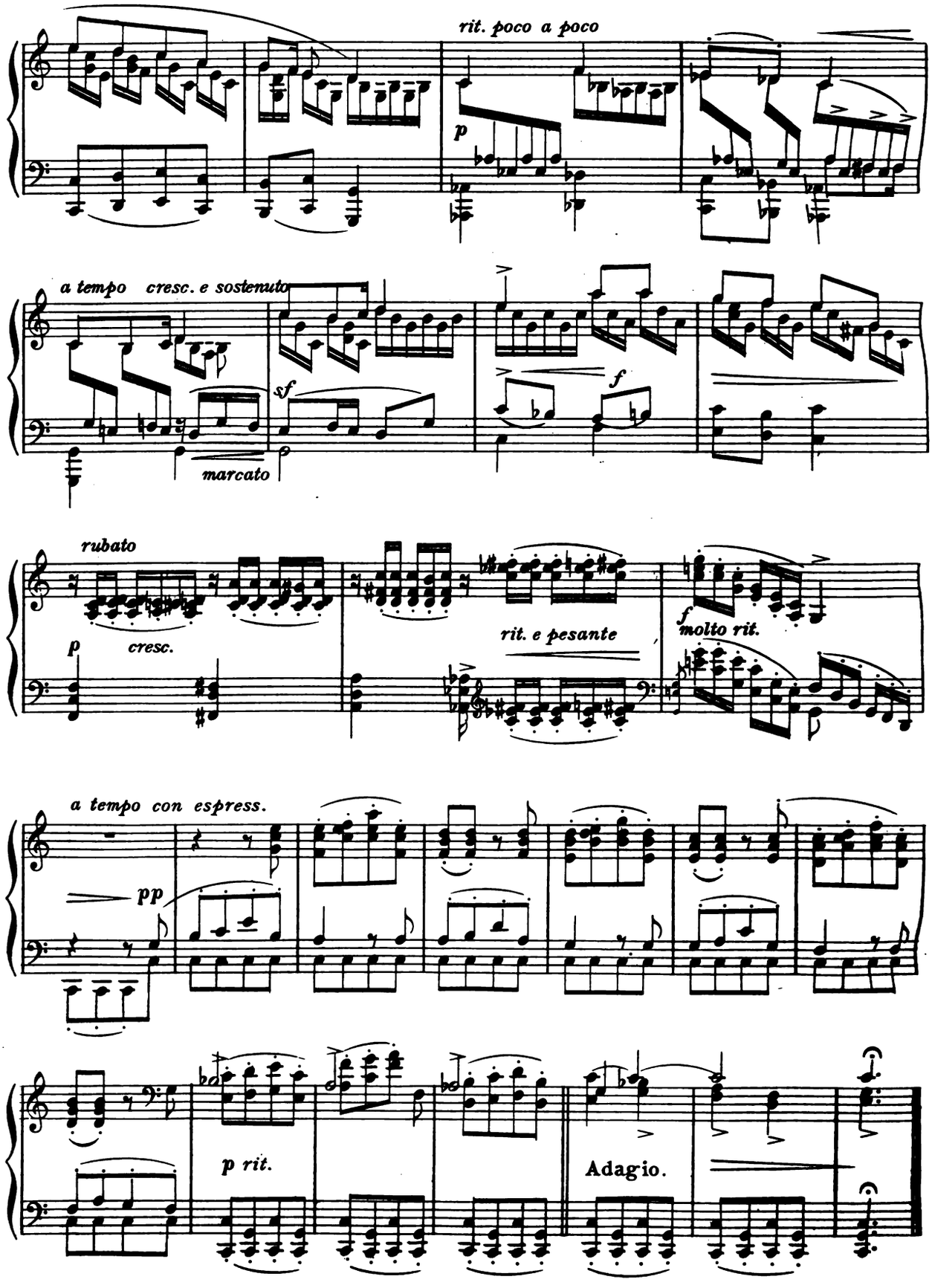
I. ANDANTE

FROM THE SONATA FOR PIANO, OPUS 1



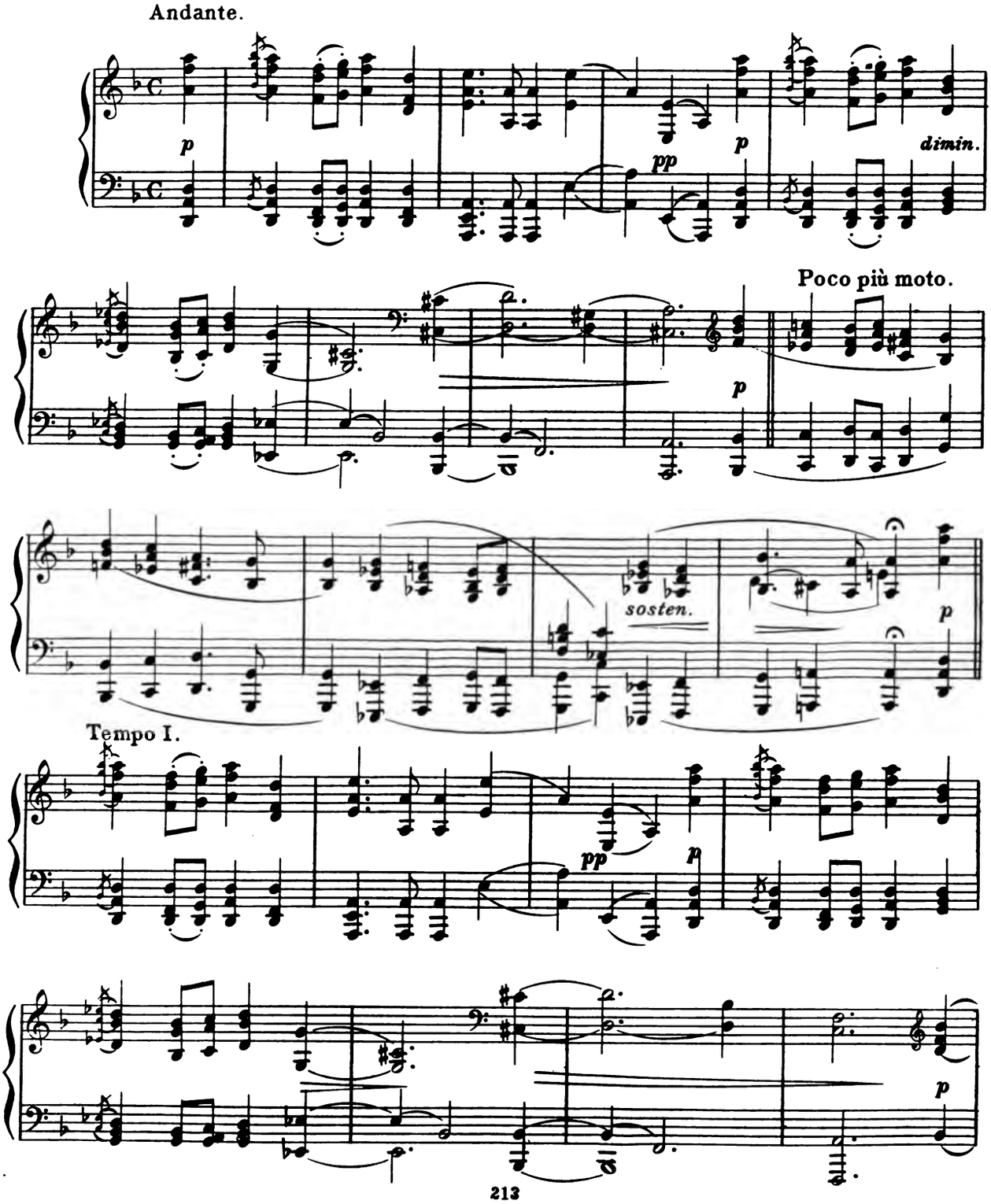

sf
f
p
p
molto legato
molto
p
legato
p

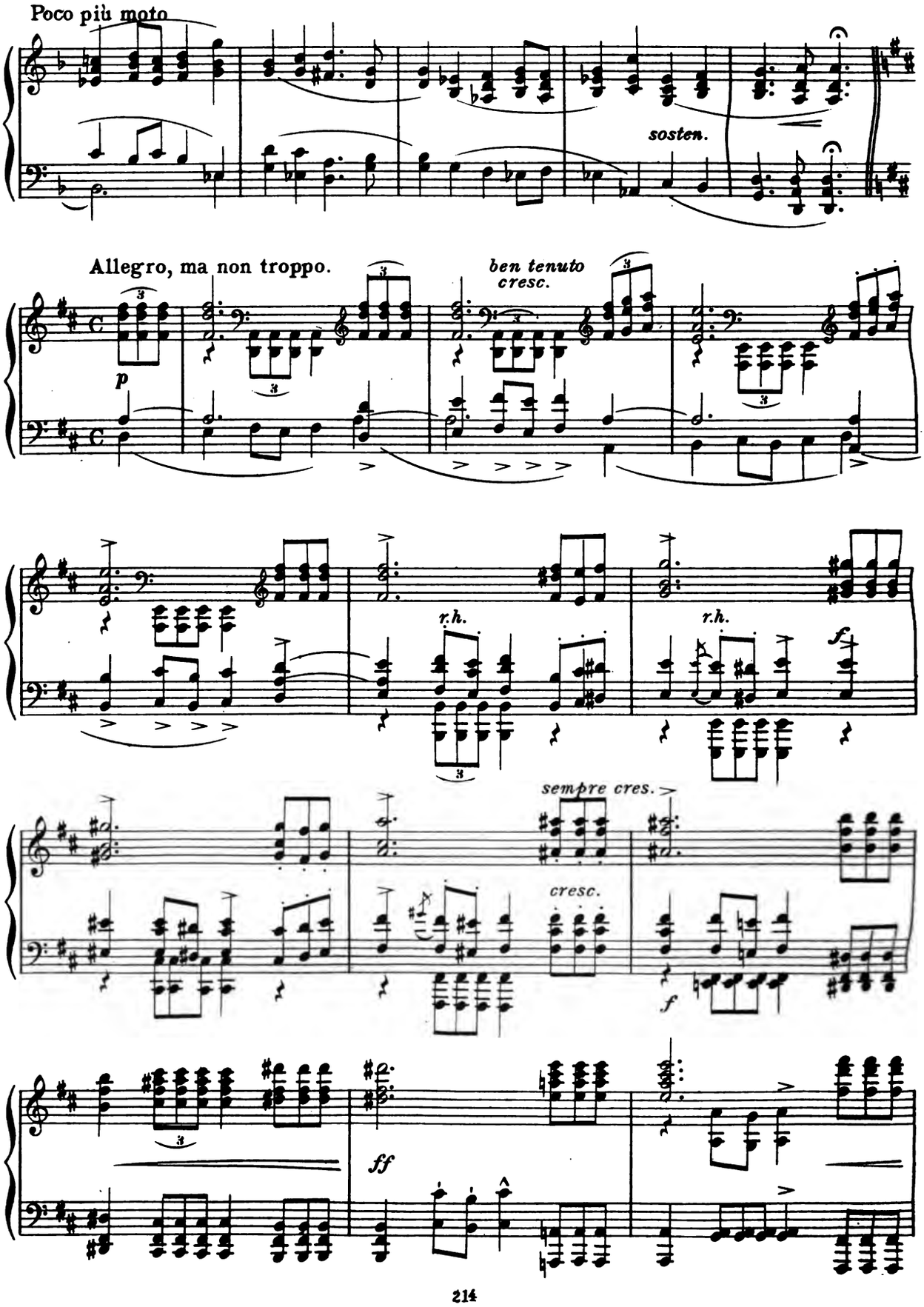

p
molto leggiero
p
pp molto leggiero
marcato la melodia
p
legato
con grand espress.
f e molto legato
rit.
a tempo

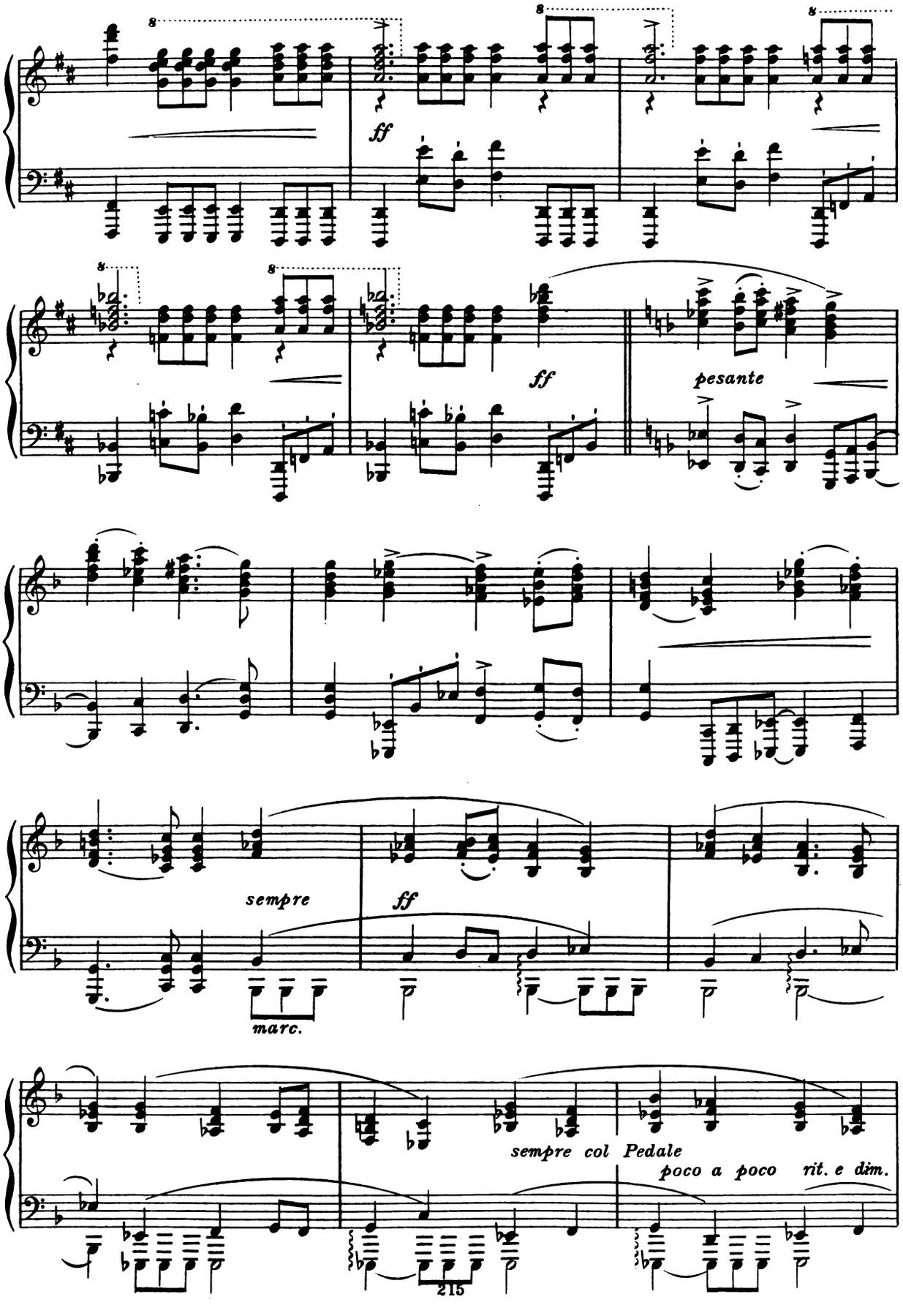

rit. poco a poco
p
a tempo cresc. e sostenuto
sf
marcato
f
rubato
p
cresc.
rit. e pesante
f
molto rit.
a tempo con espress.
pp
p rit.
Adagio.

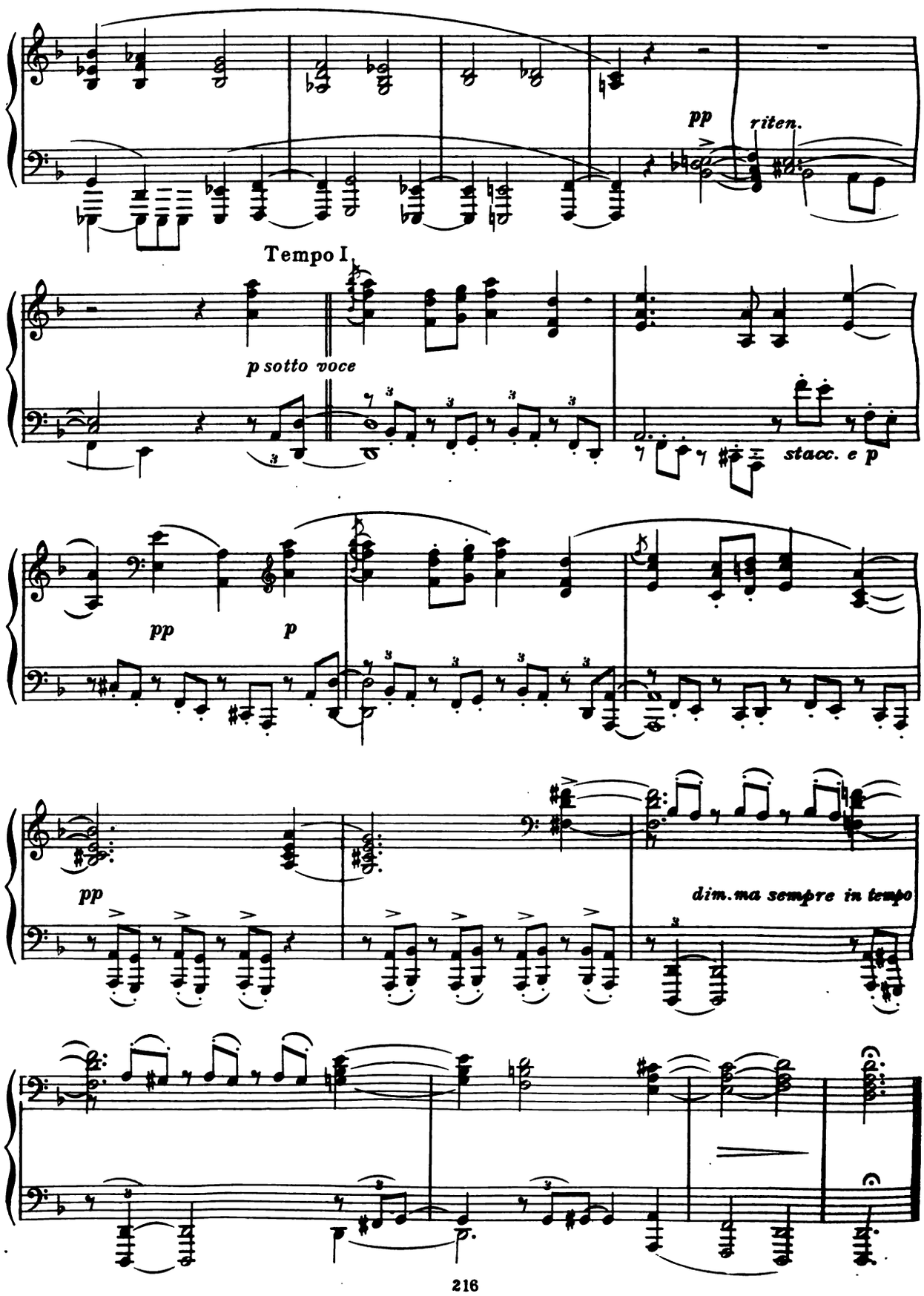
II. BALLADE: 'EDWARD, EDWARD'

OPUS 10, NO. 1



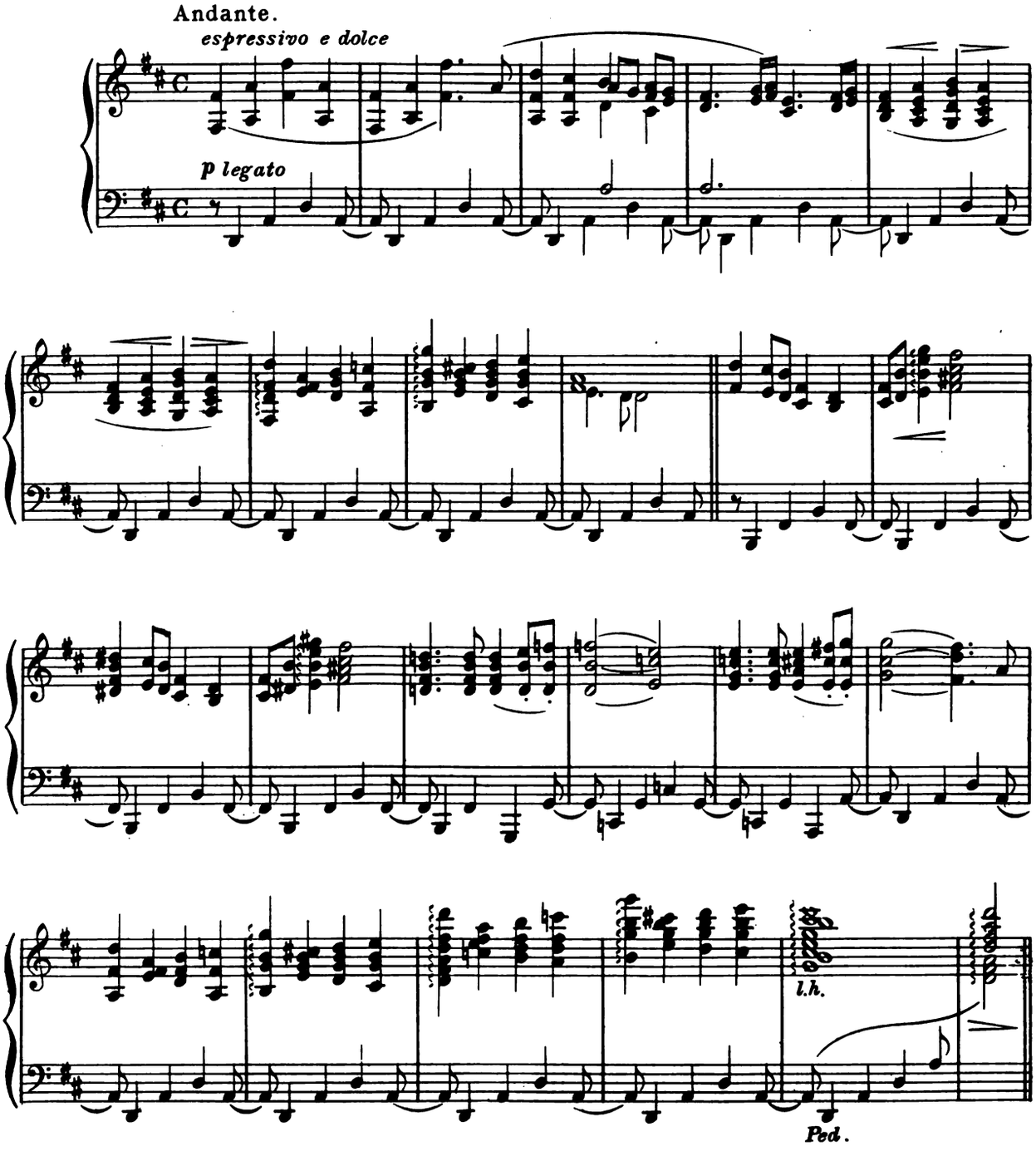

Poco più moto
sosten.
Allegro, ma non troppo.
p
ben tenuto
cresc.
r.h.
r.h.
f
sempre cres.
cresc.
f
ff

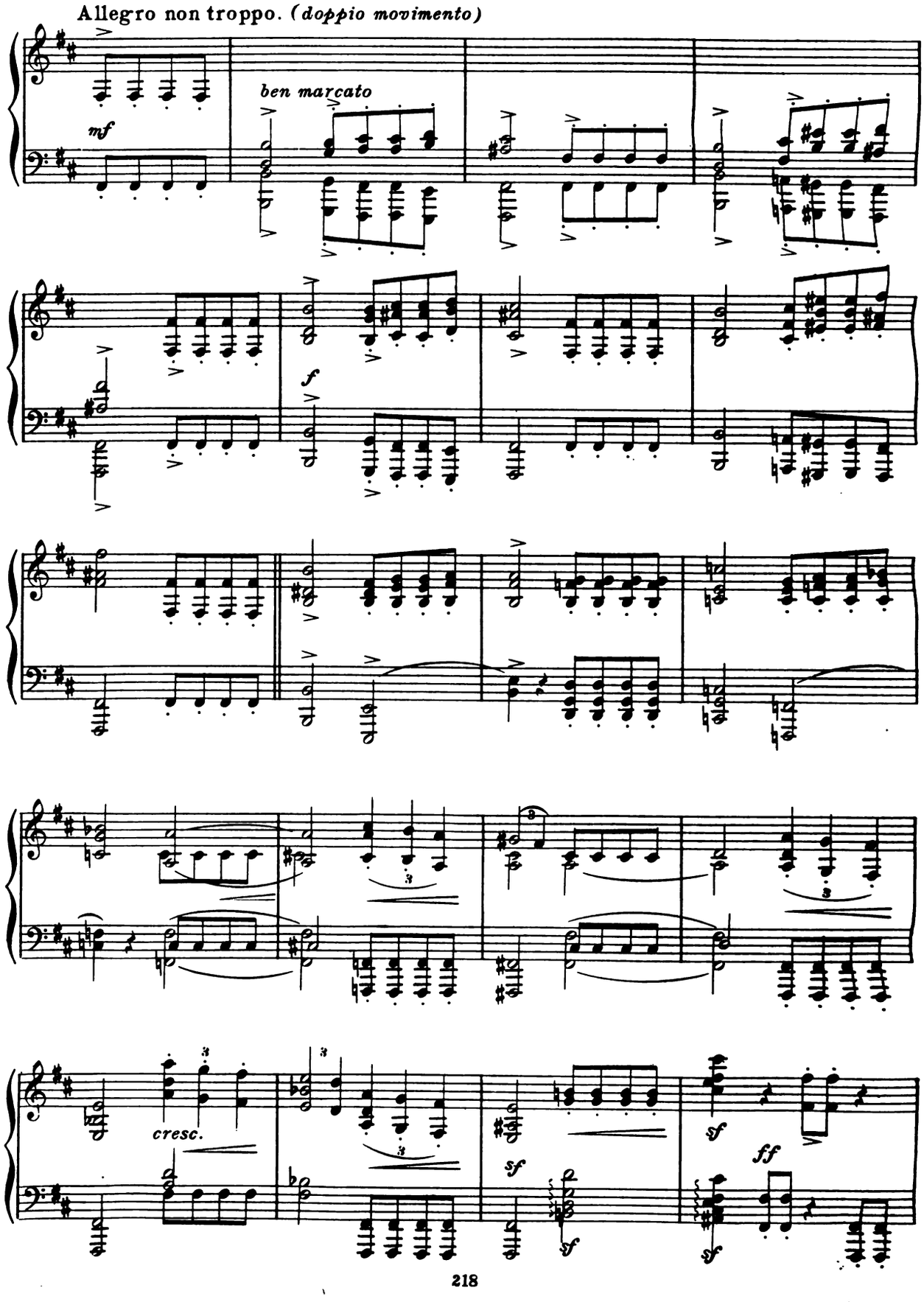

ff
ff
pesante
sempre
marc.
ff
sempre col Pedale
poco a poco rit. e dim.

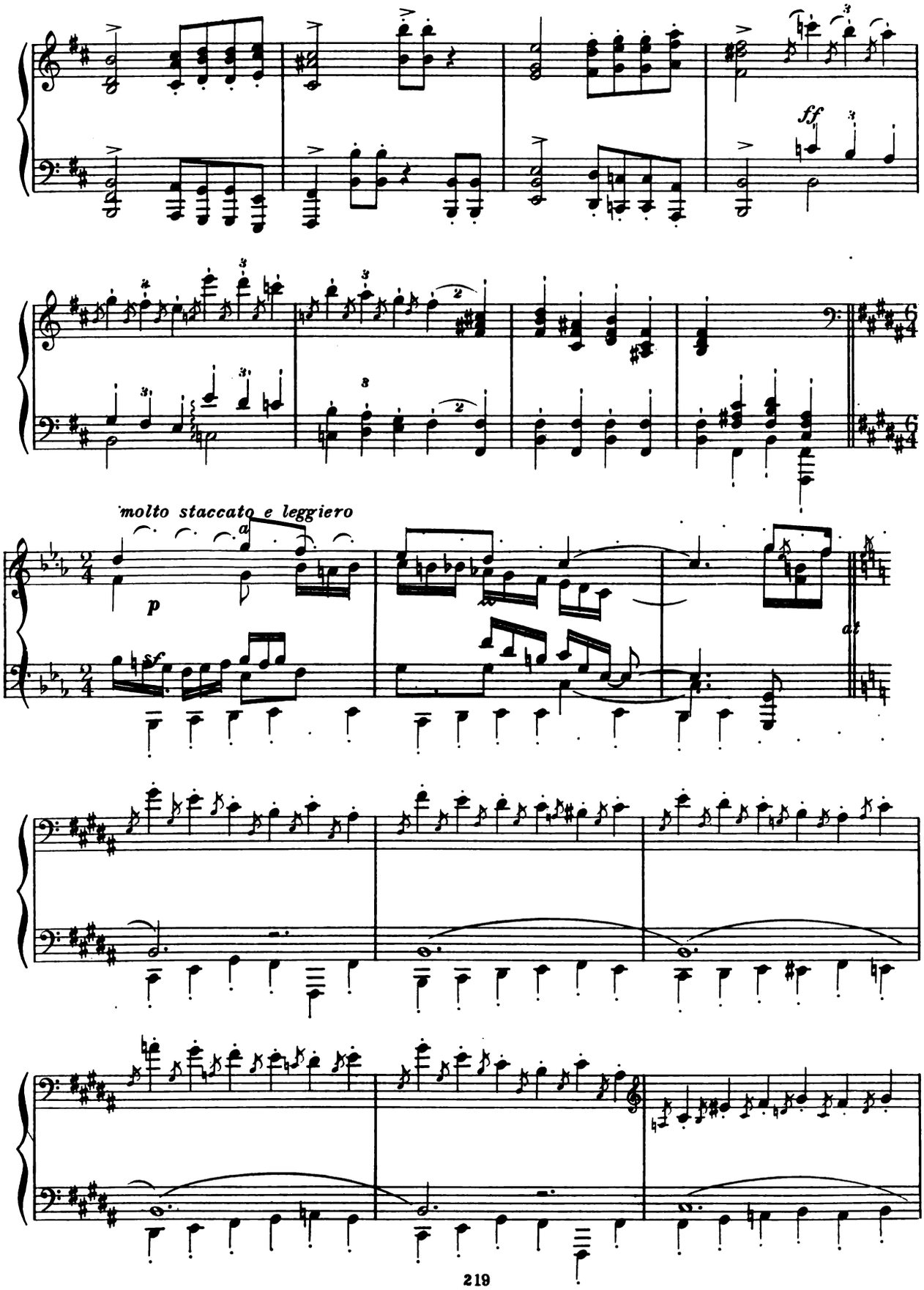

pp
riten.
Tempo I.
p sotto voce
stacc. e p
pp
p
pp
dim.ma sempre in tempo

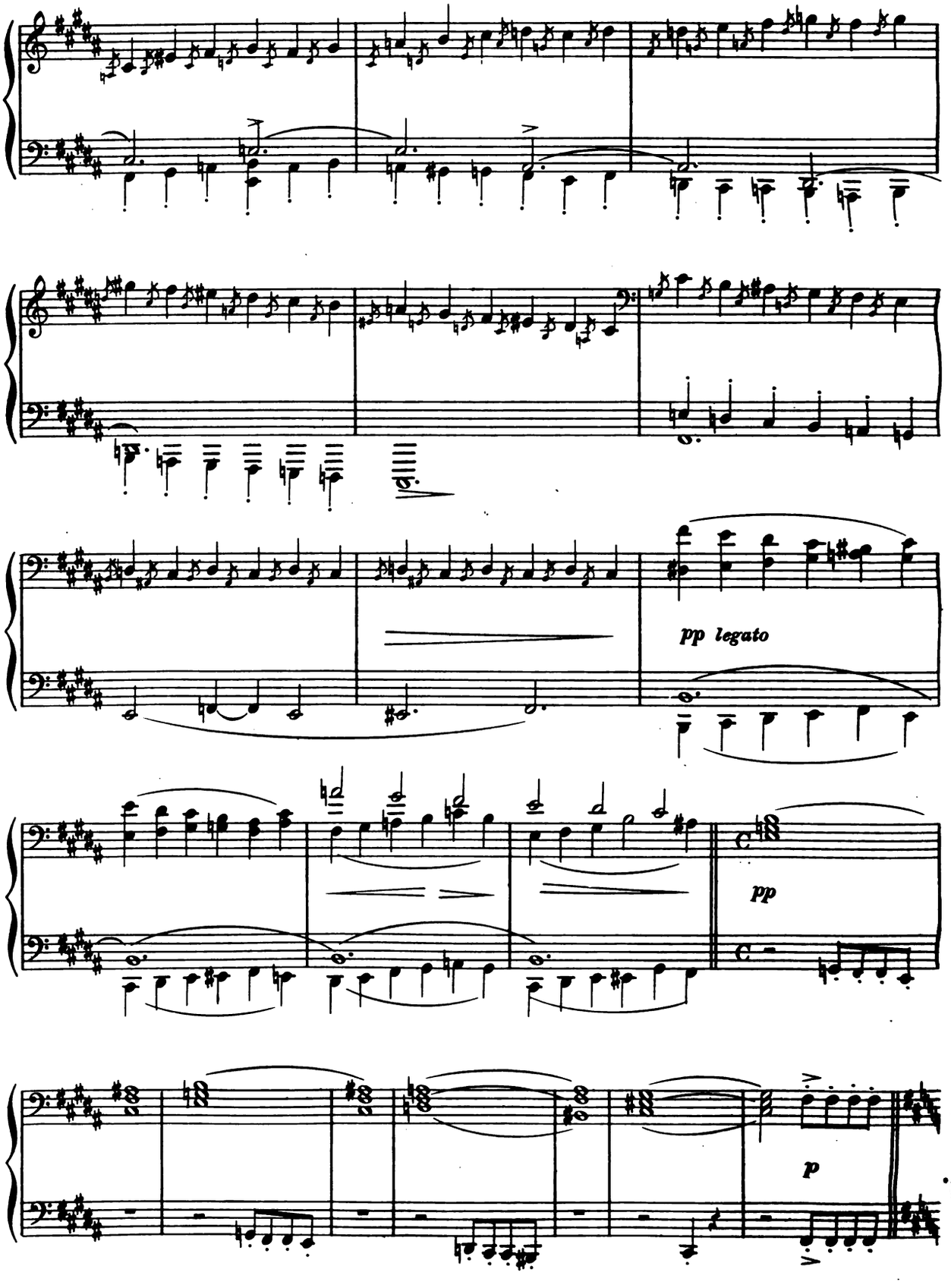
III. BALLADE

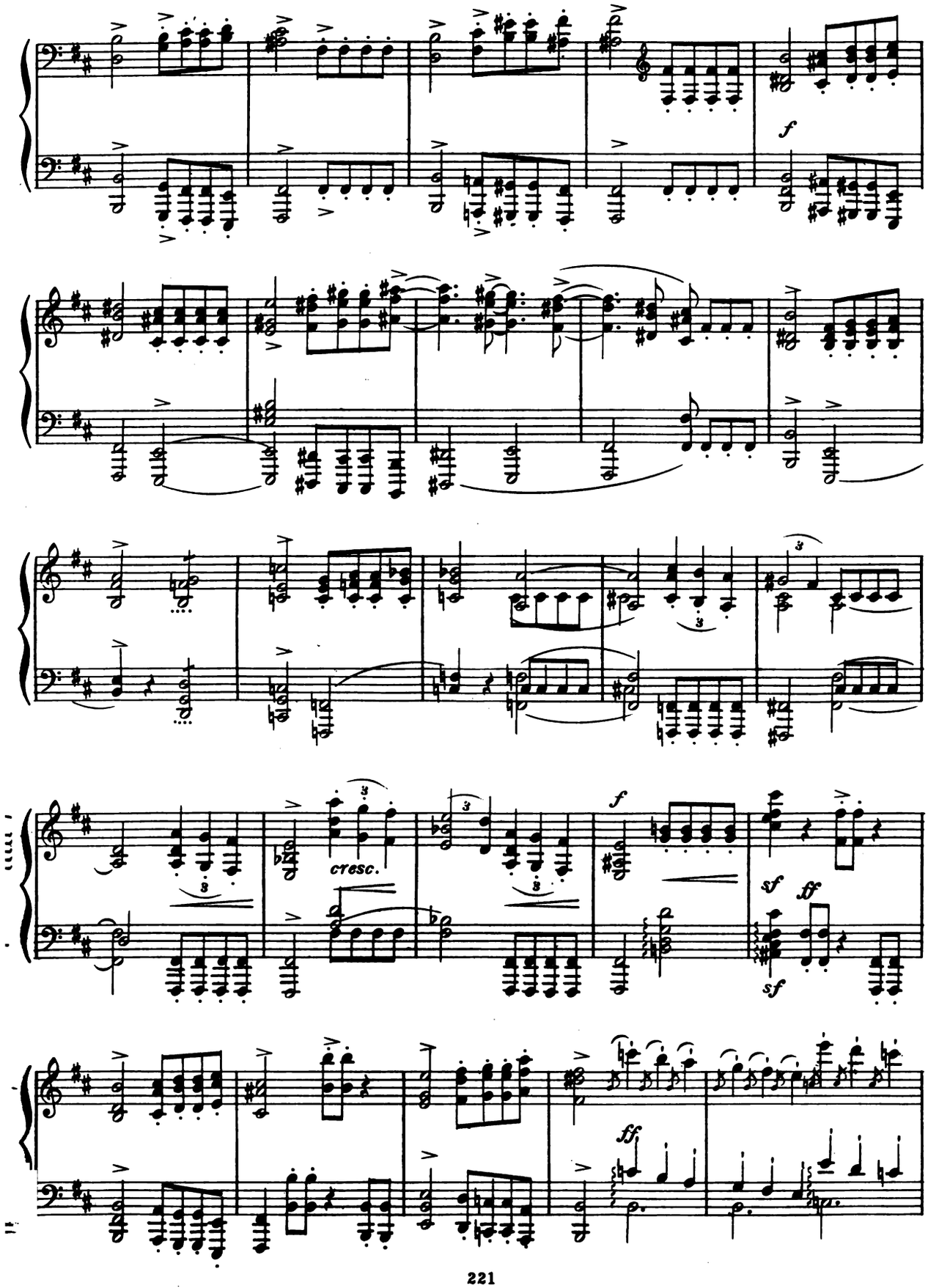
OPUS 10, NO. 2

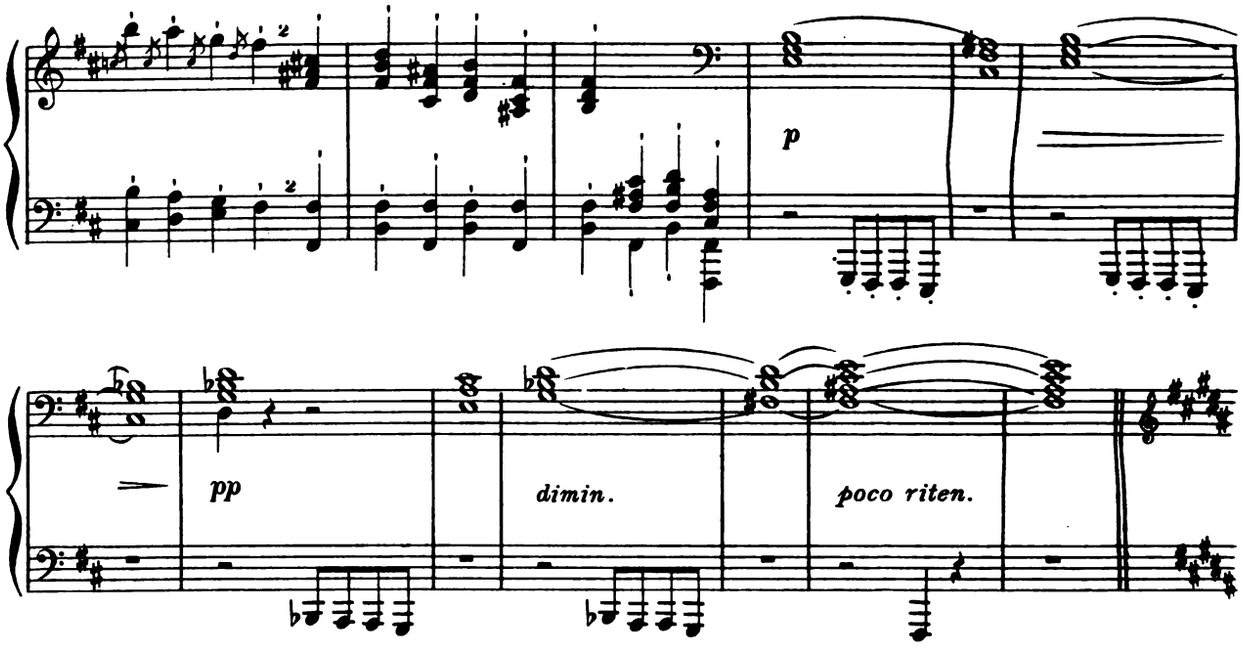



Allegro non troppo. (doppio movimento)
mf
ben marcato
f
cresc.
sf
sf
sf
ff

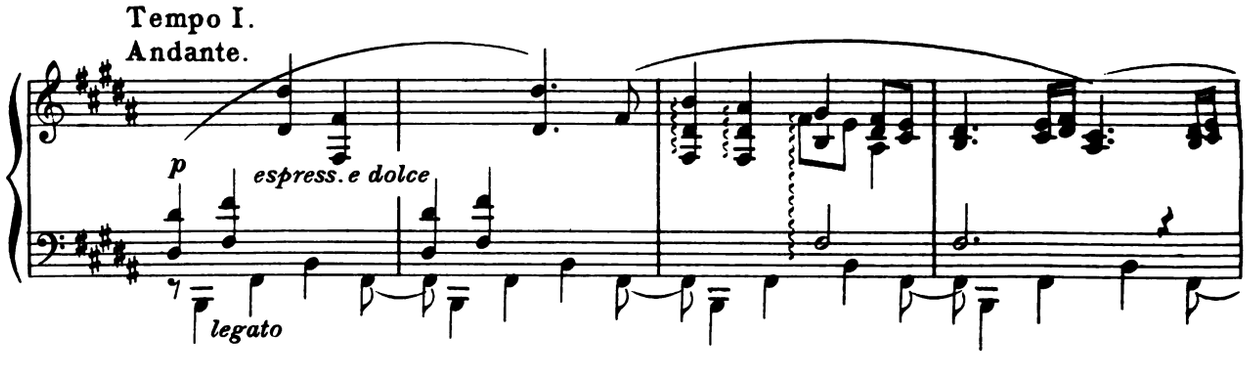

ff
molto staccato e leggiero
p
sf
dl

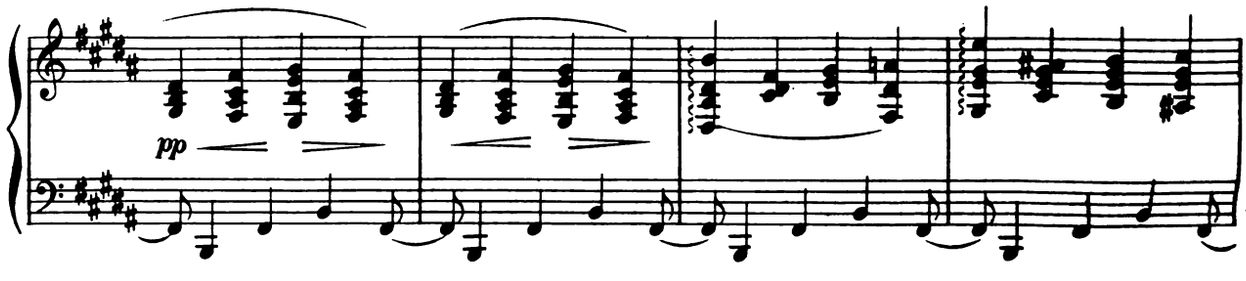

pp legato
pp
p

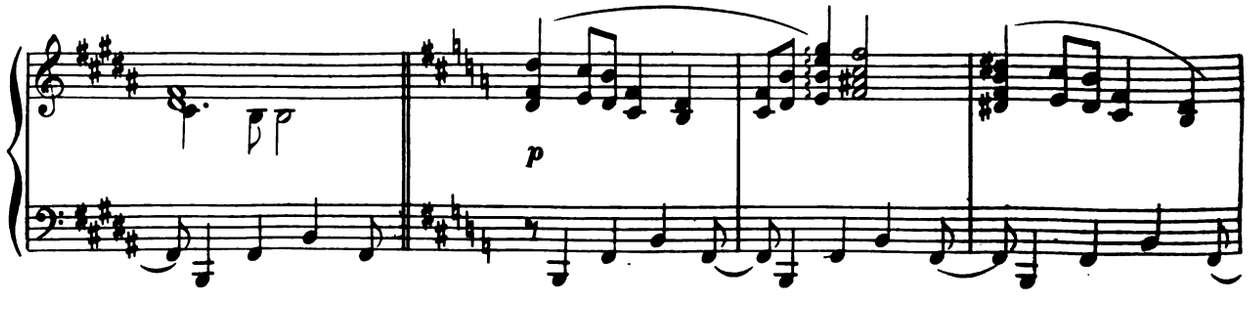

f
cresc.
f
sf
ff
sf
ff

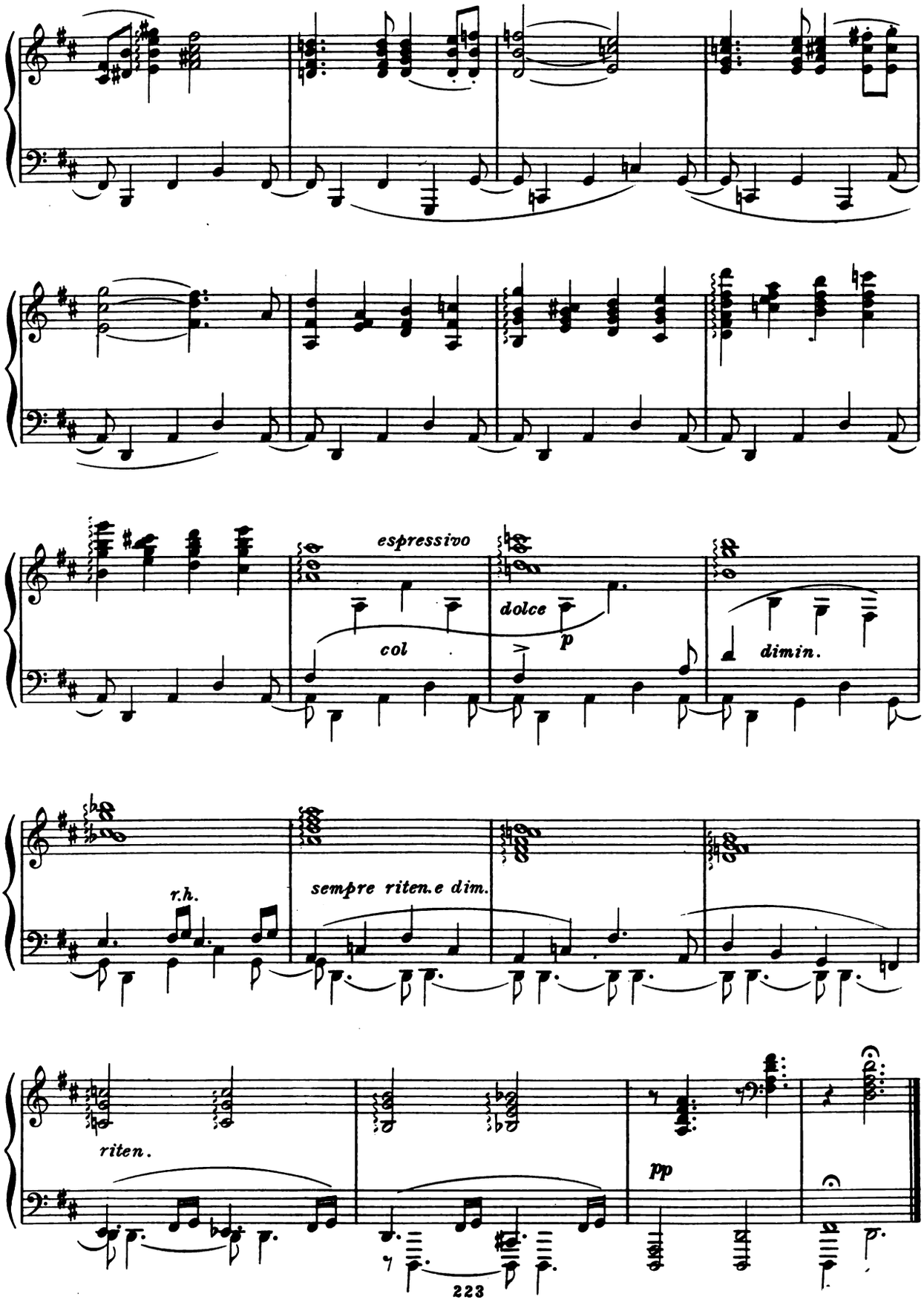


Tempo I.
Andante.



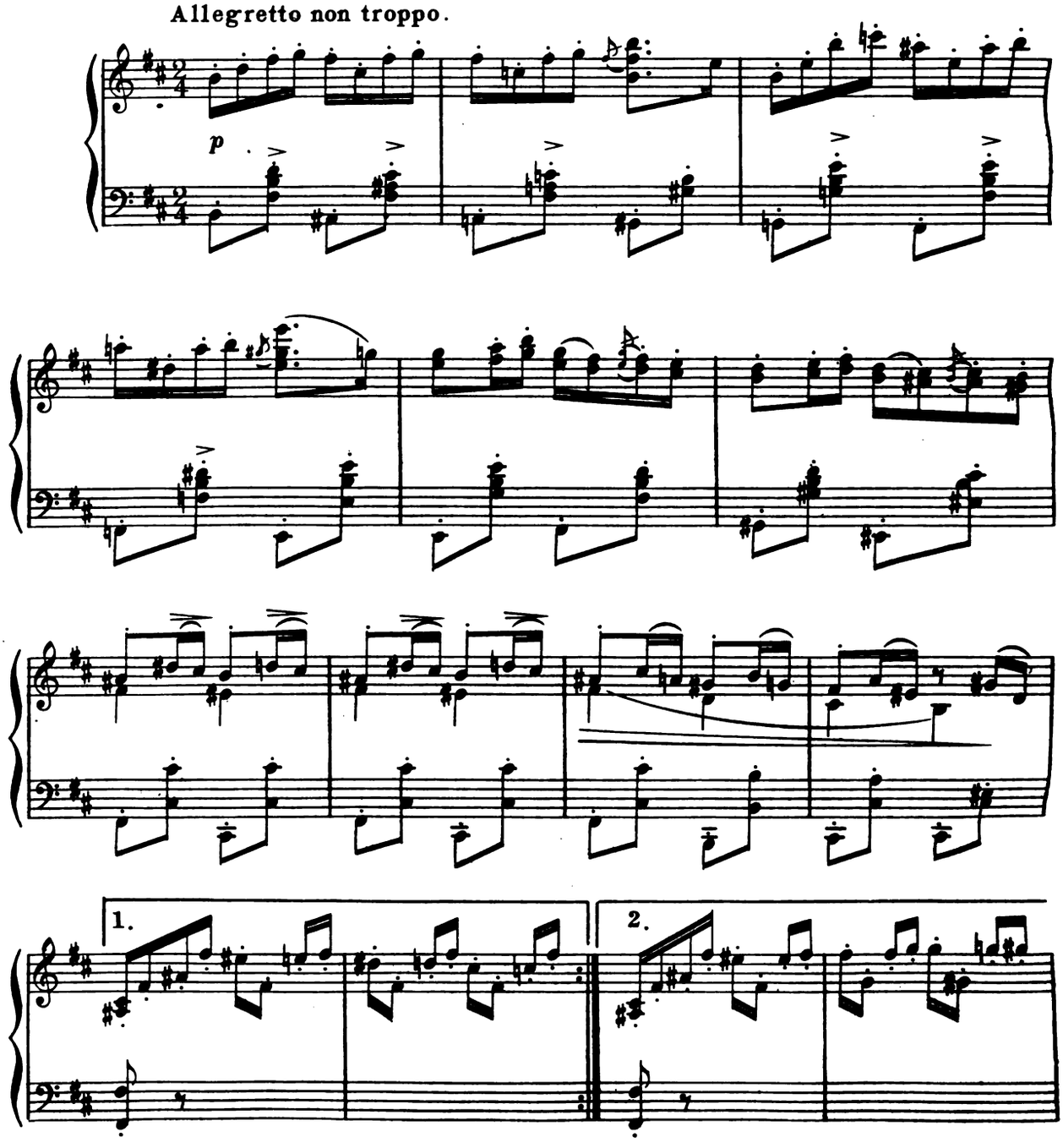


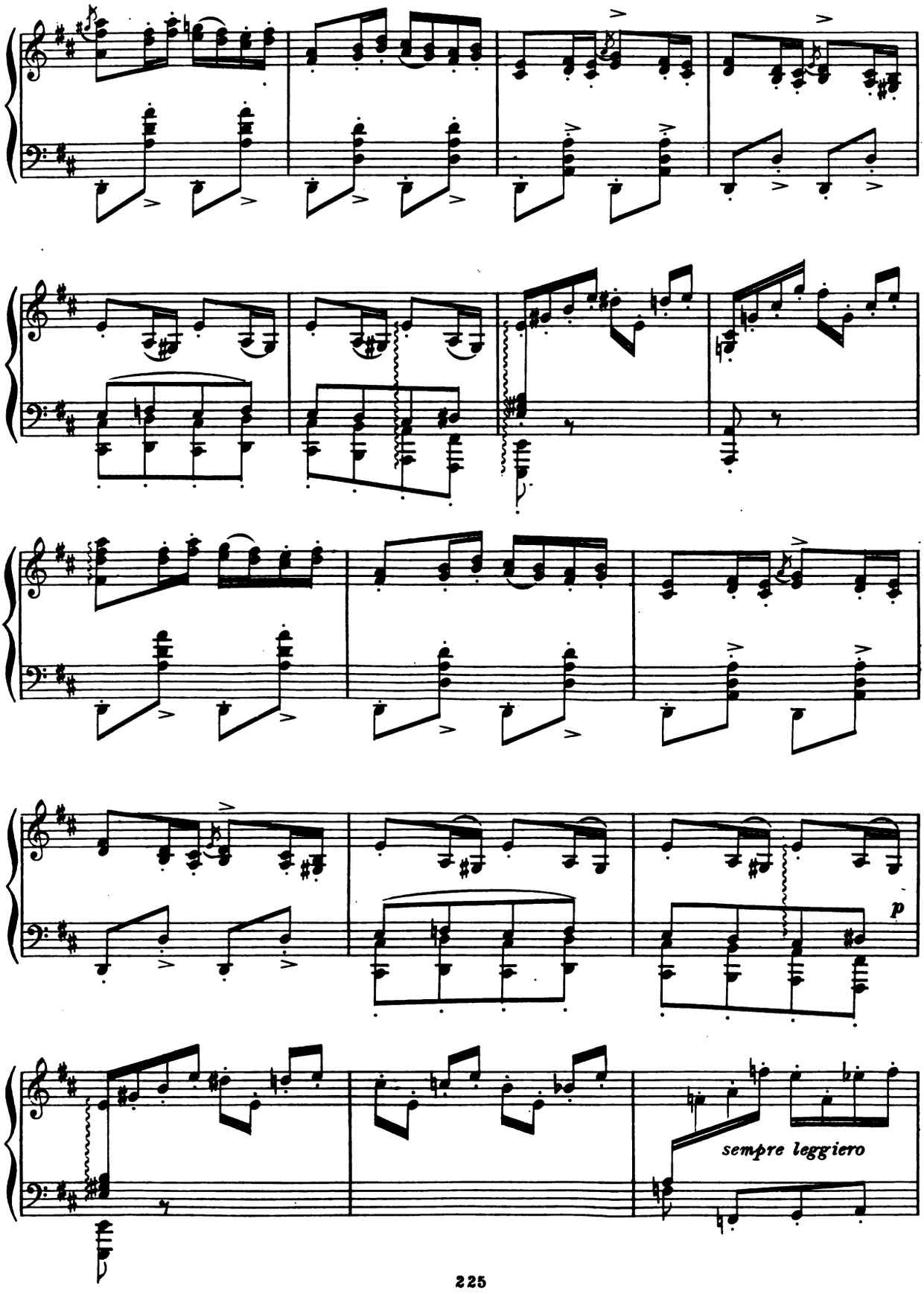


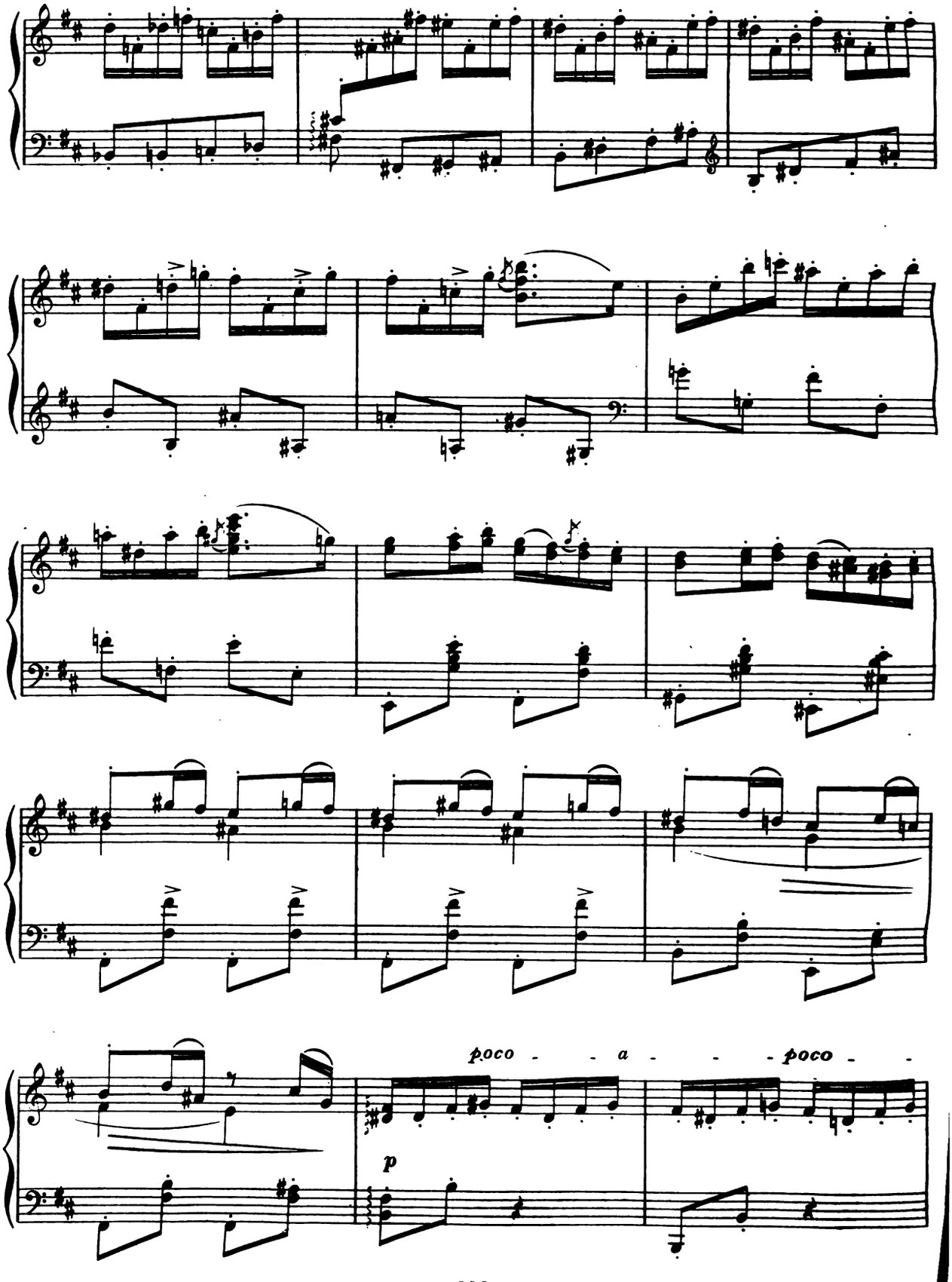

espressivo
col
dolce
p
dimin.
r.h.
sempre riten.e dim.
riten.
pp

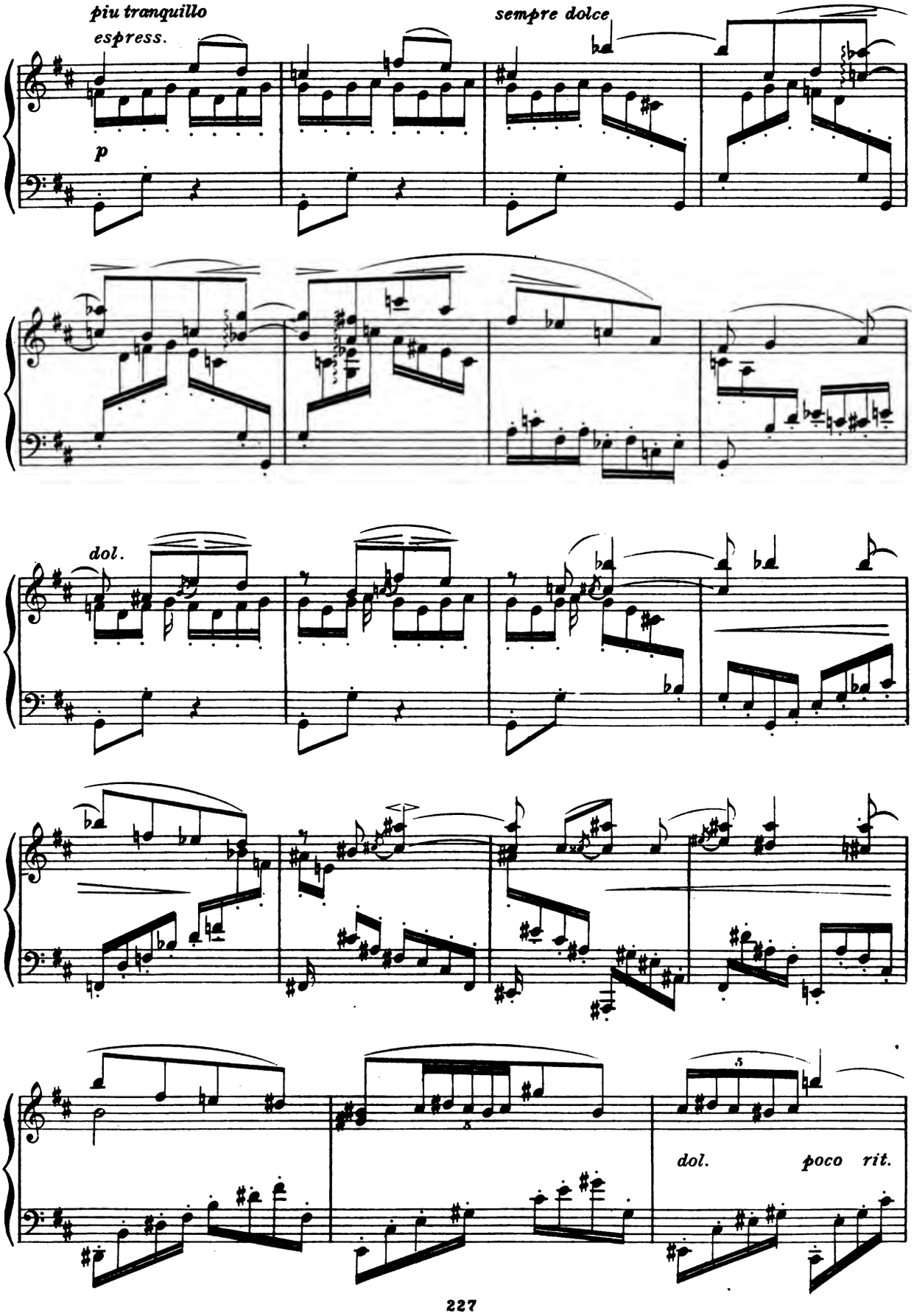
IV. CAPRICCIO

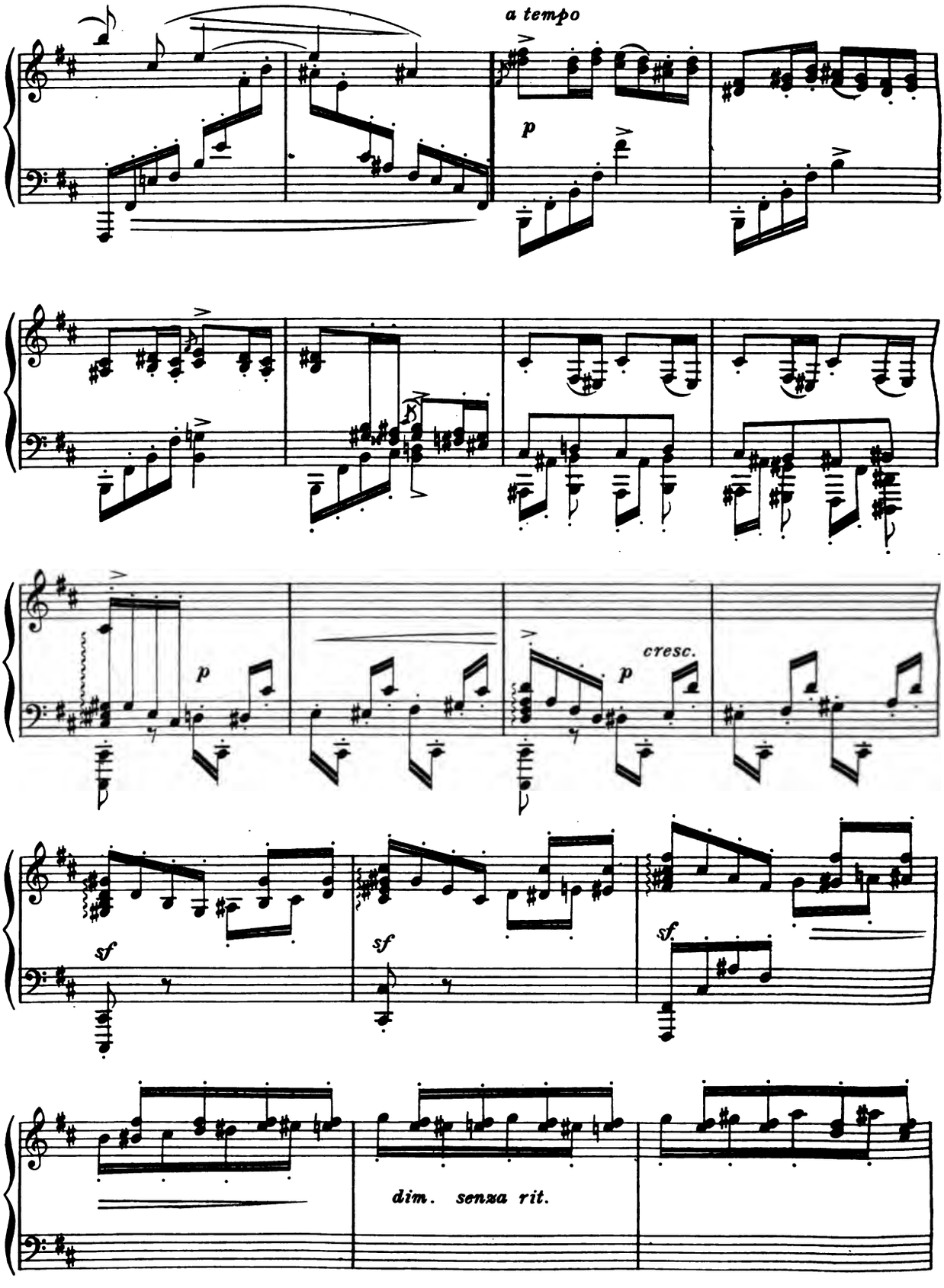
OPUS 76, NO. 2

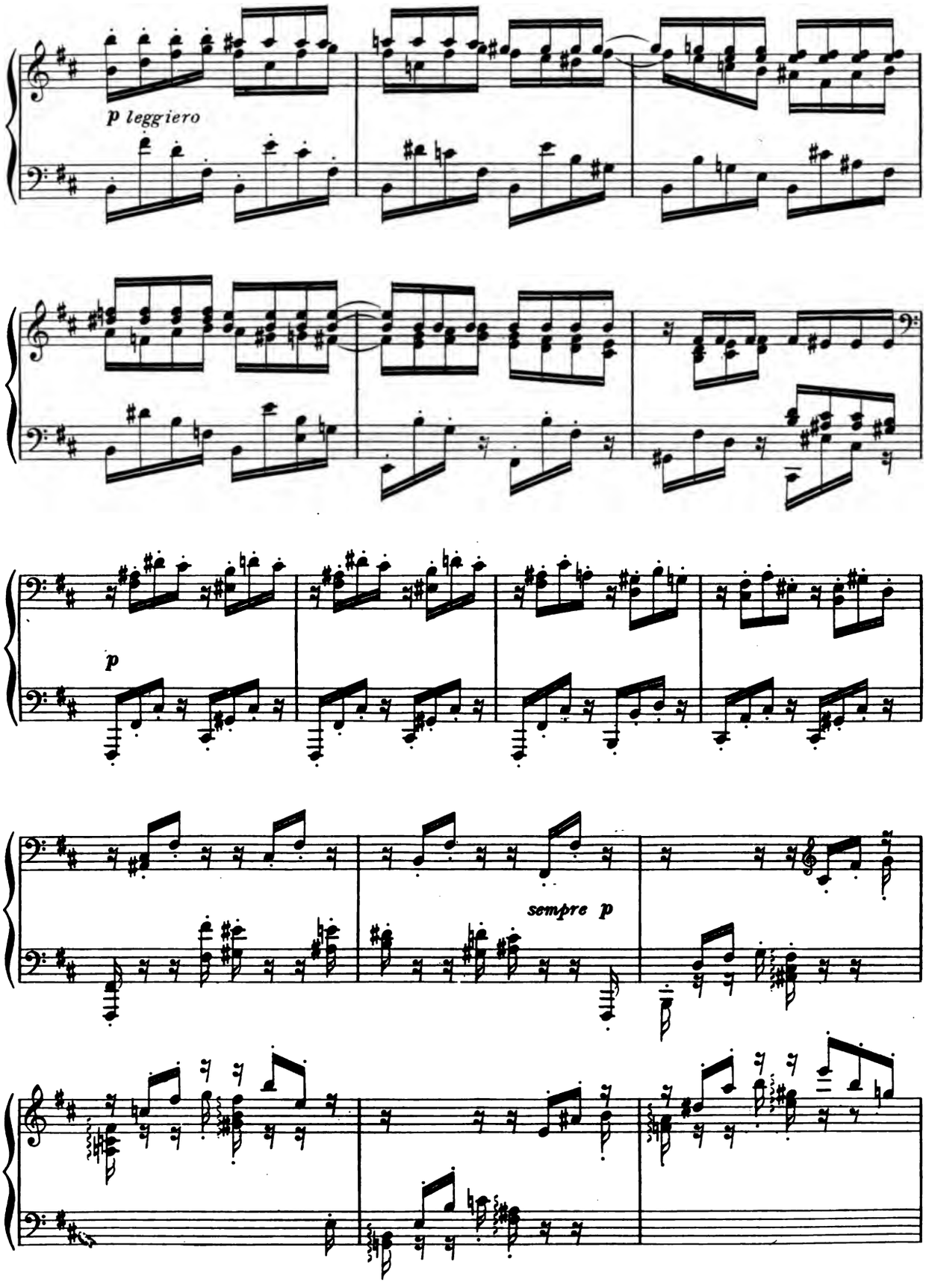


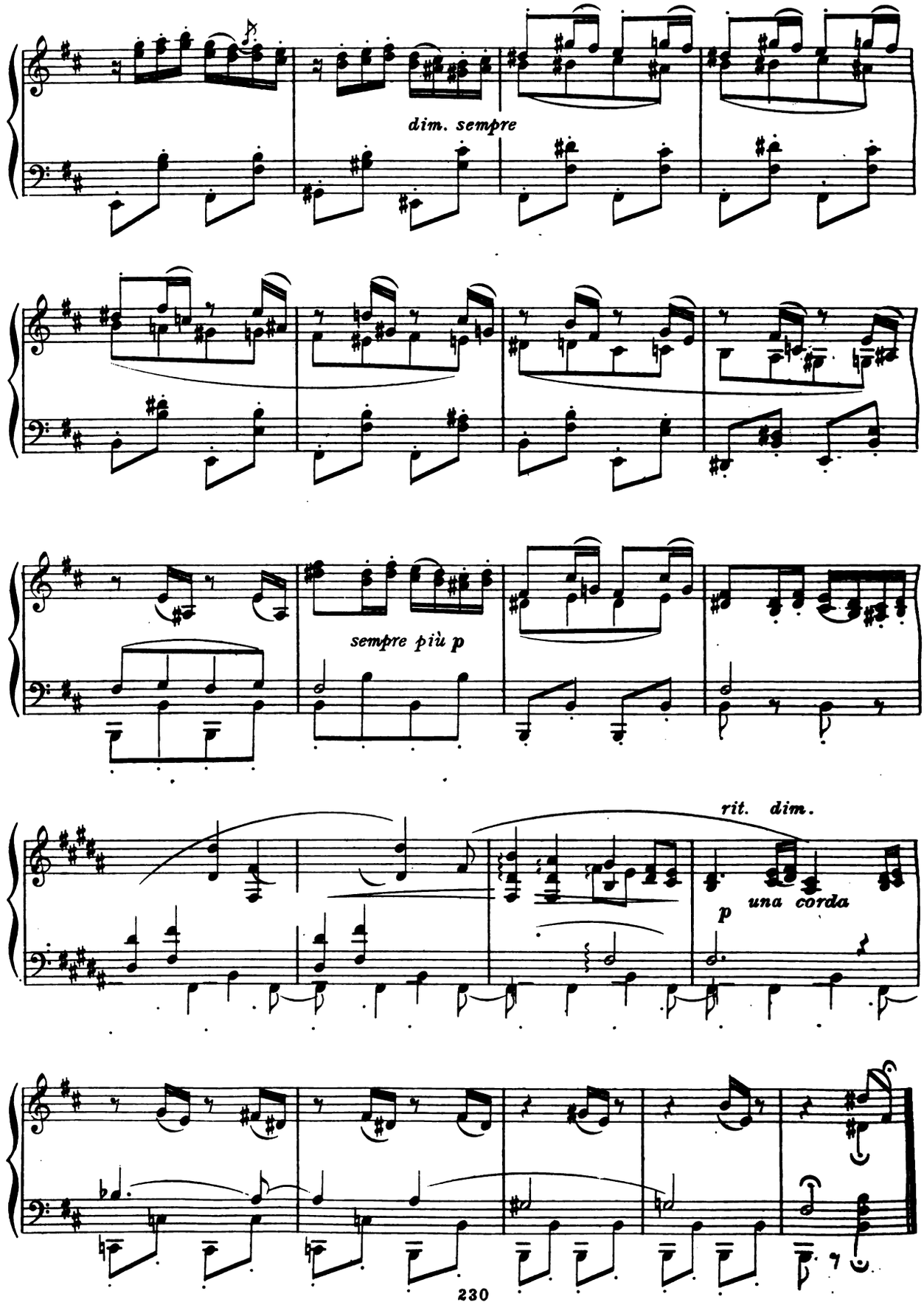

p
sempre leggiero


poco - - a - - - poco - -
p


piu tranquillo
espress.
p
sempre dolce
dol.
dol.
poco rit.

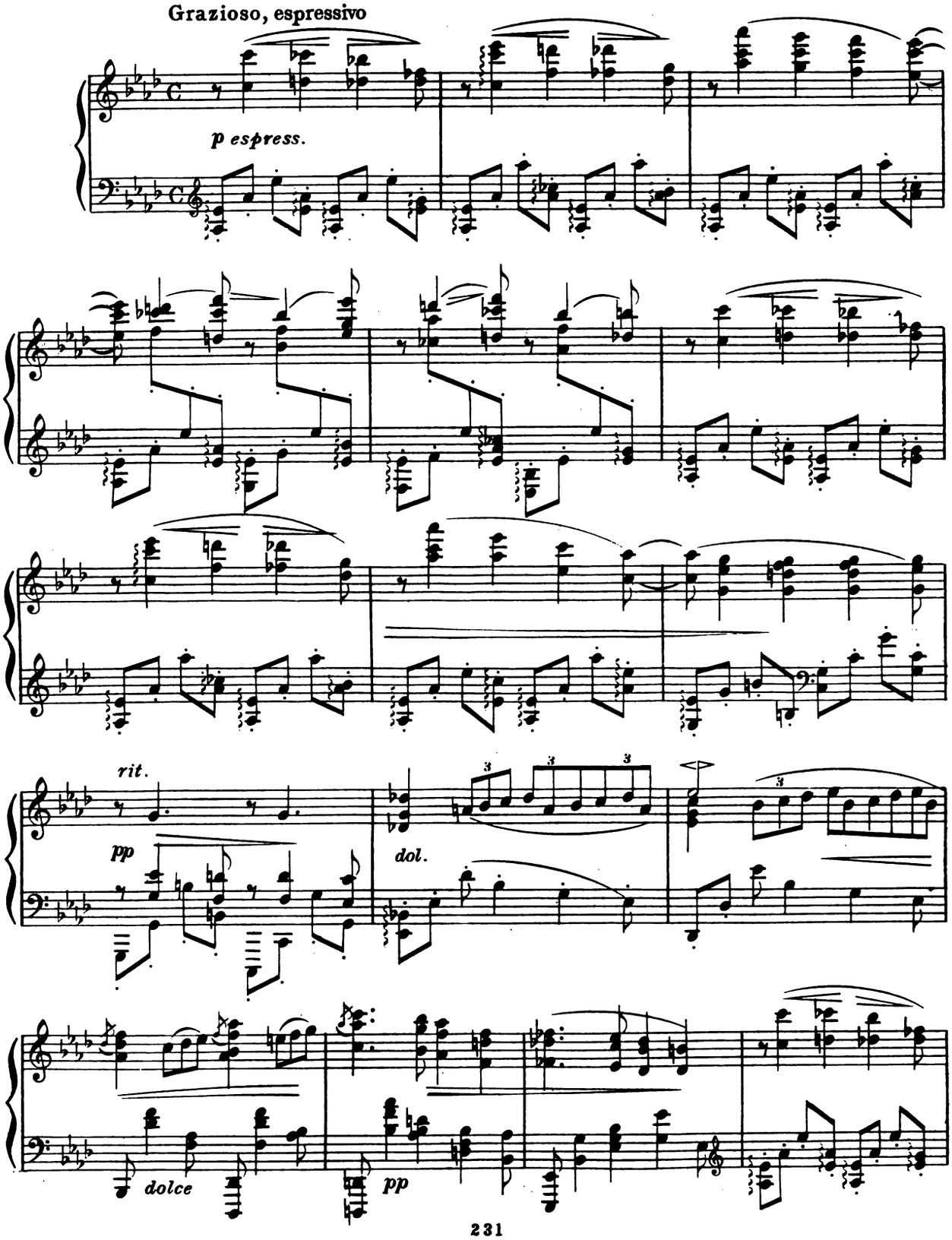

a tempo
p
p
cresc.
sf
sf
sf.
dim. senza rit.

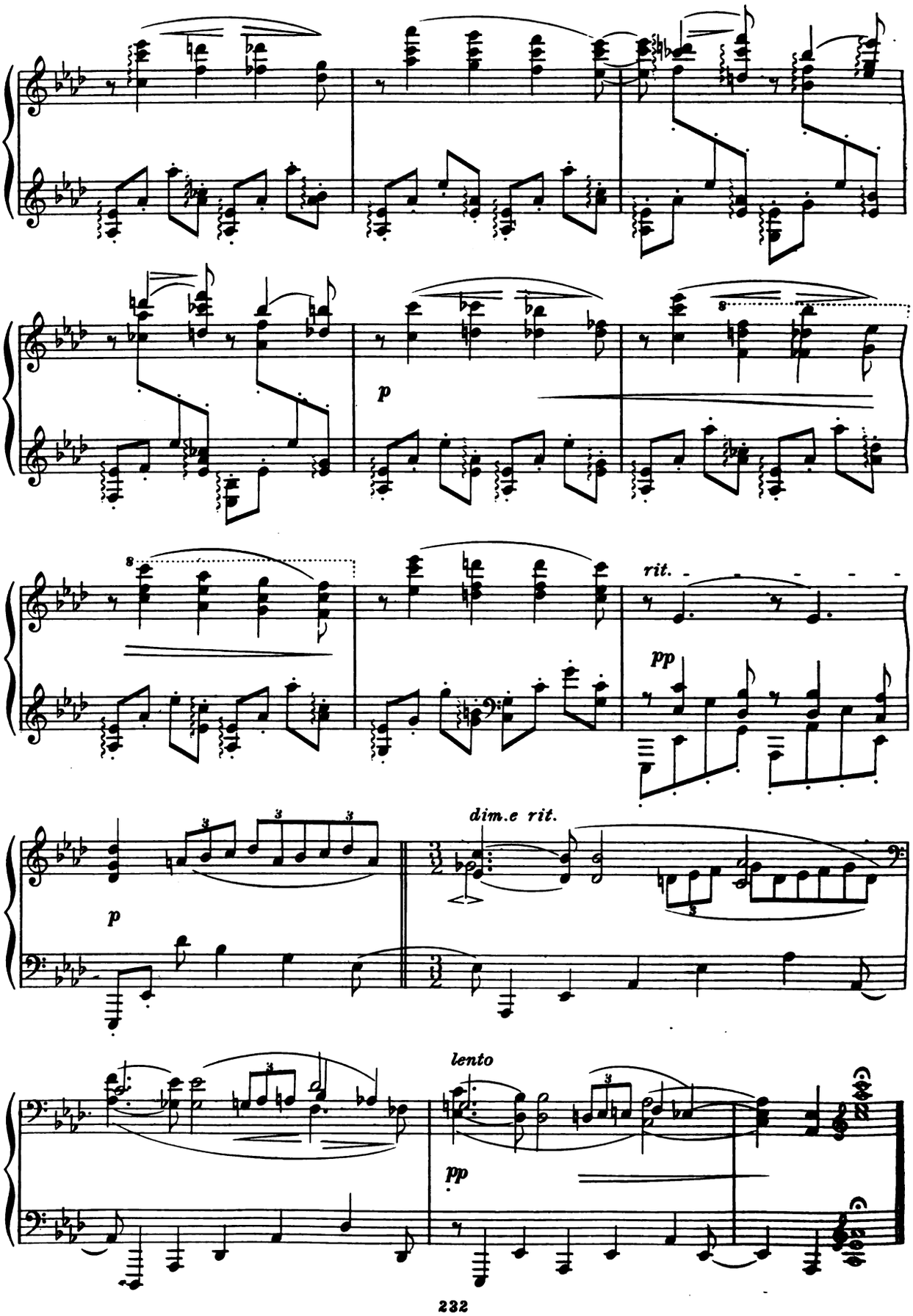

p leggiero
p
sempre p


dim. sempre
sempre più p
rit. dim.
p una corda

V. INTERMEZZO

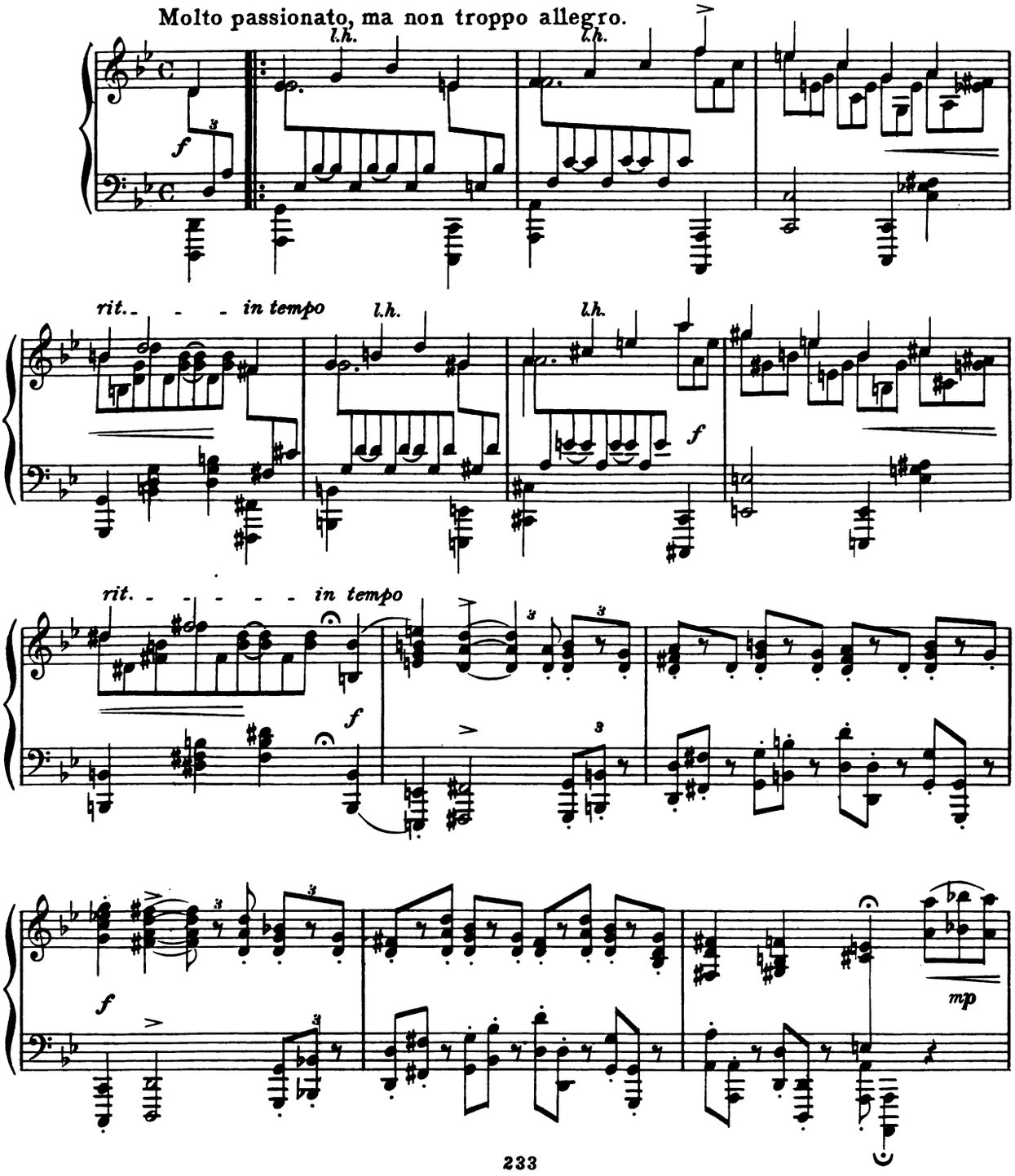
OPUS 76, NO. 3

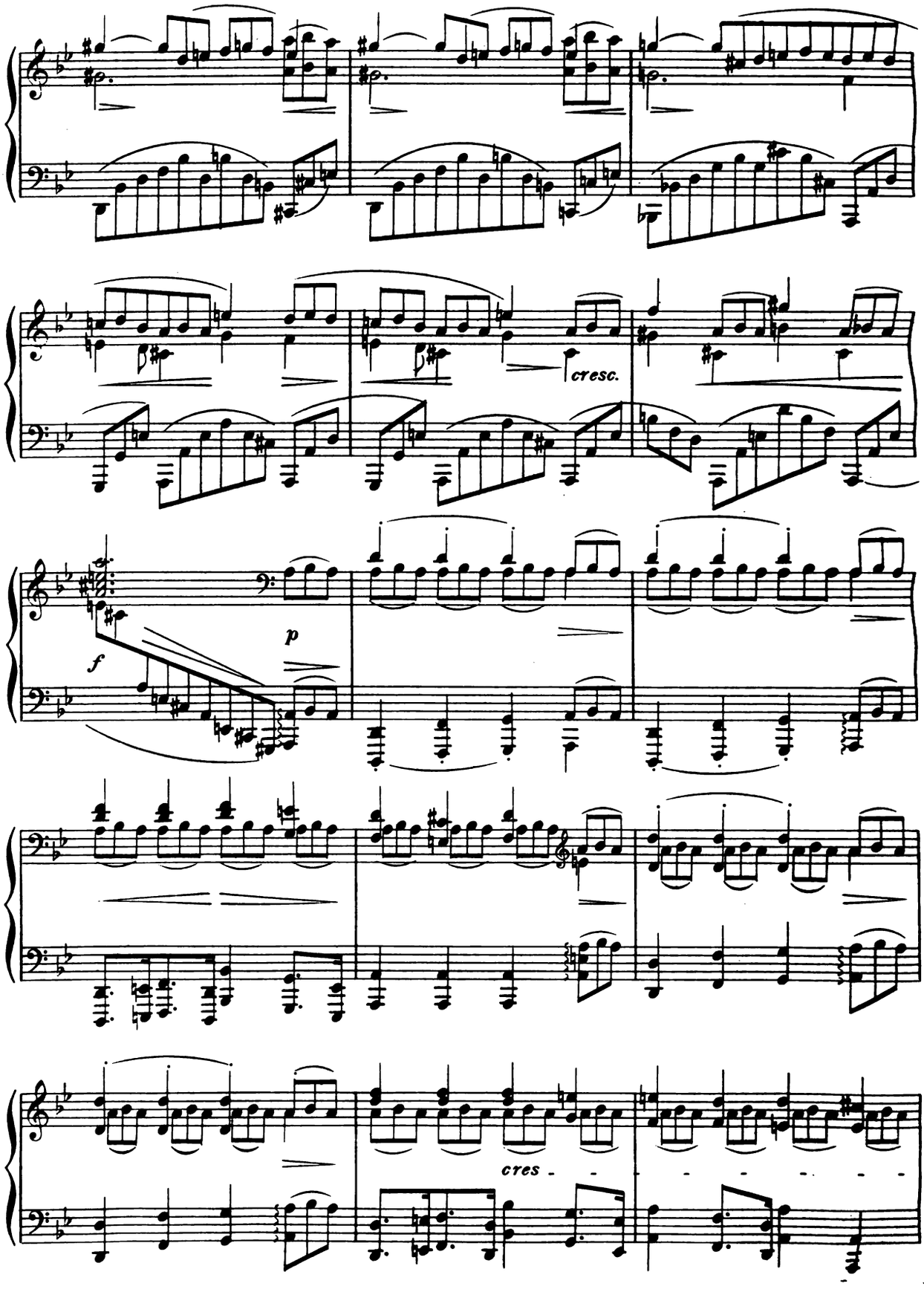


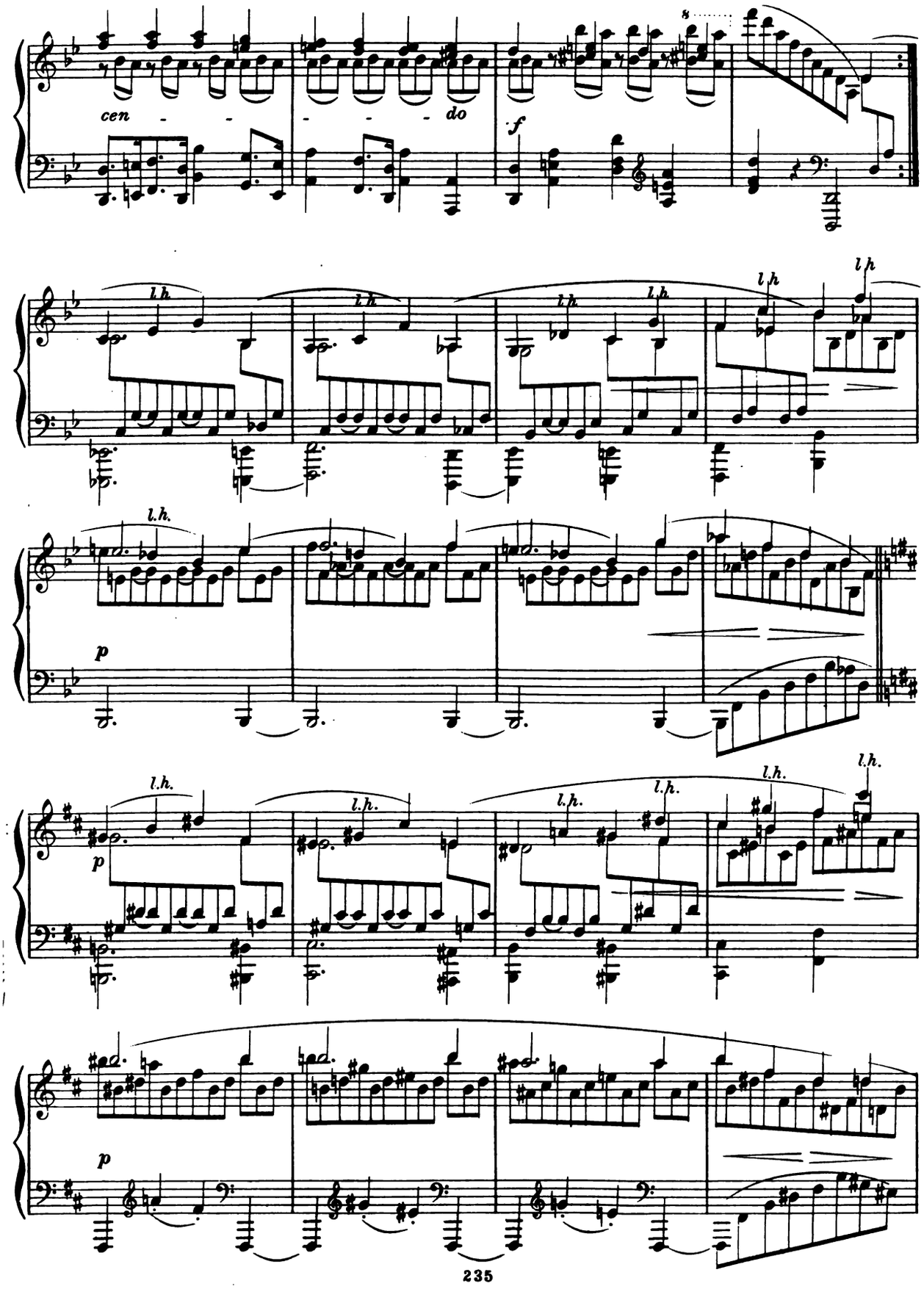

p
rit.
pp
dim.e rit.
p
lento
pp

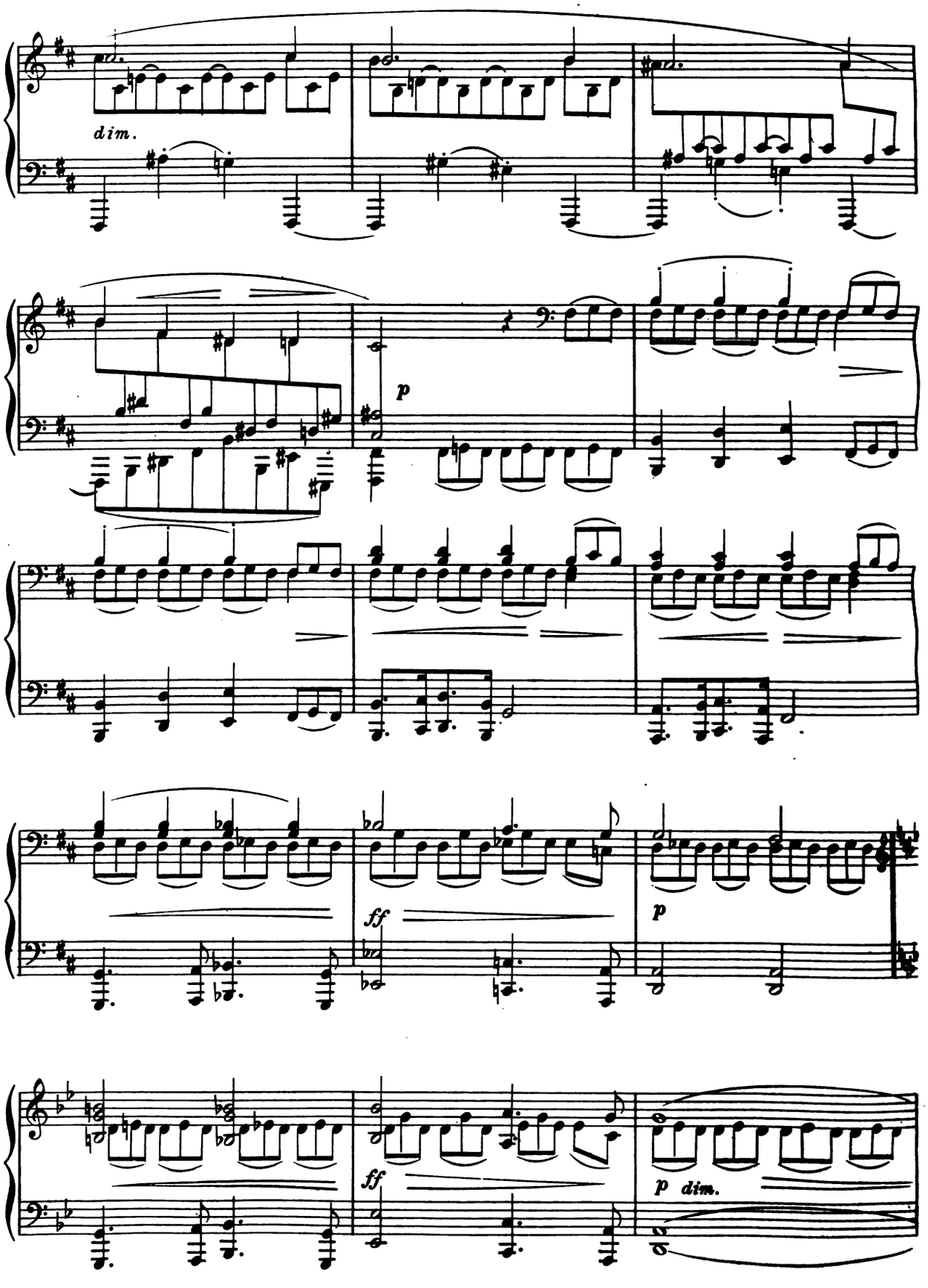
VI. RHAPSODIE

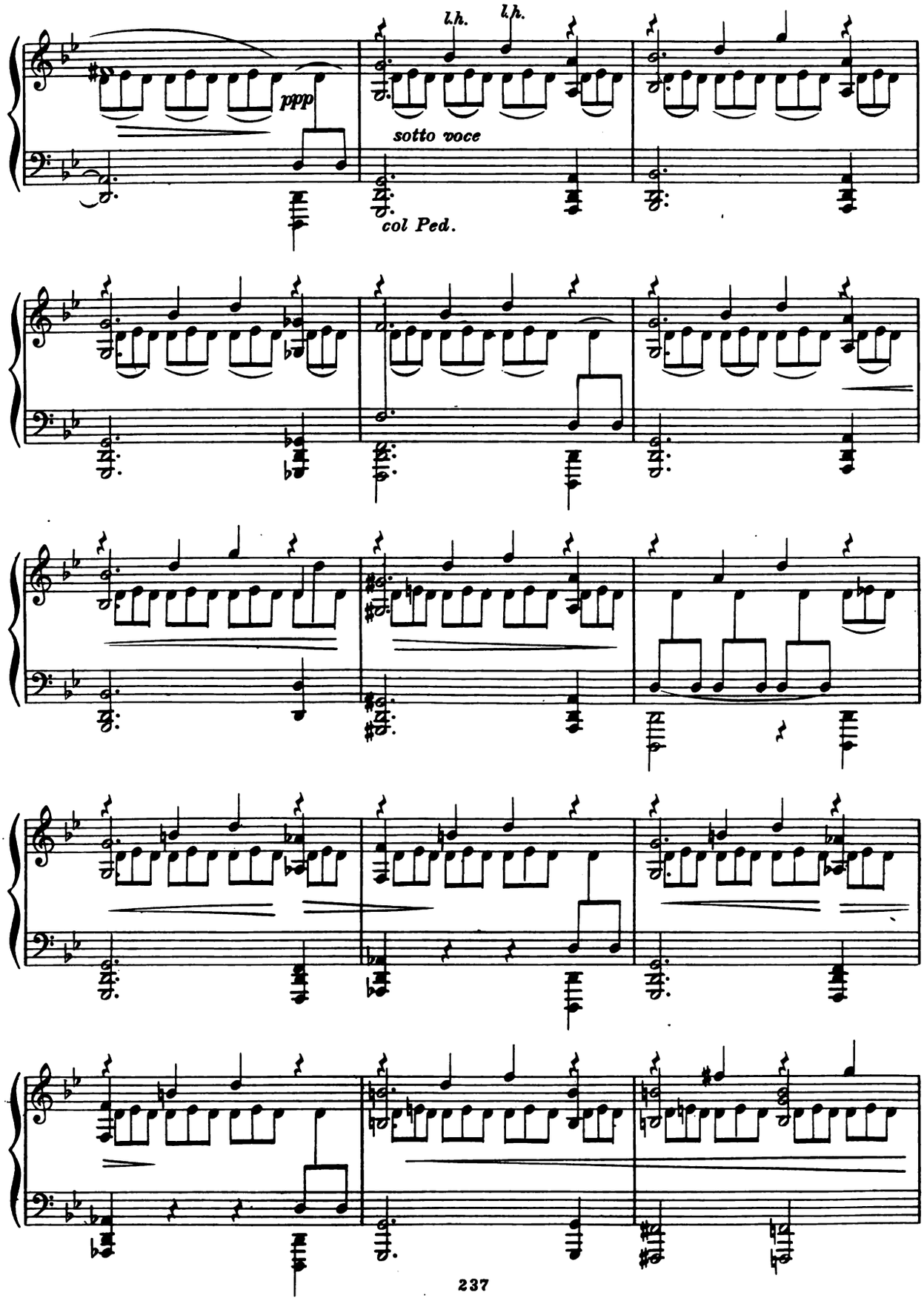
OPUS 79, NO. 2

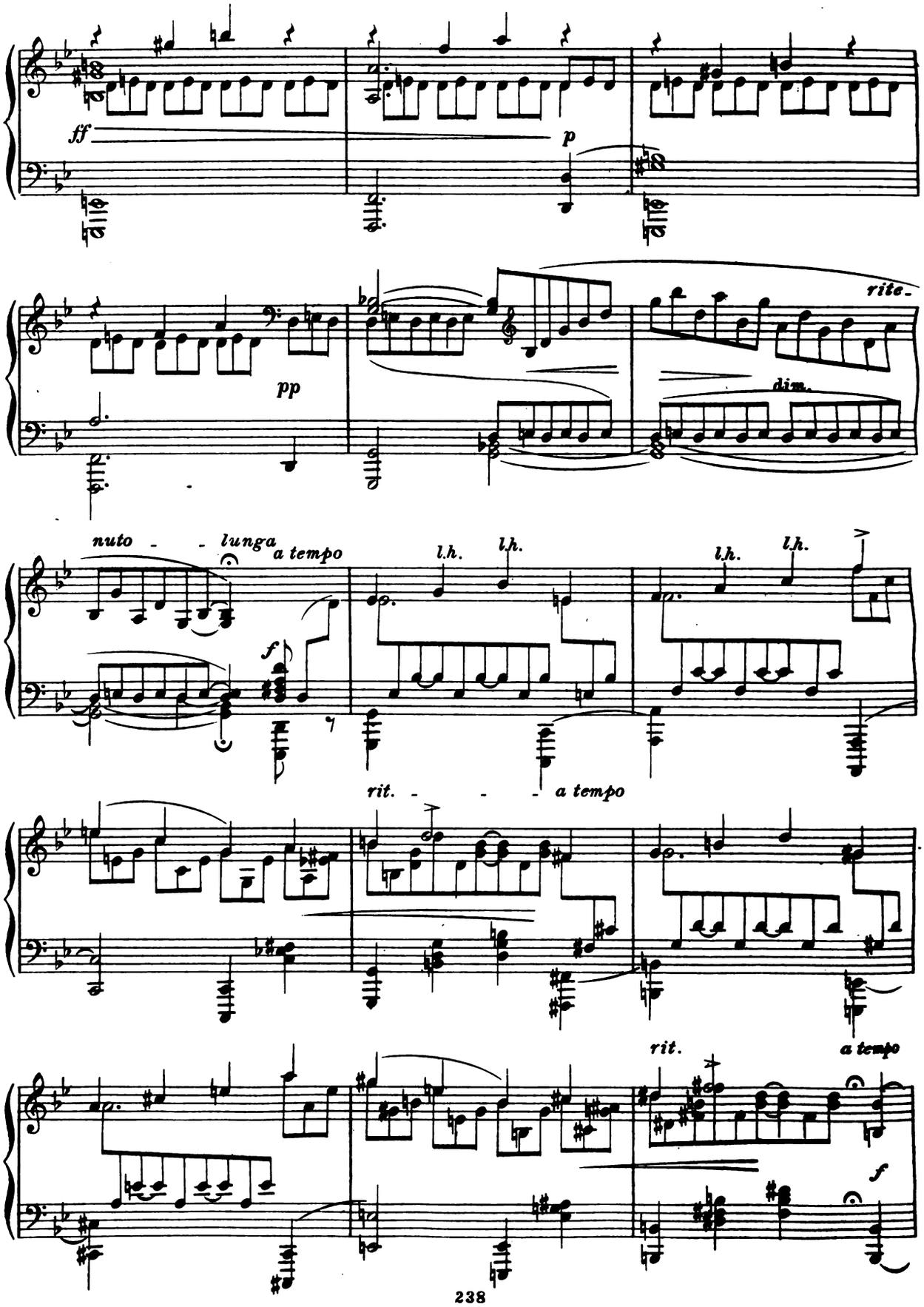


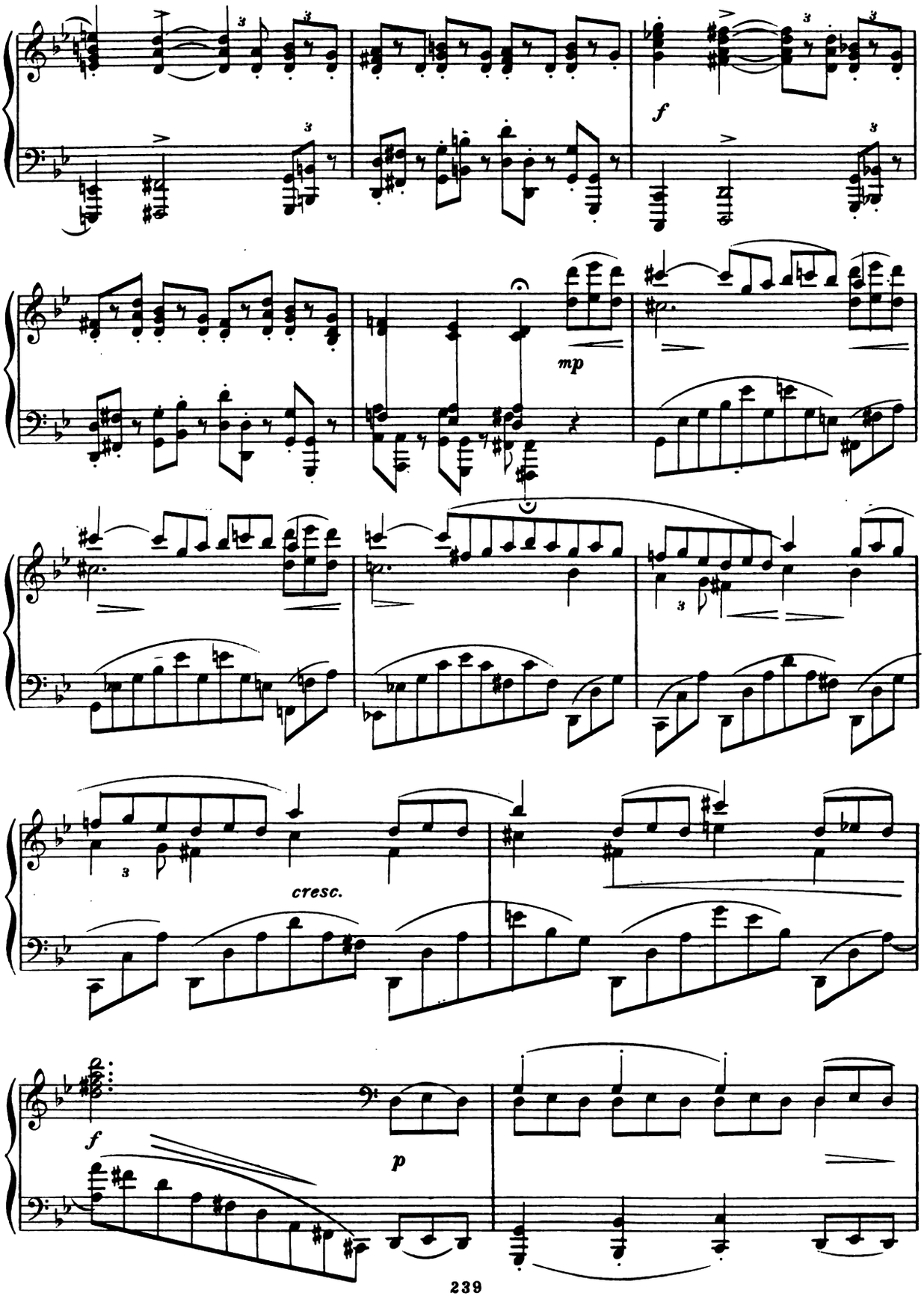

cresc.
f
p
cres - - - - - - - -


cen - - - - - - do
f
s
l.h.
p


dim.
p
ff
p
ff
p dim.


l.h.
l.h.
ppp
sotto voce
col Ped.


ff
p
pp
rite.
dim.
nuto - - lunga
a tempo
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
f
rit. - - - a tempo
rit.
a tempo
f


f
mp
cresc.
f
p

Masters in Art

A Series of Illustrated Monographs

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Van Dyke, Titian, Velasquez, Holbein the Younger, Botticelli, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Millet, Giovanni Bellini, Murillo, Hals, and Raphael.

VOLUME II., 1901
Rubens, Leonardo da Vinci, Dürer, Michelangelo (Sculptures), Michelangelo (Paintings), Corot, Burne-Jones, Ter Borch, Luca and Andrea della Robbia, Andrea del Sarto, Gainsborough, and Correggio.

VOLUME III., 1902
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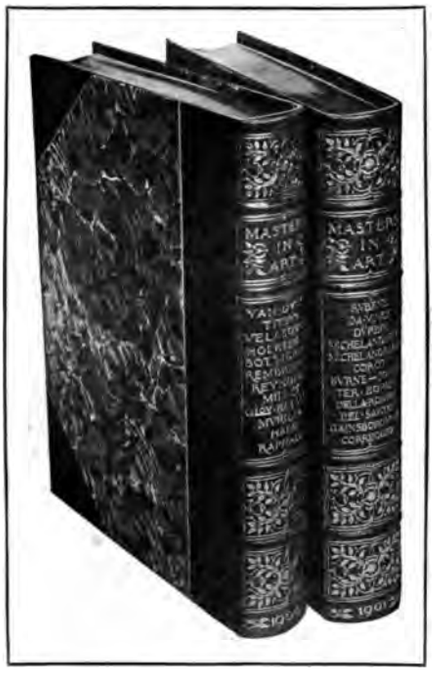

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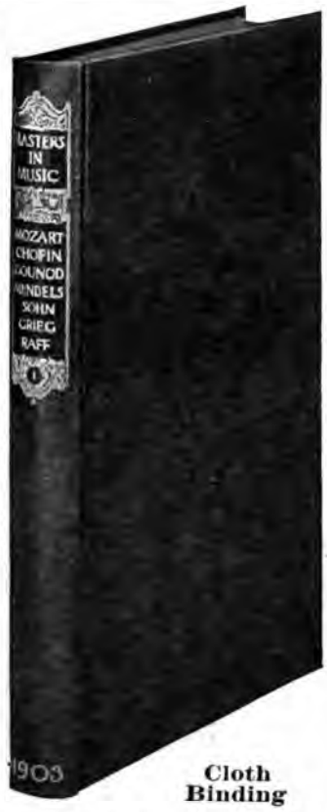

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will have for its subject

BRAHMS

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EDITED BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

JOHANNES BRAHMS

BORN 1833 : DIED 1897

JOHANNES BRAHMS

This interesting portrait, taken from a photograph made toward the end of Brahms's life, shows him in an informal position, seated in a garden chair, with a cigar in one hand. The intellectuality and power of his face are well given, without any suggestion of that look of heaviness one notes in some of his pictures.

JOHANNES

BRAHMS

BORN 1833: DIED 1897

A sketch of Brahms's life was given in the preceding issue of MASTERS IN MUSIC, which dealt with Brahms's Piano Works. Brahms's character was one of such unusual interest that the following anecdotes of him, collected from various sources, seem worth adding as a sort of supplement to the life.

ANECDOTES OF BRAHMS

I. From Alfred Dietrich's 'Recollections'[1]

BRAHMS told me how, when composing, he liked to think of the words of folk-songs, these seeming to suggest musical themes to his mind. Thus, in the Finale of his Sonata in C-major, the words "My Heart's in the Highlands" had been in his mind; whilst in the Sonata in F-sharp minor, Opus 2, he had built up the theme of the second movement on the words of an old German song: "Mir ist leide, dass der Winter beide, Wald und auch die Haide, hat gemachet kahl" ("Woe is me, that the winter hath made bare both forest and heath").

The longer I am with Brahms, the more do I love and honor him. His disposition is as amiable and cheerful as full of depths of seriousness. It is true he frequently teases the ladies by making joking assertions in such a grave manner that Madame Schumann in particular takes them quite seriously, which gives rise to most amusing discussions, though sometimes there is danger of offense being given. Then I step in as mediator. Brahms likes to increase the misunderstanding so as to be able to end up with a hearty laugh at the ladies. It is this, to me, charmingly humorous characteristic which causes him to be so often misunderstood. He must be rather uncomfortable company for ladies who are indulging in sentimental moods (for instance, after listening to Madame Schumann's delightful playing); but that does not prevent Brahms from being very serious and quiet when it suits the occasion.

[1] At the time Dietrich first knew him Brahms was a young man of twenty.—EDITOR

II. From an Article by G. Henschel — *'The Century' 1901*

ONE evening I found myself sitting with Brahms in one of those cozy restaurants, redolent of the mixed perfumes of beer, wine, coffee, and food, so characteristic of Germany, in the company of four or five of the prominent composers of the day. Suddenly one of these musical gentlemen exclaimed, "Now, just look at that lucky fellow Henschel! He can sing and compose as well, and we"—describing with his hand a circle which included Brahms—"we can only compose."

"And not even that," came instantly from Brahms, while his countenance bore an expression of the most perfect innocence.

When Brahms resigned from the conductorship of the Society of the Friends of Music, in Vienna, there was held a solemn ceremony of presenting him with an illuminated manuscript, expressing the society's and the chorus's regret at his resignation. A local poet delivered a very eulogistic oration, which Brahms, who looked rather bored, merely acknowledged with the astonishingly curt words, "Thank you very much." Then he took under his arm the folio containing the address, and walked away. He afterward told me that such official proceedings were exceedingly distasteful to him.

BERLIN, February 28, 1876.

Last night we had intended to go to the masked ball, to which we had taken tickets. In the afternoon, however, Brahms said: "I have another idea; let us give the tickets to the head waiter, and ourselves rather go to —— [a composer of great fertility and popularity], which will entertain us just as well. You know, I am really fond of the man, but can't help being amused by his good-natured loquacity, which to me is as good as a play. Ask him to show you one of his orchestral scores; they are really models of what copying ought to be. He is not happy unless he composes a certain number of hours every day, and with all that he copies even the *parts* of his symphonies."

Well, to Mr. ——'s house we went. Brahms seemed tired; he spoke little, which, however, was only natural, since both Mr. —— and his wife seemed to vie with each other as to which could talk most and quickest. At last —— was called away, and the task of entertaining us rested on Mrs. ——'s shoulders alone. "You have no idea," she said, "how hard a worker —— is. [She never called him 'my husband.'] I am proud and happy to have at last prevailed upon him to go for a walk every day for two hours, thus keeping him for at least two hours a day from composing."

"Ah, that's good, that's good," said Brahms instantly, again looking as innocent as a new-born babe.

Upon my speaking rather disparagingly of the musical attainments of a member of the aristocracy, Brahms said, with the pretense of a serious rebuke in his voice, "My dear Henschel, let me warn you to be more

cautious in speaking of a nobleman's compositions, *for you can never know who did them.*"

SASSNITZ, ISLAND OF RÜGEN, July 11, 1876.

We resolved to go on an expedition to find Brahms's bullfrog pond, of which he had spoken to me some days ago. At last we found it, a tiny little pond in the midst of a wide plain grown with heather. We had not met a human being on our walk, and this solitary spot seemed out of the world altogether.

"Can you imagine," Brahms began, "anything sadder or more melancholy than this music, the indefinable sounds of which for ever and ever move within the poor compass of a diminished third? [From C-flat to A-natural, in the octave above middle C.] Here we can realize how fairy-tales of enchanted princes and princesses have originated. Listen. There he is again, the poor king's son with his pitiful C-flat."

III. From an Article by H. Conrat *'La Revue Musicale' 1904*

BRAHMS was not a gentle critic. One of our young composers, much honored in France, summoned up courage one day to show Brahms his latest compositions. Brahms, who was interested in them, read them over with him in detail, but found so much to criticize and correct that the young musician, discouraged, cried, "But, master, if you censure me so much, I shall wish rather to stop composing."

To which Brahms replied very calmly, "Yes, Monsieur ——, that is exactly what one does n't say to one's self often enough."

A singer who was to give a vocal recital called upon Brahms to ask him to suggest which of his less-known songs she should select for the occasion. "Take some of my posthumous songs," he replied, "no one will know *them.*"

We spoke one day of Rubinstein, whose book 'A Conversation on Music' had just appeared. "This Rubinstein!" exclaimed Brahms. "He cannot speak of Haydn without calling him 'Papa Haydn.' I warrant you Rubinstein will be before long Grandfather, Great-grandfather, Great-great-grandfather—while Haydn still remains 'Papa Haydn.'"

A foreigner, an artist, came to see Brahms with his wife. He was a man still young, who, in the space of a few years, had married three times. Brahms, who happened to meet him on several occasions during one week, took advantage of the opportunity to say to him one day, "What, still the same wife? What boredom! What monotony!"

For the first half of his life Brahms was very poor. He said one day: "Look for a moment at the manuscript of my Requiem [written in 1868]. You will find there music-paper of all sorts and shapes. That is because I did not have money enough, in those days, to buy a large lot of paper at one time."

IV. From J. V. Widmann's 'Recollections'

THE fact that a real friendship never existed between Brahms and Hermann Goetz [1840–1876] was not due to any want of appreciation or good will, still less to jealousy *but the* contrast between the characters of the two composers was too great to admit of such a relation. The Königsberg musician [Goetz], rendered over-sensitive by constant ill-health, could not bear the sharp, caustic manner of the robust and argumentative Hamburg master. This was already exemplified in the first visit which Brahms paid Goetz at Winterthur. Seeing freshly written sheets of music lying on a desk, Brahms stepped forward to look at them, saying, "Ah! do you also sometimes amuse yourself with such things?" [It was a piece of chamber-music.] Goetz, however, quickly spreading both hands over the manuscript, exclaimed in rather exaggeratedly solemn tones, "It is my most sacred treasure!" ("Es ist das Heiligste was ich habe!") Whereupon Brahms, turning impatiently away, changed the conversation, and soon after took his leave.

Both Brahms and Goetz repeatedly described this little scene to me, each finding something blameworthy in the words of the other. But to me it was clear that this unfortunate misunderstanding arose out of the incompatibility of character and aim of the two men. Brahms had a deep-rooted dislike to all display of solemnity, one might even say a sort of shyness of betraying his deepest feelings; and this occasionally—*as* in the case in question—made him burst out with something that sounded unkind, but was in reality only the result of a vain attempt to find a joking expression with which to cover his real feelings. Above all, no self-importance when artists are discussing their work together! This was a principle to which he adhered most strictly in connection with his own works, whenever he alluded to them, which was but seldom. But in intercourse with other musicians he did not consider sufficiently how incumbent it is upon a man who himself lives in the full sunshine of success to spare the sensitive feelings of his less fortunate brethren.

Brahms was, as is well-known, a great lover of children. Being a keen observer, he was often pained by noticing some insincerity or similar fault in grown-up people. But with children—who betray naturally all their naïve egotisms, and whom he nowise looked on as angels, but was satisfied with them as they were—he could refresh his intensely sincere and truth-loving mind after many a disappointment caused him by his fellow-men.

Early one morning we were walking along the road which leads by the lake from Beatenbucht to Merligen, and had somehow come to speak of women and family life. Brahms said, "I have missed my chance. At the time I wished for it I could not offer a wife what I should have felt was right." Upon my asking him if by that he meant that he had lacked confidence in his power to keep wife and children by his art, he replied:

"No, I did not mean that. But at the time when I should have liked to marry, my music was either hissed in the concert-rooms or at least received with icy coldness. Now for myself I could bear that quite well, because I knew its worth, and that some day the tables would be turned. And when, after such failures, I entered my lonely room I was not unhappy. On the contrary! But if, in such moments, I had had to meet the anxious, questioning eyes of a wife with the words, 'Another failure' —I could not have borne that! For a woman may love an artist whose wife she is ever so much, and even do what is called believe in her husband—still, she cannot have the perfect certainty of victory which is in his heart. And if she had wanted to comfort me—a wife to pity her husband for his non-success—Ugh! I cannot bear to think what a hell that would have been, at least to me."

Brahms uttered these words vehemently, in short, broken sentences, looking so defiant and indignant that I could think of no reply; and only silently reflected, on the one hand, what fiery and tender, jubilant and sad love-songs the man had written, who, walking beside me, thought, at this moment, with bitterness of his lonely condition; and on the other, what mental suffering the noblest and proudest minds have to bear through the hard-heartedness and lack of comprehension of the world.

"It has been for the best," added Brahms suddenly, and the next minute showed his usual expression of quiet content.

In order to spend the summer near me, in May, 1886, Brahms took up his residence in Thun for the first time. Whenever the weather permitted he used to dine in the garden of some restaurant; he always disliked a *table d' hote* meal, if only for the simple reason that he detested conventional dress. He was most at his ease in a striped flannel shirt, without either tie or stiff collar; even his soft felt hat was more often carried in his hand than on his head. In bad weather a brownish-gray shawl, thrown round his shoulders and fastened on the chest with a huge pin, completed the curious, unfashionable attire at which people gazed in astonishment.

With him, politeness had its root in truly heartfelt kindness. For instance, upon arriving at a hotel at night it was his custom, even if he stayed up another hour in his room, immediately to put his boots outside the door, "so that no poor servant should have his sleeping-time curtailed by having to wait for them." Meanwhile, he himself, despising such things as slippers, walked about in his socks on the marble or tiled floor, thus displaying an absence of physical sensitiveness of which very few can boast. . . . If upon entering a church he saw that the worshipers turned to look at the newcomer, he would never omit to feign to dip his finger in the benitier and lightly make the sign of the Cross, in order not to scandalize the believers by the intrusion of a heretic, careless of their religious customs. So great was the true courtesy of this man, whom superficial observers considered rough, hard, and even ungracious.

THE ART OF BRAHMS

Dr. Hermann Deiters — *'Johannes Brahms'*

IN every branch of his art Brahms creates with the ease of a master-hand; but when we turn to the songs we begin to doubt whether it is not here that he is at his greatest.

His abundance of unborrowed and beautiful melodies, intelligible and effective, even without the aid of accompaniments, admirably fit him to be a composer of songs, as also his poetic tact, his feeling for what is natural and true, and his wonderful skill in the treatment of form. At present a marked distinction is drawn between the popular ballad (folk-song) of simple stanza form, in which the same melody serves to express the greatest variety of ideas, and the "Durchkomponirtes Lied" ["through-composed song"], which admits of a more extended development of the expression. Brahms's compositions cannot be distinctly placed in either category, for he is equally skilful in his treatment of both kinds of songs. From his earliest works he has shown a feeling after that truthfulness to nature which is the characteristic of popular and national music; thus many of his songs have in their style of melody, or in form, a direct popular origin. But, starting from this basis, he gradually works his way up to more elaborate songs, to romances, to grand scenas, regardless of the category under which his works may be placed, his first object being to clothe his text with suitable musical forms and sentiments. If he recalls Schubert in abundance and charm of melody, Schumann in delicacy of truth and detail, and Franz in neatness of elaboration, he cannot be looked upon as an imitator of any of these composers; he is still independent and original while employing all the artistic resources of his predecessors.

The character of the accompaniment is always appropriate to the words. In the simple songs, resembling the folk-song, it is naturally kept in the background; but if sentiments more complete and subjective are to be expressed with greater elaboration, the accompaniment must needs become a more independent and integral part of the composition. Brahms knows how to seize in a masterly way the distinctive coloring and character of his subject, and to fix them by clear motives and decisive rhythms; thus he obtains a unity of idea, whether the song appears as a finished melody or soars as melodic declamation above the accompaniment.

James Huneker — *'Mezzotints in Modern Music'*

Brahms was the greatest contrapuntist after Bach, the greatest architectonist after Beethoven; but in his songs he was as simple, as manly, as tender, as Robert Burns.

Theodore Thomas *'Music' 1897*

BRAHMS will be better appreciated when people have become more familiar with his music. It is true that he appeals much to the intellect—so did Bach and Beethoven—and, therefore, does not satisfy those who regard music as an amusement, or only as an emotional factor. He may, nevertheless, outlive his more popular contemporaries, because his music is freer from the influences of the times in which he lived than that of any other composer of his day.

Louis Ehlert *'From the Tone World'*

IT is characteristic of Brahms's nature that he was born in a Northern seaport and his father a contrabassist. Sea air and basses, these are the ground elements of his music. Nowhere is there to be found a Southern luxuriance, amid which golden fruits smile on every bough, nor the superabundance that spreads its fragrant breath over hill and dale. Nor is there enervating self-absorption, renunciation of effort, or Southern brooding submission to fate. Brahms neither dazzles nor does he conquer by assault. Slowly but surely he wins all hearts that demand from art not only excitement but also that it be filled with sacred fire and endowed with the lovely proportions of the beautiful.

The Editor *Critical Summary*

"MELODY," it has often been said, "is the soul of music." If this is, on the whole, true of all music, it is especially and most obviously true of songs. No gorgeousness of harmony, or richness of surface ornamentation in the form of trills and roulades, or emotionality of declamation, will long reconcile us to the absence, in a song, of melodic beauty. And on the other hand, if a melody be beautiful, we forgive it a good deal of crudity in its accessories.

Brahms's greatness as a writer of songs depends, then, first of all, on his power of conceiving simple, inevitable, symmetrical—in a word beautiful—melodies. His tunes generally catch the attention and charm the imagination at once by the presentation of a motif that is as inevitable as natural law, and yet perfectly original. And in the subsequent course of the music, this primary idea is developed, not by mechanical analysis and synthesis, but by that gradual germination from within outwards which is as native to a thought as it is to an animal or a plant. All the time, however, this growth is guided and restrained by the artist's fostering hand; so that when the piece stands complete it is as rounded and well-proportioned as it is spontaneous, it has as much

maturity as freshness. Take any of Brahms's great melodies, such as that of 'Faithful Love,' the 'Sapphic Ode,' or 'Sweet Melodies,' and play it over half a dozen times, alone, without any accompaniment. You can hardly fail to get a sense of its utter naturalness, its inner *proportion* and balance, its large freedom of manner.

Brahms was a devoted student of the folk-songs of his native country, and his own music is strongly stamped with the general qualities of German folk-music. The fact is apt to escape us, for the simple reason that all the best classical music, written as it has been chiefly by Germans and in Germany, has taken its general complexion so largely from German folk-music that the qualities of this folk-music have come to stand, in our minds, as identical with the qualities of good music in general. When Grieg introduces Norwegian idioms into his work, or when Dvořák uses Bohemian Dumkas and Furiants, or when Tschaïkowsky writes variations on a Russian peasant's song, we say, "What a charmingly exotic flavor!" But when Brahms takes the grave diatonic steps, the strong fundamental harmonies, and the carefully balanced rhythms of old German *volkslieder* as the bases of his musical style we do not cry, "How novel and interesting!" but at most only, "How massive and pure!" Nevertheless, a careful comparison of Brahms's original songs with, for example, the traditional tunes he has harmonized and adapted in his 'Deutsche Volkslieder' will enlighten any student on the intimacy of the bond between the composer and the common musical life of his nation. In both one finds the same preponderance of simple intervals, largely diatonic, in the melodic progressions; the same infrequency of chromatic steps; the same tendency to build a melody out of the tonic and the dominant chord tones in alternation; the same rugged, august harmonic style; the same interest in subtleties of rhythm, and in ingenious schemes of phrase balance. Both breathe the same spirit of sincere feeling and robust good cheer.

Technically the songs of Brahms are as interesting as from the purely musical standpoint. They are admirably suited to the voice. The diatonic progressions, and the leaps based on the fundamental chords of the key, can be taken with ease and certainty. The tones long held, while the accompaniment is going through its various evolutions below, bring out the full sonority of the voice, and give that sustained effect which is so essential to the dignity of vocal style. Above all, the wide-spanned phrases, maintaining the musical tension with such tireless vigor, tax the breathing power to the utmost, and if it do not fail, produce effects of the most extraordinary nobility and grandeur. On the other hand, the accompaniments are as well suited to the piano as the melodies are to the voice. The natural geniuses of the two instruments are quite opposed; while the voice is best in sustained effects, the piano can sustain little, and is heard to most advantage in running passages of kaleidoscopic, shifting color, like scales and arpeggios. Brahms respects these mechanical limitations, and writes his accompaniments largely in figures

derived from arpeggios, which, thanks to his technical skill, he is able to dispose in the most original and interesting patterns, and even sometimes to treat thematically. He frees accompaniments from the bonds of the tiresome old reiterated chords and broken chords in the most obvious patterns. The piano part of such a song as 'The Vain Suit' or 'Sweet Melodies' is in itself a musical experience.

The dramatic and declamatory element is almost entirely lacking in Brahms's songs, as was the histrionic instinct in his simple, straightforward character. He seeks no special effects, no momentary emotional paroxysms, no minute tone-painting of the detailed meaning of each word of his text. He aims rather to present the mood of the poem in a fabric of tones intrinsically beautiful enough to enhance it by throwing over it the indescribable glamor of art. He attempts to communicate a general emotional state, transfigured, illumined, exalted by its æsthetic embodiment. For this reason his songs often make a less immediate appeal than others which more formidably assault our sensibilities; but for the same reason their power to move us is only beginning to make itself felt when those others have already become tiresome and cloying. Increasing familiarity with Brahms brings increasing admiration; and the more intimately we know his best songs, the keener, deeper, and rarer is the pleasure we take in them.

THE WORKS OF BRAHMS

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

IN the earlier parts of MASTERS IN MUSIC which have dealt exclusively with songs, namely Part 14 (Franz), Part 22 (Schubert), and Part 26 (Schumann), the practice was adopted of giving English translations of the German texts with the music, printing the original German verses in the Notes. This enables those readers who care to see the German words to refer to them easily, while it does not needlessly encumber the music pages. The precedent will therefore be followed in the present issue.

I. 'Faithful Love' *Opus 3, No. 1*

LIEBESTREU

Robert Reinick

„O versenk', O versenk' dein Leid, mein Kind,
In die See, in die tiefe See."
Ein Stein wohl bleibt auf des Meeres Grund,
Mein Leid kommt stets in die Höh'.

„Und die Lieb', die du im Herzen trägst,
Brich sie ab, brich sie ab, mein Kind!"
Ob die Blum' auch stirbt, wenn man sie bricht,
Treue Lieb' nicht so geschwind.

„Und die Treu', und die Treu', 'swar nur ein Wort,
In den Wind da mit hinaus."
O Mutter und splittert der Fels auch im Wind,
Meine Treue, die hält ihn aus, die hält, die hält ihn aus!

ALTHOUGH this is one of Brahms's earliest songs, published when he was only twenty-one, it reveals many of the rare qualities which made the mature Brahms so peerless a song-writer. In the first place, the thematic cogency and closeness of structure are remarkable; the entire song grows out of the little motif of three notes used as the theme of a sort of free canon between the bass of the accompaniment and the voice at the very start. Then, again, the fact that the first of these notes is in each case a passing note, foreign to the chord, gives rise to many interesting and daring harmonic effects, throughout the song, which deserve careful, detailed study. Again, the contrast between the rather stern words of the mother, in each stanza, and the daughter's gently resolute reply is wonderfully embodied in the music. But most of all, the construction of the melody itself deserves our admiration. Indeed, this is always the case with Brahms. His melodies have a dignity, a grandeur, a deliberate symmetry, that remind one of natural phenomena rather than of human manufactures. In the present case, the doubling of the last phrase in each stanza, making it occupy four instead of two measures, rounds out the pattern and deepens the emotional tone in a truly wonderful way. Characteristic, too, is the somewhat similar augmentation of the motif at the very end of the somber postlude. Altogether, it is an unmistakable example of Brahms's broad, serious, and elevated style.

II. "The Little Dustman" *From the 'Volkskinderlieder'*

SANDMÄNNCHEN

(*Anonymous*)

Die Blümelein sie schlafen schon längst im Mondenschein,
Sie nicken mit den Köpfen aus ihren Stengelein.
Es rüttelt sich der Blüthenbaum,
Er säuselt wie im Traum.
Schlafe, schlafe, schlaf' du mein Kindelein!

Die Vögelein sie sangen so süss im Sonnenschein.
Sie sind zur Ruh gegangen in ihre Nestchen klein.
Das Heimchen in dem Aehrengrund,
Es thut allein sich kund.
Schlafe, schlafe, schlaf' du mein Kindelein!

Sandmännchen kommt geschlichen und gucht durch's Fensterlein,
Ob irgend noch ein Liebchen nicht mag zu Bette sein.
Und wo er nur ein Kindchen fand,
Streut er ihn in die Augen Sand.
Schlafe, schlafe, schlaf' du mein Kindelein!

Sandmännchen aus dem Zimmer es schläft mein Herzchen fein,
Es ist gar fest verschlossen schon sein Guckäugelein.
Es leuchtet Morgen mir Willkomm
Das Aeugelein so fromm.
Schlafe, schlafe, schlaf' du mein Kindelein!

THE 'Volkskinderlieder,' or 'Children's Folk-songs,' are a set of fourteen melodies written to traditional nursery verses, dedicated to the children of Robert and Clara Schumann, and published in 1858. They are, of course, exceedingly simple, yet even here Brahms's musical skill is evident in the dexterous weaving of the voices, the way in which even the baldest harmonies are veiled and transfigured by the network of ornamentation in which his fancy clothes them. The melody of 'The Little Dustman' is conceived in the folk-style. It moved all within the domain of tonic, dominant, and subdominant harmonies, with one or two simple modulations. Yet the accompaniment is a very lovely bit of pure contrapuntal writing. It is strange these songs are not more familiar to American children. They ought to have a place on the same shelf with Grimm's and Andersen's fairy-tales and Stevenson's 'Child's Garden of Verses.'

III. 'My Queen' — *Opus 32, No. 9*

WIE BIST DU MEINE KÖNIGIN

G. F. Daumer

Wie bist du meine Königin,
Durch sanfte Güte wonnevoll:
Du lächle nur, Lenzdüfte weh'n
Durch mein Gemüthe wonnevoll, wonnevoll!

Frisch auf geblühter Rosen Glanz,
Vergleich ich ihn den deinigen?
Ach über alles was da blüht,
Ist deine Blüthe wonnevoll, wonnevoll!

Durch todte Wüsten wandle hin,
Und grüne Schatten breiten sich,
Ob fürchterliche Schwüle dort
Ohn' Ende brüte, wonnevoll, wonnevoll!

Lass mich vergeh'n in deinem Arm!
Es ist in ihm ja selbst der Tod,
Ob auch die herbste Todesqual
Die Brust durch wüthe wonnevoll, wonnevoll!

IN this splendid love-song Brahms shows more than his usual disposition to reflect in the music not only the general mood of the poem, but also the special color of certain words or phrases. The first two stanzas simply establish the atmosphere, with their firm, confident motion and fresh vigor. But with the words "Durch todte Wüsten wandle hin," there is an obviously intentional change to the minor key, very expressive, followed immediately by a change to the bright key of E-major at the line: "Und grüne Schatten breiten sich." Again, in the last stanza, at the word "Todesqual," the former melody D, E-flat, F, is effectively altered to D-flat, E-flat, F-flat. It is of the first importance to note, however, that these special expressions are not made at a sacrifice of any of the musical beauty of the melody, as is sometimes the case with less skilful composers. In each case Brahms so manages the sequel that the symmetry of the entire section is kept intact, and the details thus remain details, as they should.

The cadence of each stanza deserves a word. It contains two features that were favorites with Brahms: in the melody, an imitation of the piano by the voice; and in the harmony, an oscillation between the "6–4 chord" and the chord of the seventh founded on the raised fourth of the scale. This cadence says "Johannes Brahms" as unmistakably as a signature could.

IV. 'Cradle Song' — *Opus 49, No. 4*

WIEGENLIED

Karl Simrock

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
Mit Rosen bedacht,
Mit Näglein besteckt
Schlupf' unter die Deck';
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,
Wirst du wieder geweckt,
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,
Wirst du wieder geweckt.

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
Von Eng'lein bewacht,
Die Zeigen im Traum
Dir Christkindleins Baum:
Schlaf' nun selig und süss,
Schau' im Traum's Paradies,
Schlaf' nun selig und süss,
Schau' im Traum's Paradies.

THE well-known 'Cradle Song,' familiar to American singers years before most of Brahms's songs were at all known here, presents another instance of that finely simple treatment noted in 'The Little Dustman.' Here, moreover, there is not even the contrapuntal decoration that lent a certain slight complexity to that song; the accompaniment is merely broken chords in a swaying, oscillating movement. The melody is in the true folk-vein, and in spite of its simplicity (which only a superficial view could mistake for commonplaceness), it has a charm that makes it take firm possession of one after a few hearings. The song should be sung ingenuously, with tender feeling.

V. 'Like a Blossoming Lilac' — *Opus 63, No. 5*

MEINE LIEBE IST GRÜN

Ferd Schumann

Meine Liebe ist grün wie die Fliederbusch,
Und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne,
mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne;
Die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch
Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne,
Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.

Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall,
Und wiegt sich in blühenden Flieder,
und wiegt sich in blühenden Flieder,
Und jauchzet und singet vom Duft berauscht
Viel liebestrunkene Lieder,
Viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

BRAHMS said to Heuberger (although he warned him that the remark must not be taken too seriously) that a song to be good must be easy to whistle. Of course what he had in mind was that the melody must be so natural and flowing, so little the result of laborious thought and so much the inevitable outcome of its germ, that it would stick in the mind and be easily reproduced. To his way of thinking, composition was largely a subconscious process, a natural growth. "It is as with the seed-corn," as he said to Mr. Henschel, "it germinates unconsciously and in spite of ourselves." Music should not be manufactured, it should grow; and having grown, by a natural process, it should have when finished the completeness, symmetry, unity, of a natural object. And a test of this was that it should so lodge in the mind as to be readily whistled.

The present melody begins with fresh vigor and ceaseless animation, reaching its first halting-place after the first two lines with a cadence in the dominant key (C-sharp). The second half of the stanza begins *piano*

in a subdued yet still agitated mood. The harmonic climax of the two phrases here is very fine, the first one ending in F-sharp major, the second one modulating to A-major. And then comes the fine, broad, four-measure phrase of conclusion. A typical Brahms melody this.

VI. 'Love-song' — *Opus 71, No. 5*

MINNELIED

H. Hölty

Holder klingt der Vogel-sang,
Wenn die Engelreine,
Die mein Jünglingsherz bezwang,
Wandelt durch die Haine.

Röther blühen Thal und Au,
Grüner wird der Rasen,
Wo die Finger meine Frau
Meienblumen lasen.

Ohne sie ist alles todt,
Welk sind Blüt' und Kräuter;
Und kein Frühlingsabendroth
Dünkt mir schön und heiter.

Traute, minnigliche Frau,
Wollest nimmer fliehen,
Dass mein Herz, gleich dieser Au,
Mög' in Wonne blühen,
Mög' in Wonne blühen.

TO these verses of the faithful and happy lover Brahms has set a melody as full of gladness and of manly devotion as they. The mood is one of large happiness and confidence, and the rendering should be appropriately direct and forthright. Above all, there must be no sentimentality and no dragging. Brahms, aware doubtless of the temptation singers might feel to maunder and to indulge in "voice-production," has marked the tempo "With much tenderness, but not too slowly,"—"Sehr innig doch nicht zu langsam." The music must pulsate and flow, else it loses all its power. It should certainly not average slower than the beat indicated by a metronome set at 92 for the quarter-note.

The student will notice the ingenious and charming imitations between the voice and the piano in the third stanza (the music of which is new and in the key of the dominant), and the broadening-out of the final cadence, in the last stanza, which adds much to the structural beauty of the entire song.

VII. 'The Vain Suit' — *Opus 84, No. 4*

VERGEBLICHES STÄNDCHEN

(*Lower Rhine Folk-song*)

(*Er*) Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
Guten Abend, mein Kind,
Guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach mir auf die Thür,
Mach mir auf die Thür
Mach mir auf,
Mach mir auf,
Mach mir auf die Thür!

(*Sie*) [Repetitions omitted.]
Mein' Thür ist verschlossen,
Ich lass' dich nicht ein,
Mutter, die räth mir klug,
Wärst du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei.

(*Er*) So kalt ist die Nacht,
So eisig der Wind,
Dass mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein Lieb' erlöschen wird,
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

(*Sie*) Löschet dein' Lieb',
Lass sie löschen nur,
Löschen sie immer zu,
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh,
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

IN treating this rude but good-natured popular song Brahms shows himself to us in a new light—that of a humorist, an amused narrator of a farcical skit. The words are of the slightest importance, and in questionable taste; but Brahms, with expansive good-humor, makes them the basis for some very clever musical antics. The idea of treating such words to a contrapuntal musical setting, in which learning is compelled to pay tribute to frivolity, is an irresistible one, and Brahms has carried it out with unflagging spirit. Particularly quaint is the appearance of the theme in the minor key and with a conspicuous counterpoint, at that pathetic place where the amorous swain complains of the coldness of the night. Throughout, the music bubbles with good humor and contagious animal spirits.

VIII. 'Sapphic Ode' *Opus 94, No. 4*

SAPPHISCHE ODE

Hans Schmidt

Rosen brach ich Nachts mir am dunklen Hage;
Süsser brauchten Duft sie, als je am Tage;
Doch verstreuten reich die bewegten Aeste
Thau, der mich nässte.

Auch der Küsse Duft mich wie nie berückte,
Die ich Nacht's von Strauch deiner Lippen pflückte:
Doch auch dir bewegt im Gemüth-gleich jenen,
Thauten die Thränen.

THESE richly imaginative verses, pulsing with the spirit of the passionate Sappho, have suggested to Brahms one of his most perfect melodies. It is hard to conceive how anything could be finer than this stately marching tune, so simple and yet so grand. Perhaps of all the phrases that go to make it up, the most notable are the first and the last. The first is one of those impressive phrases common with Beethoven and Brahms, but infrequent with other composers, founded entirely on tones of the tonic and dominant chords. The first nine tones of the present theme belong to the tonic chord; the last three form a cadence of dominant and tonic. Such a formation produces melody of a truly Roman dignity and austerity. The last phrase is noticeable for the long stay of the voice upon the first A, while the harmony changes three times, and for the cadence with the delightfully satisfying turn. But this is one of those phrases that illustrates that breadth of the composer already so much mentioned in a way that is embarrassing to all but the most accomplished singers. So broad, so large, so long sustained, is this phrase that few singers have at their command sufficient breath for it. In every case, a full inflation of the lungs before that long A will be found necessary.

IX. 'Sweet Melodies' *Opus 105, No. 1*

WIE MELODIEN ZIEHT ES MIR

Klaus Groth

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin,
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und fasst es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblasst es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch,
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

ESPECIALLY notable in this song, which dates from the last period of its composer's life, when his technical skill was wonderfully developed, are the fluency, grace, and independence of those wide arpeggios out of which the accompaniment is built up. They swoop and fly about as if absolutely free, yet they always combine with the voice to make clear, transparent harmony. The melody, too, by itself, is a very beautiful example of Brahms's geniality of invention. The harmonic scheme knits all three stanzas into an organic whole; the first ends in the dominant, the second in the relative minor, and the third in the tonic, completing the cycle.

After studying these songs, in which every detail is so carefully calculated in relation to the integral conception, we can understand as not before how thoroughly Brahms practised what he preached when he said, "Whether a song is beautiful also is an entirely different matter; *but perfect it must be.*" Study is, however, essential to an appreciation of them. The very largeness and scope of their beauty makes it often escape those ears which are accustomed to smaller patterns. Such are always saying that Brahms "lacks melody." What such a critic, if he is sincere, needs is simply to accustom himself by long listening to Brahms's style. He will find that it will gradually reveal ever new beauties and delights.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF BRAHMS

I. CHORAL. 'Ave Maria,' opus 12; German Requiem, opus 45; 'Rinaldo' (cantata), opus 50; 'Rhapsody,' opus 53; 'Song of Fate,' opus 54; 'Song of Triumph,' opus 55; 'Nänie,' opus 82; 'Song of the Fates,' opus 89. Also numerous glees, part-songs, motets, etc., for men's chorus, women's chorus, and mixed chorus; as well as choruses, quartets, and duets with instrumental accompaniment.

II. VOCAL. Over two hundred songs with piano accompaniment.

III. ORCHESTRAL. Serenade, opus 11; Serenade, opus 16; Variations on a theme of Haydn, opus 56a; Academic Festival Overture, opus 80; Tragic Overture, opus 81; and four symphonies; viz., opus 68, in C-minor; opus 73, in D-major; opus 90, in F-major; and opus 98, in E-minor.

IV. CONCERTOS. Two concertos for pianoforte, opuses 15 and 83; one for violin, opus 77; and one double concerto for violin and violoncello, opus 102.

V. CHAMBER-MUSIC. Sextet for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos, opus 18; Sextet, same combination, opus 36; two string quintets, opuses 88 and 111; quintet with clarinet, opus 115; piano quintet, opus 38; three string quartets, opus 51, Nos. 1 and 2, and opus 67; three piano quartets, opuses 25, 26, and 60; three piano trios, opuses 8, 87, and 101; trio with horn, opus 40; trio with clarinet, opus 114; three sonatas for piano and violin, opuses 78, 100, and 108; two sonatas for piano and violoncello, opuses 38 and 99; two sonatas for piano and clarinet, opus 120, Nos. 1 and 2.

VI. PIANOFORTE. Three sonatas, opuses 1, 2, and 5; Scherzo, opus 4; Variations on a theme by Schumann, opus 9; Ballades, opus 10; Variations on an original theme, opus 21, No. 1; Variations on a Hungarian song, opus 21, No. 2; Variations and Fugue on a theme by Handel, opus 24; Variations on a theme by Paganini, opus 35; eight pieces, opus 76; two rhapsodies, opus 79; Fantasies, opus 116; three inter-

mezzi, opus 117; piano pieces, opuses 118 and 119; and several arrangements and transcriptions. For Pianoforte, four hands: Variations on a theme by Schumann, opus 23; Waltzes, opus 39; Liebeslieder, or Love-song Waltzes, opuses 52a and 65; Hungarian Dances, no opus number.

VII. ORGAN. Fugue in A-flat minor; Choral Prelude and Fugue; Eleven Choral Preludes (posthumous).

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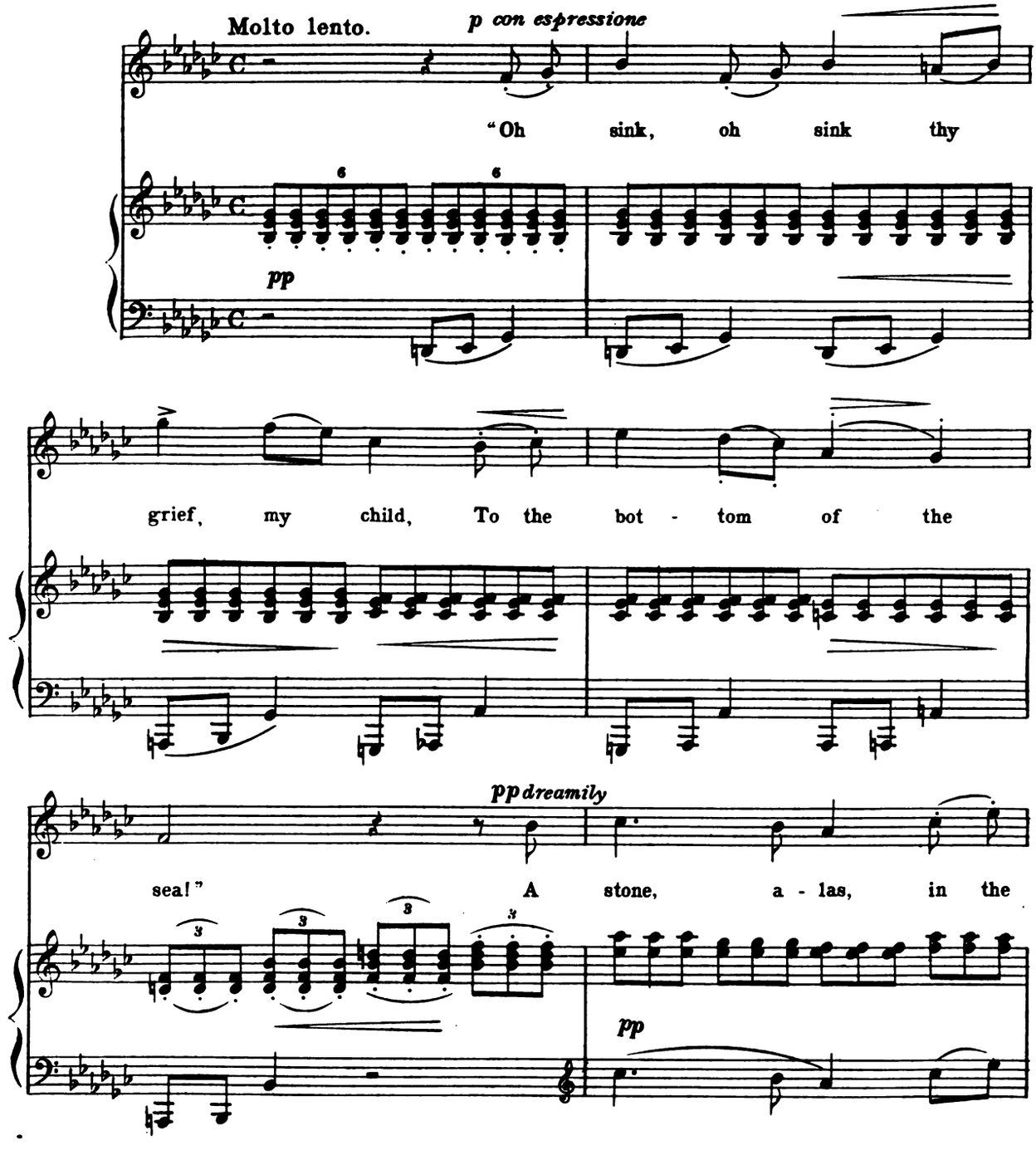
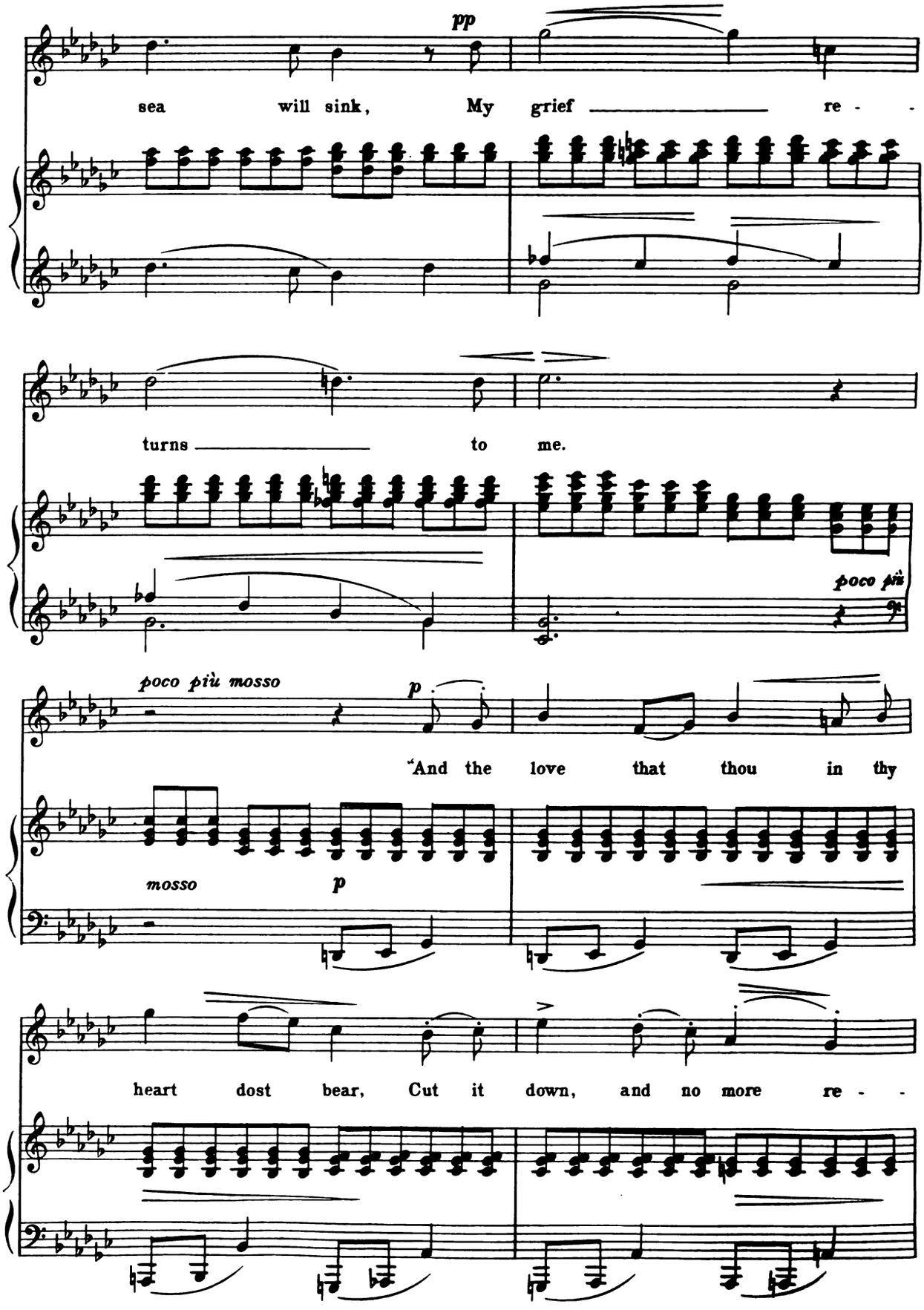
I. FAITHFUL LOVE

OPUS 3, NO. 1

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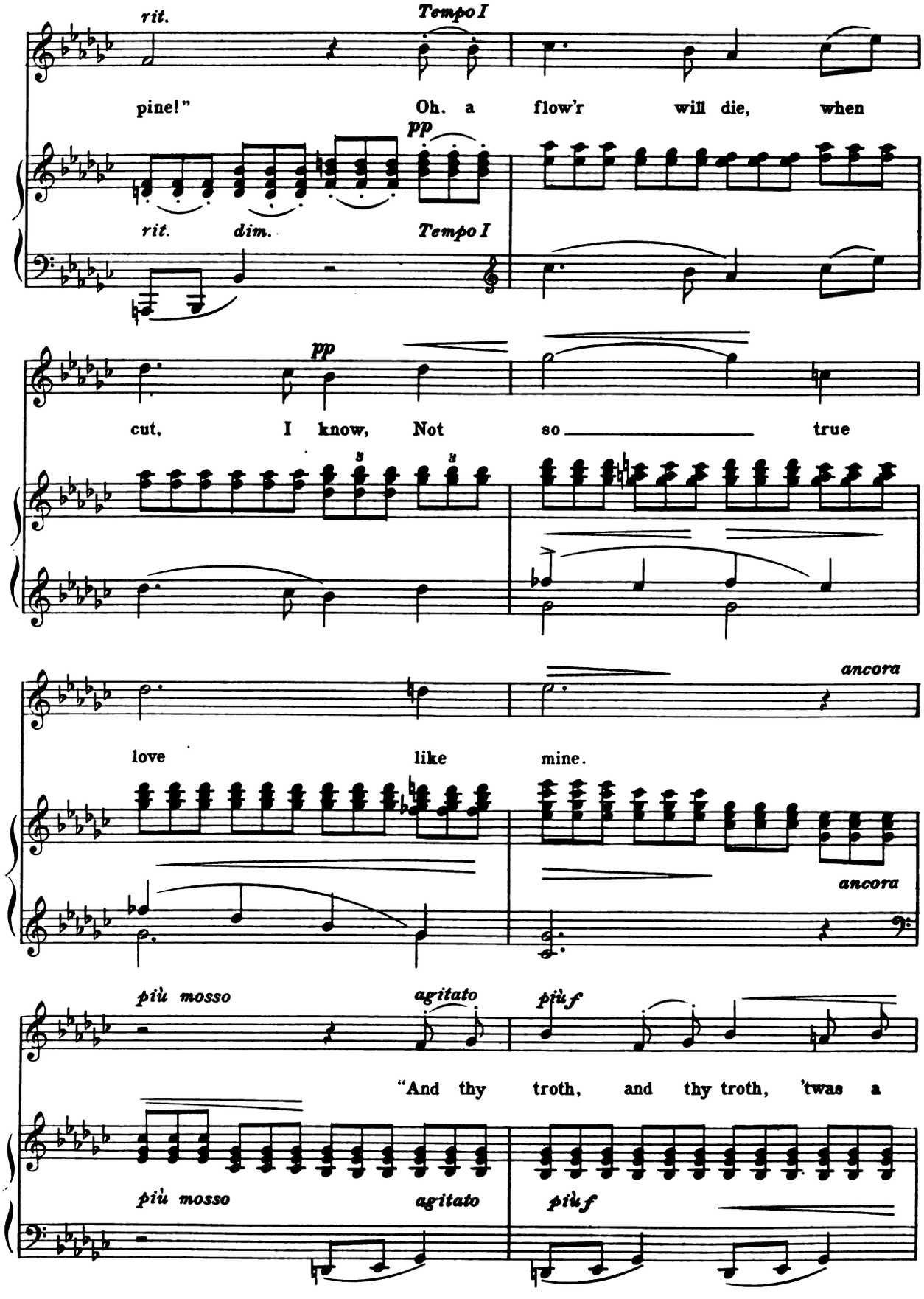
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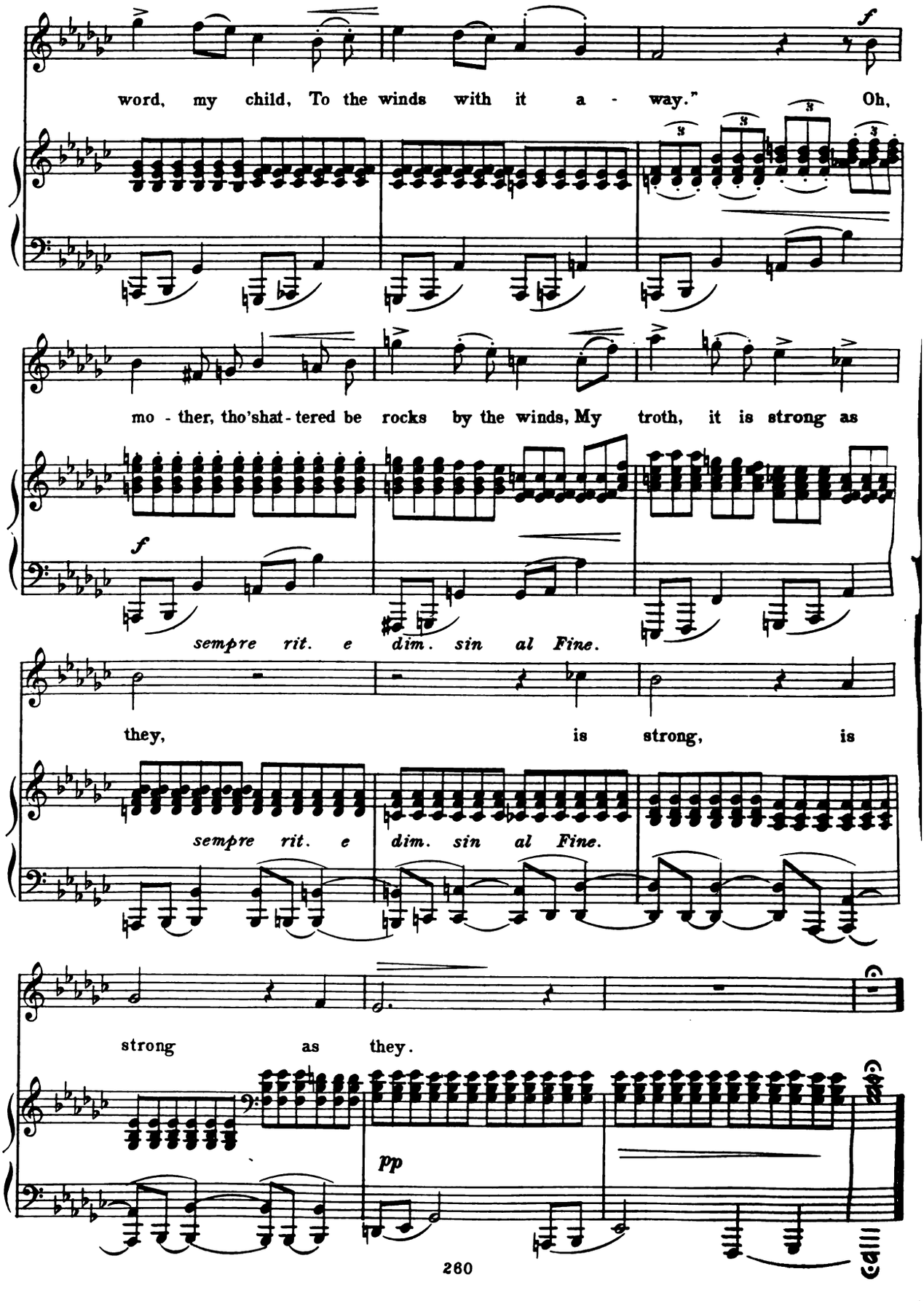
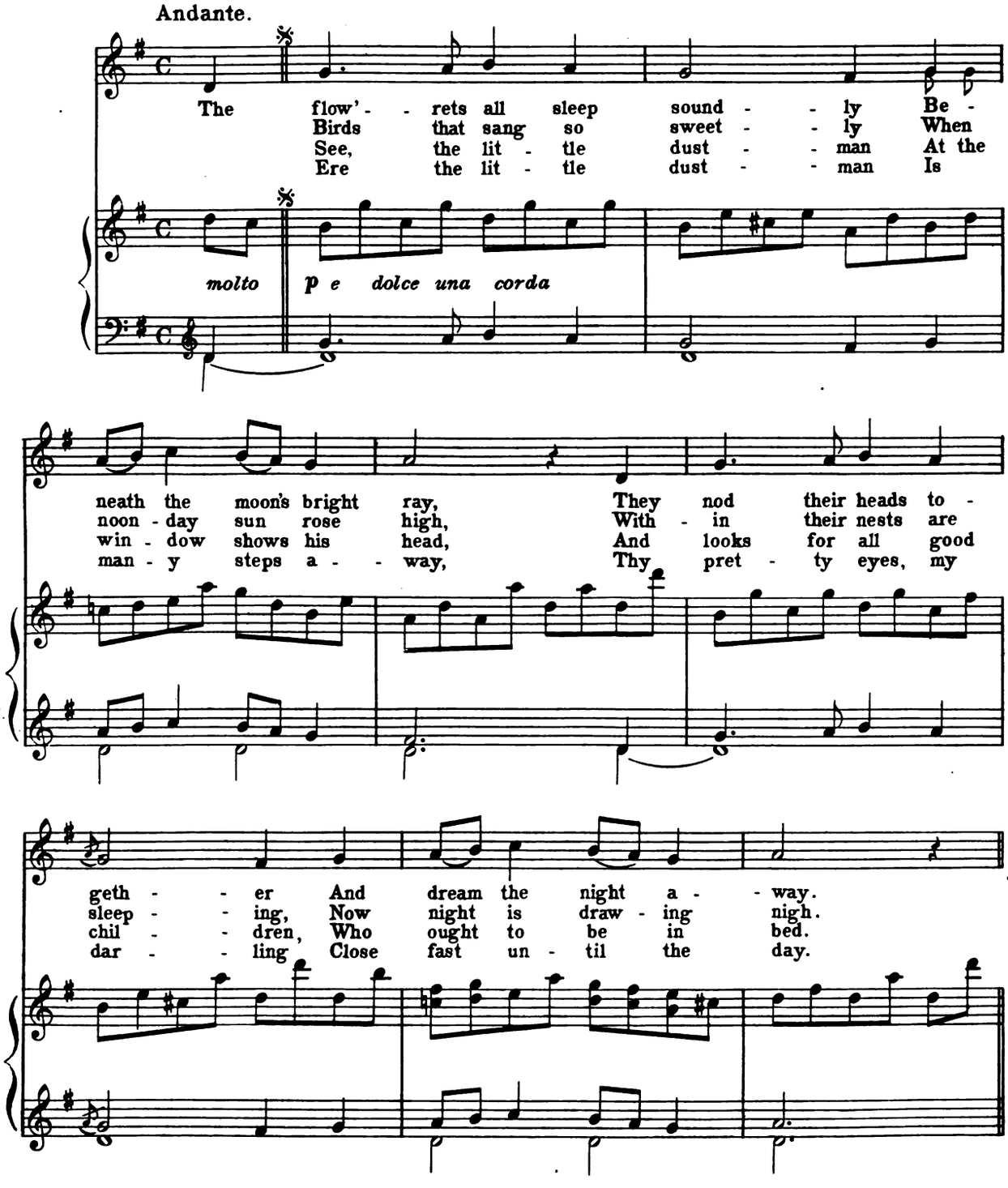
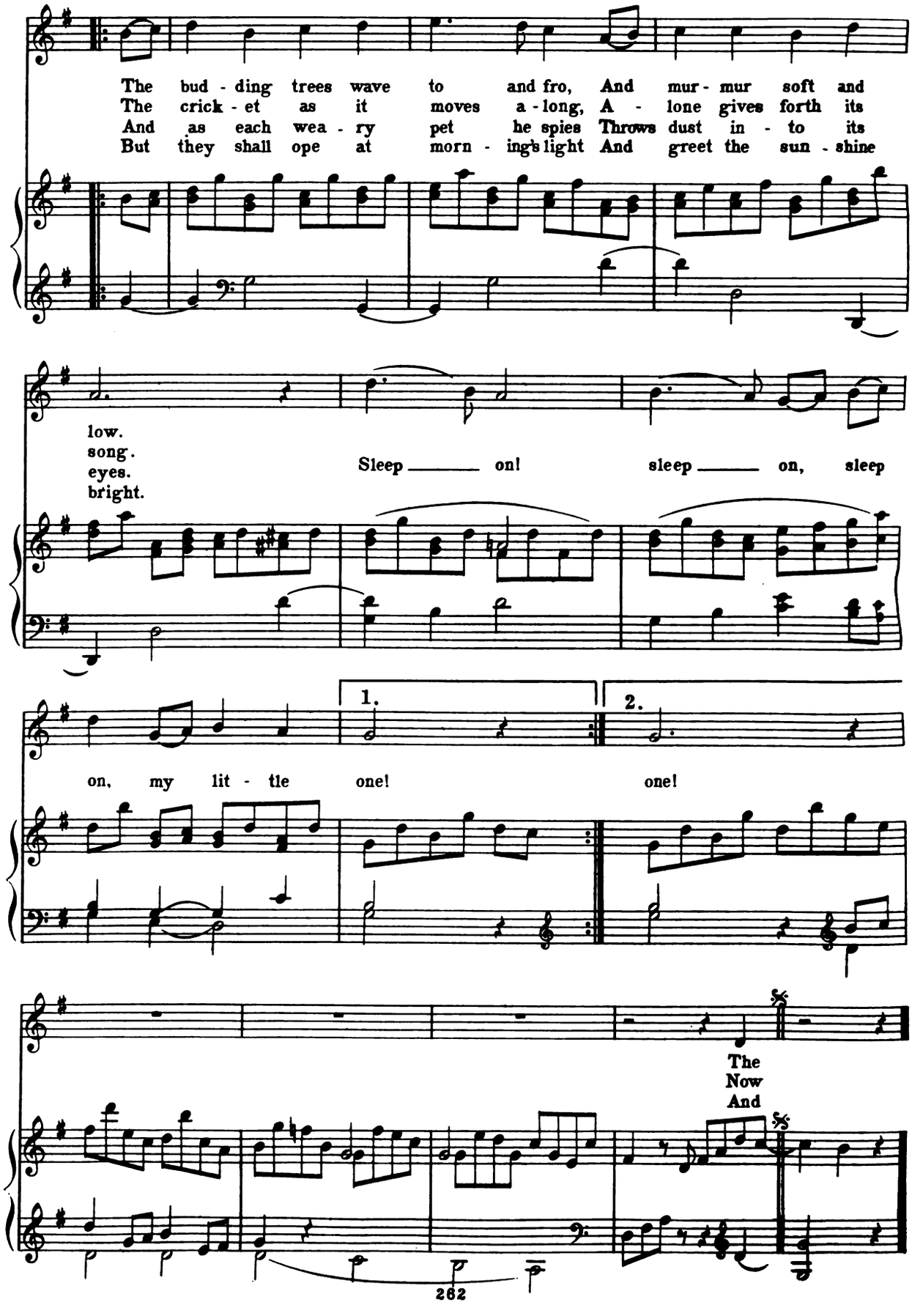
pp
cut, I know, Not so true
love like mine.
ancora
ancora
più mosso
agitato
più f
"And thy troth, and thy troth, 'twas a
più mosso
agitato
più f


word, my child, To the winds with it a - way." Oh,
mo - ther, tho'shat - tered be rocks by the winds, My troth, it is strong as
sempre rit. e dim. sin al Fine.
they, is strong, is
sempre rit. e dim. sin al Fine.
strong as they.
pp

II. THE LITTLE DUSTMAN

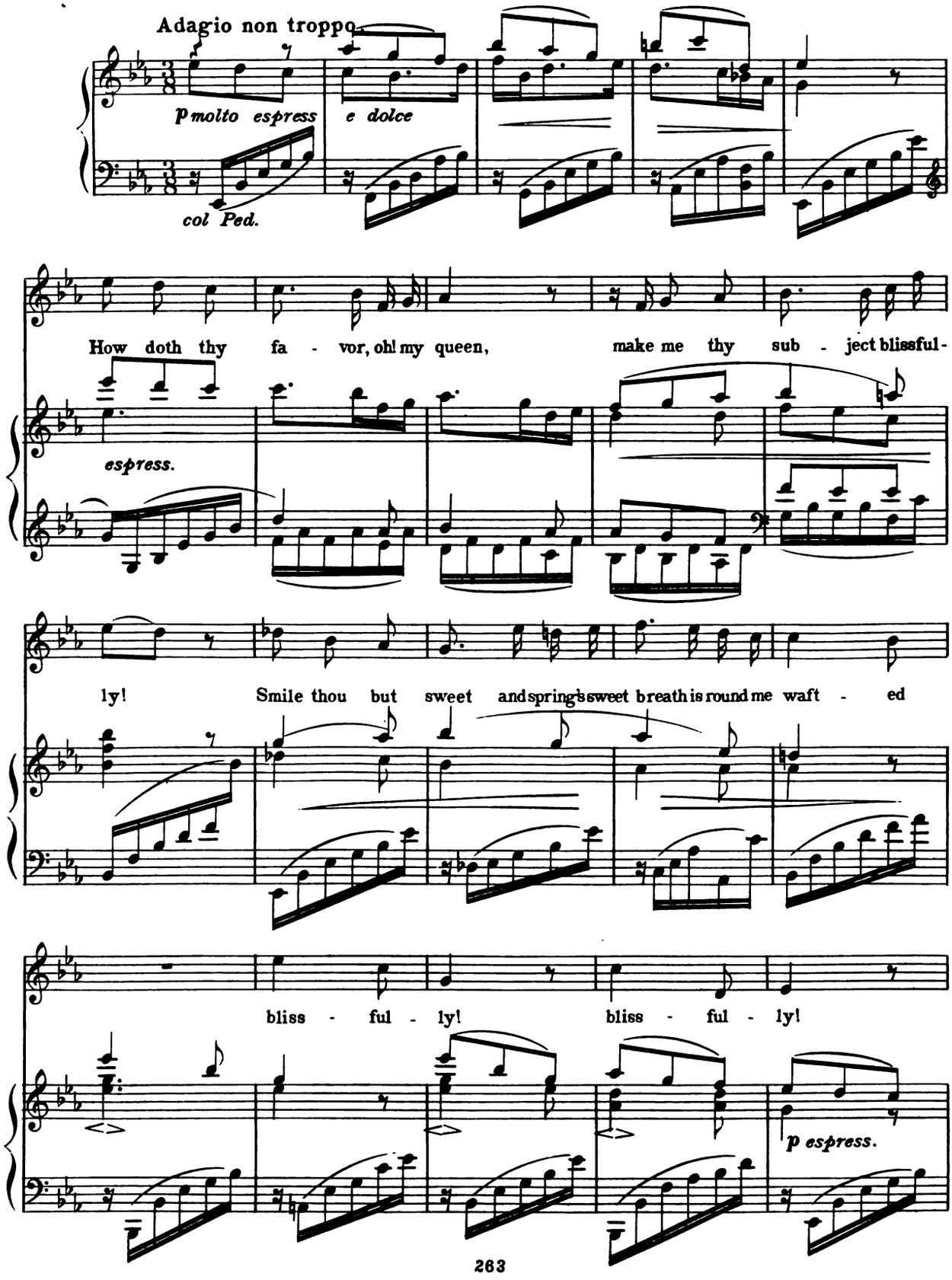
FROM THE 'VOLKSKINDERLIEDER'

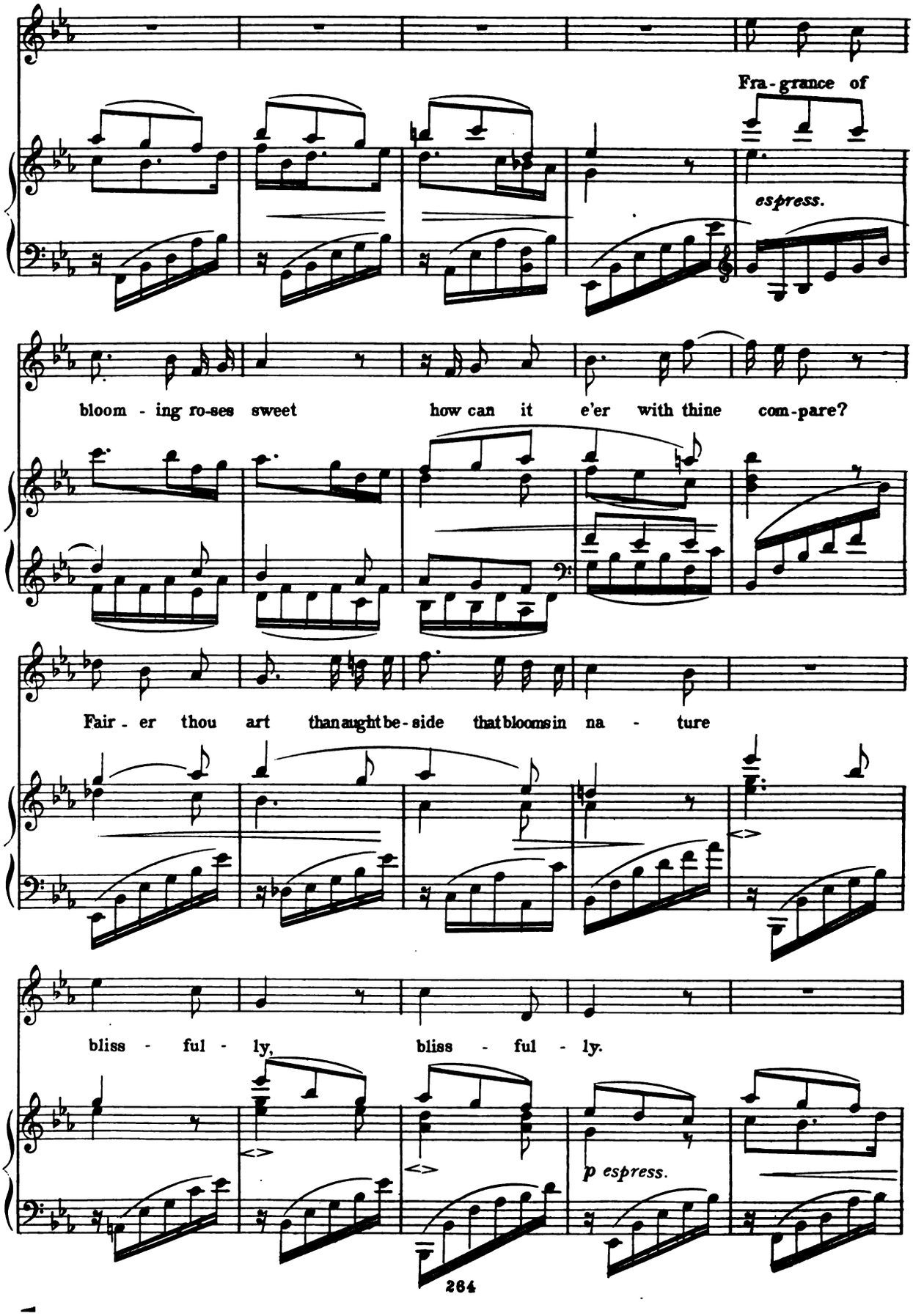


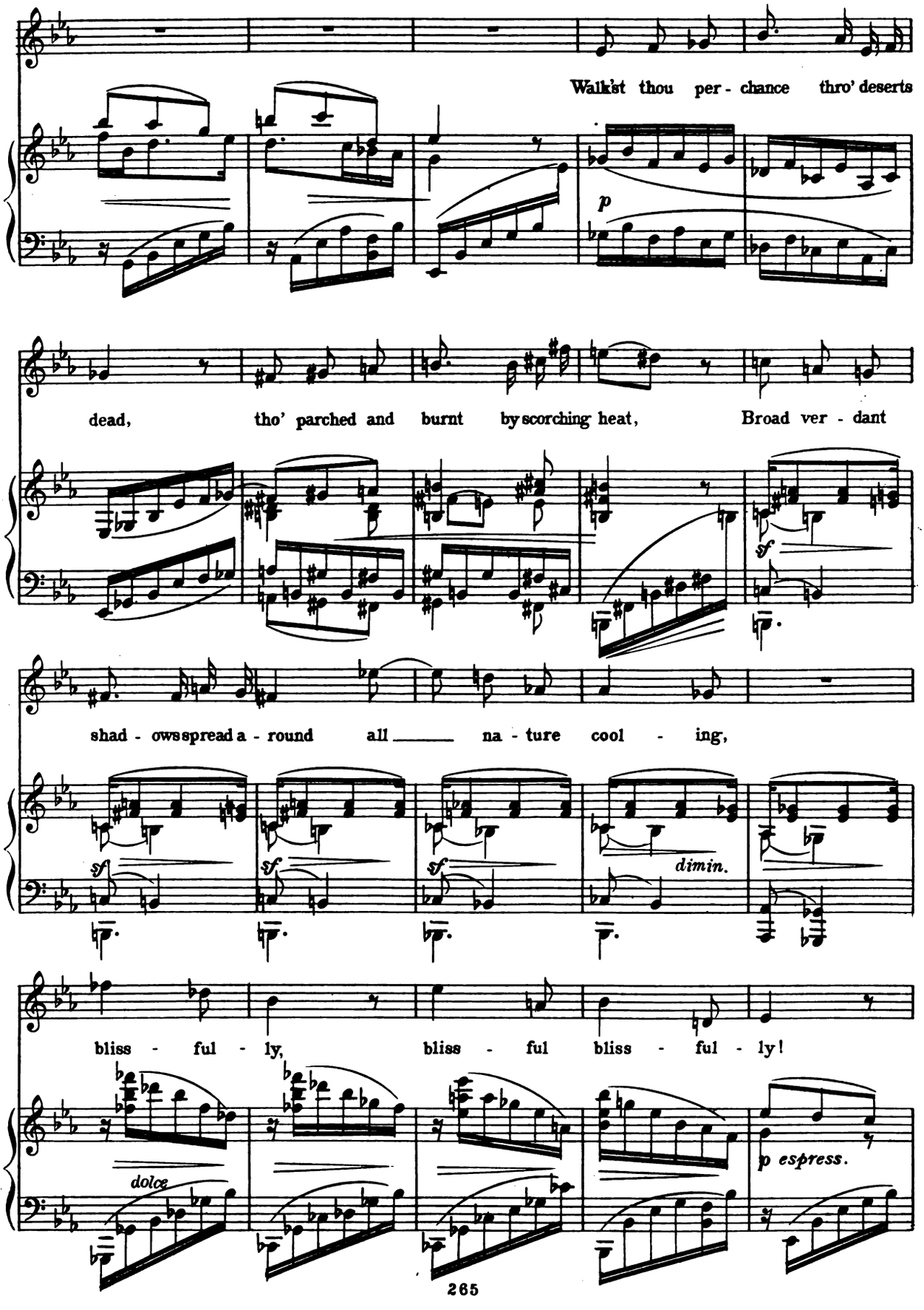

The bud - ding trees wave to and fro, And mur - mur soft and
The crick - et as it moves a - long, A - lone gives forth its
And as each wea - ry pet he spies Throws dust in - to its
But they shall ope at morn - ing's light And greet the sun - shine
low.
song.
eyes.
bright.
Sleep ____ on! sleep ____ on, sleep
1.
2.
on, my lit - tle one! one!
The
Now
And

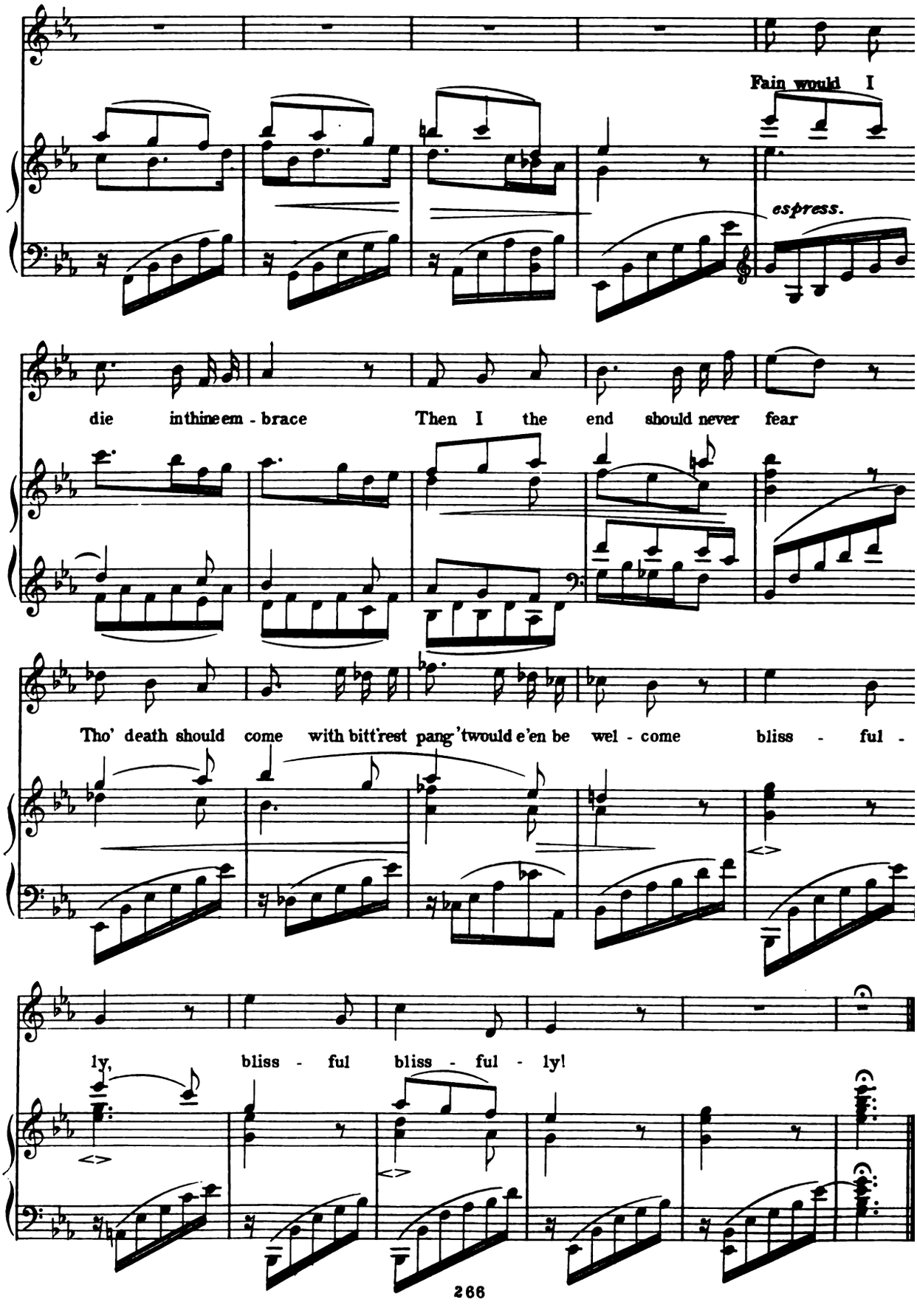
III. MY QUEEN

OPUS 32, NO. 9



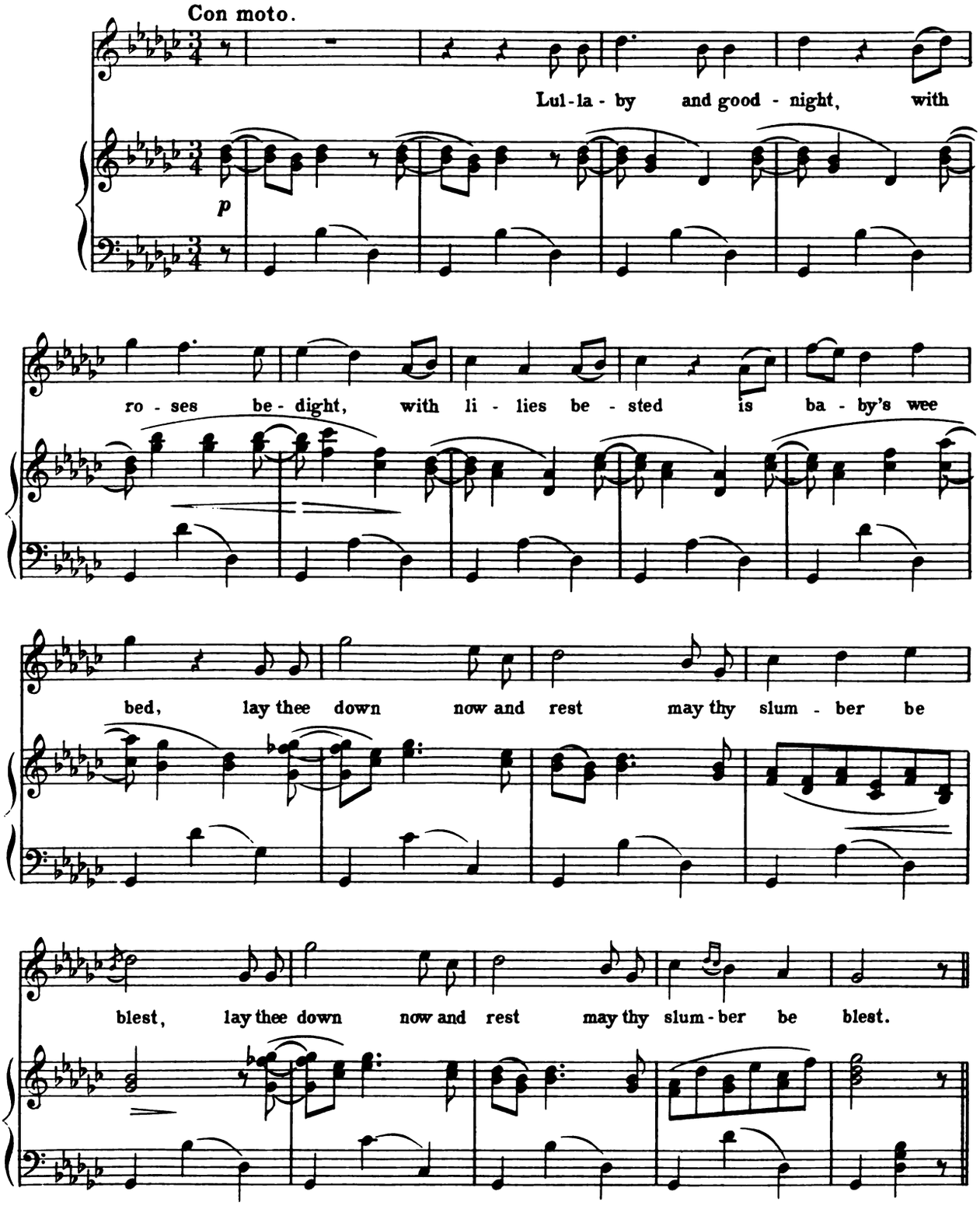

Fra - grance of
espress.
bloom - ing ro-ses sweet how can it e'er with thine com-pare?
Fair - er thou art than aught be - side that blooms in na - ture
bliss - ful - ly, bliss - ful - ly.
p espress.

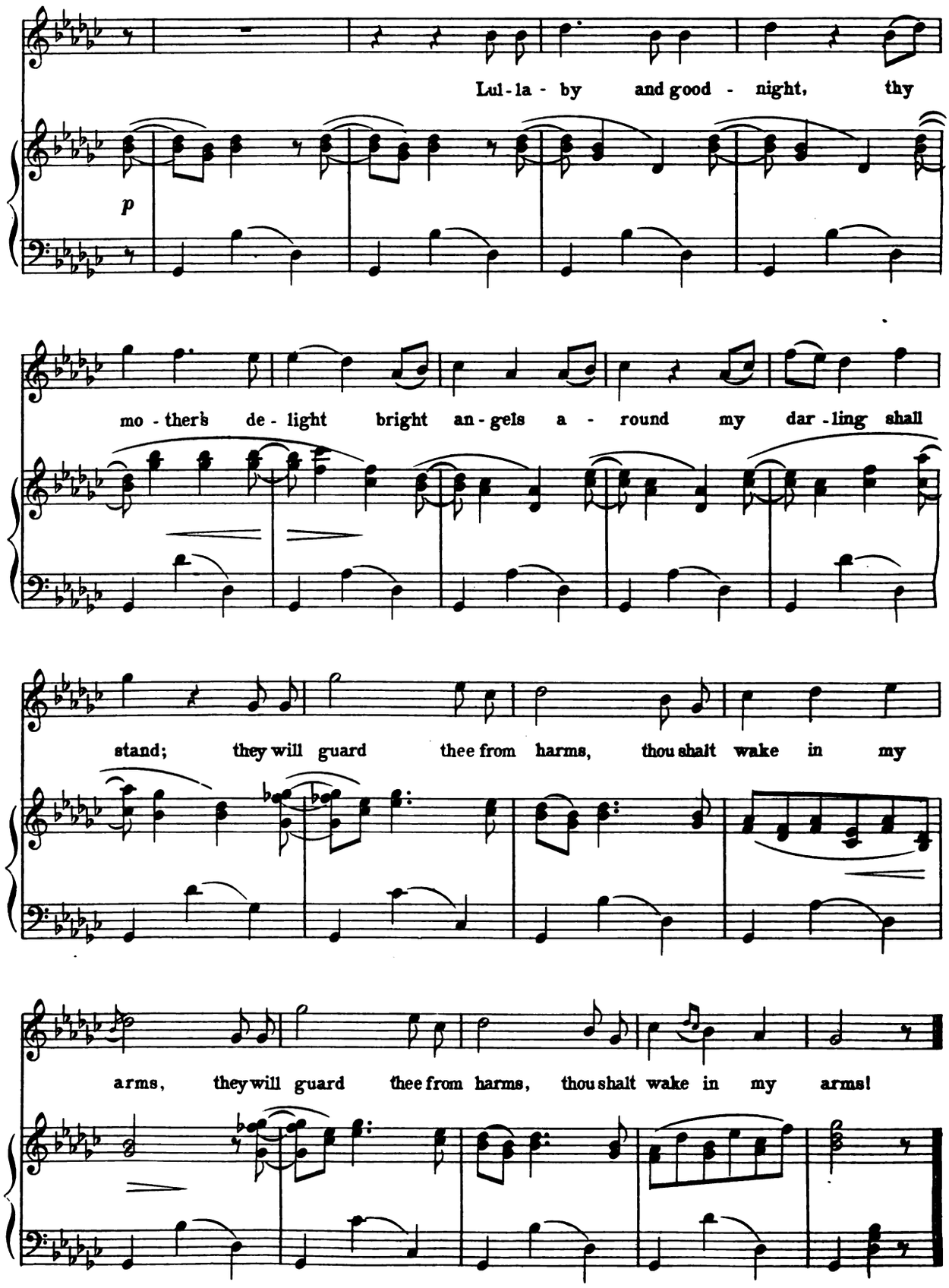

Walk'st thou per - chance thro' deserts
p
dead, tho' parched and burnt by scorching heat, Broad ver - dant
sf
shad - ows spread a - round all na - ture cool - ing,
sf
sf
sf
dimin.
bliss - ful - ly, bliss - ful bliss - ful - ly!
dolce
p espress.


Fain would I
espress.
die in thine em - brace
Then I the end should never fear
Tho' death should come with bitt'rest pang 'twould e'en be wel - come
bliss - ful -
ly,
bliss - ful bliss - ful - ly!

IV. CRADLE SONG

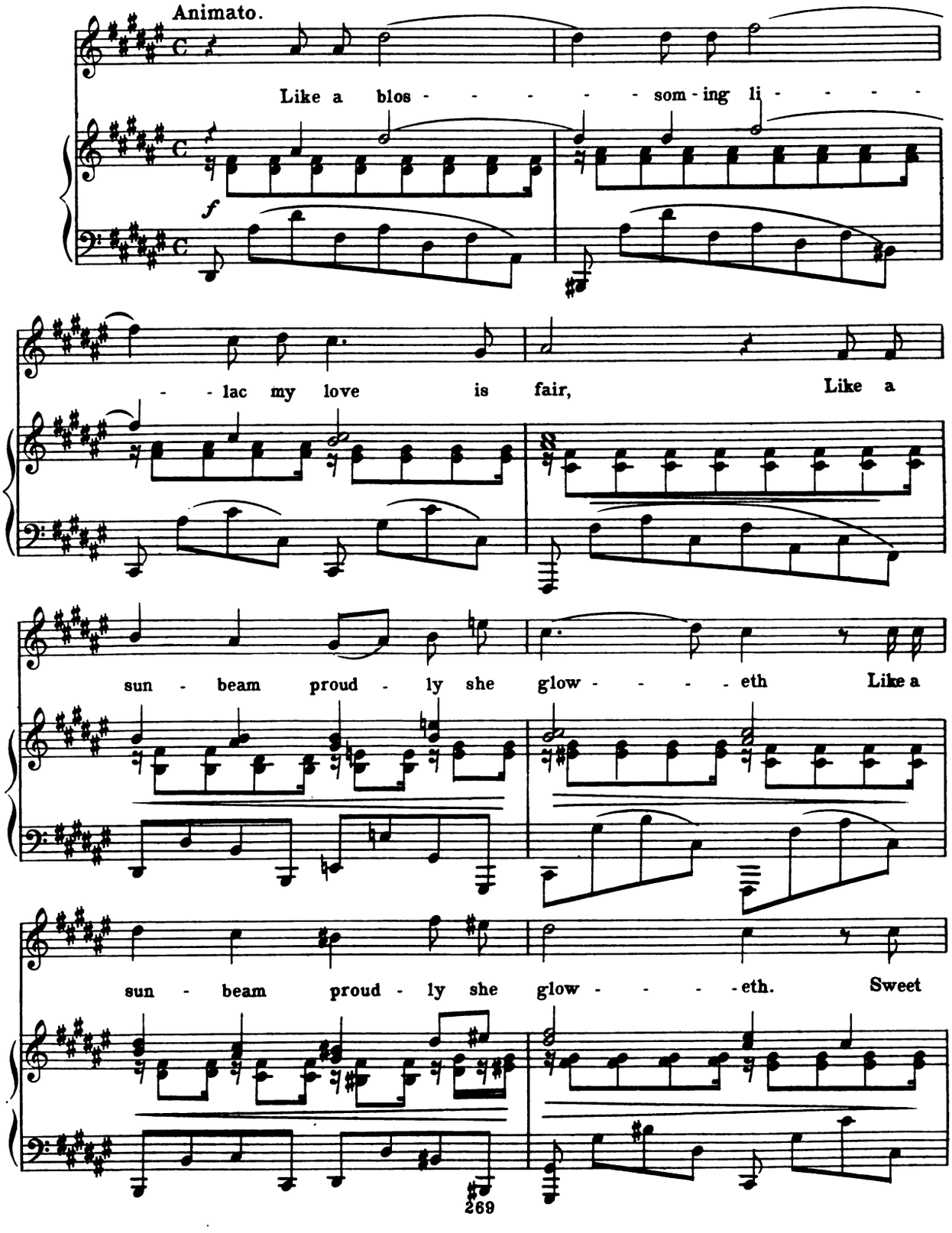
OPUS 49, NO. 4

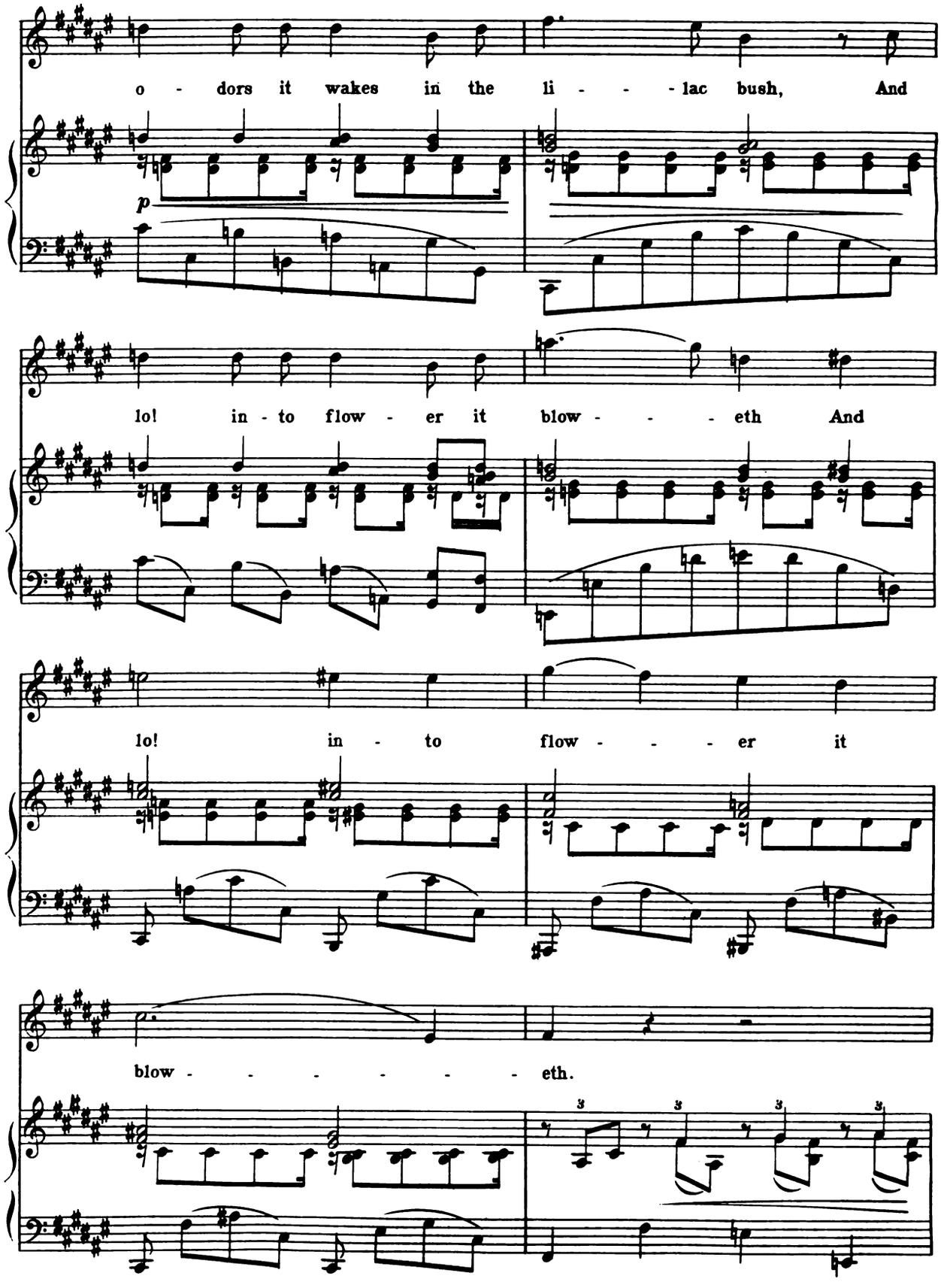


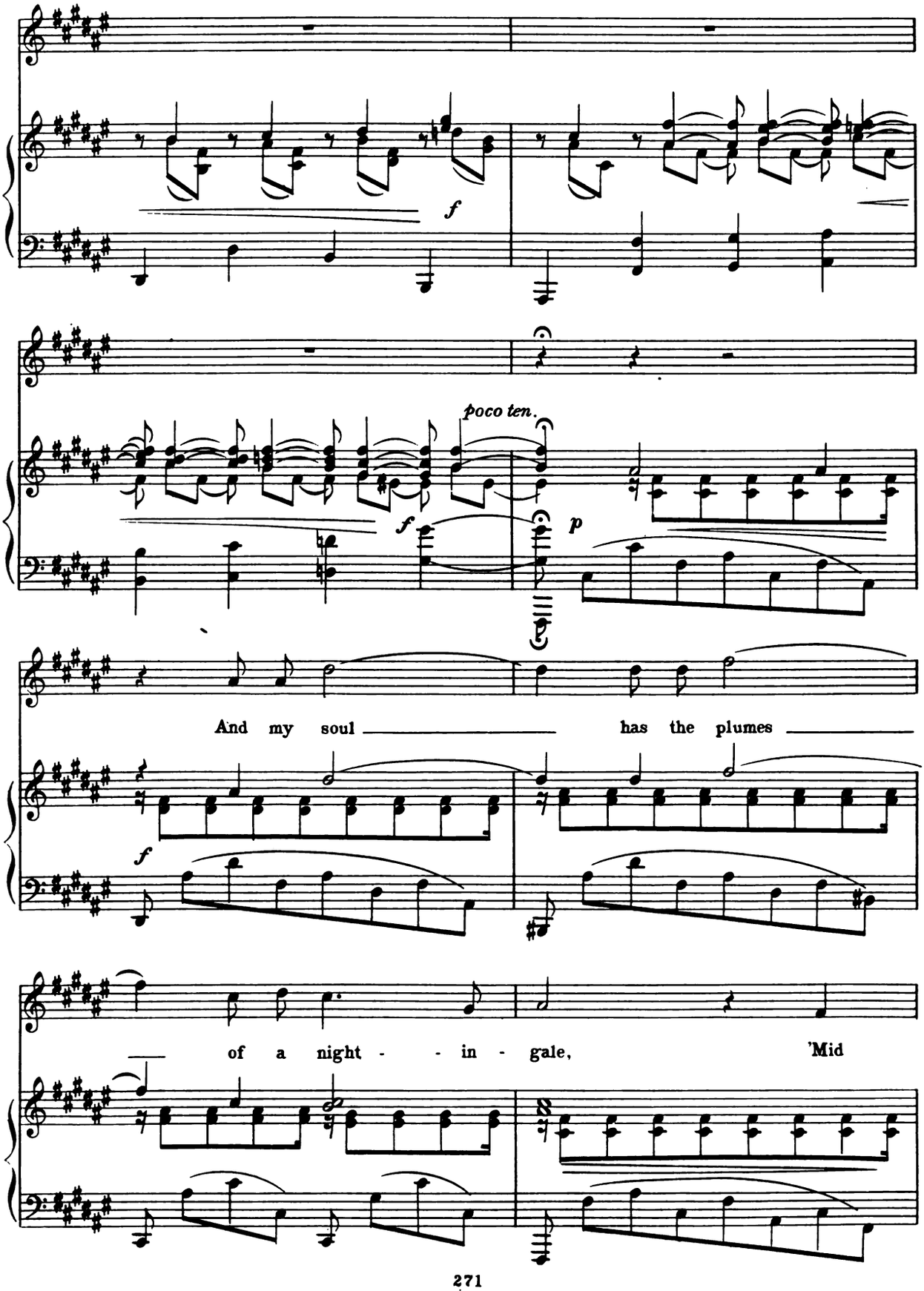

Lul - la - by and good - night, thy
p
mo - ther's de - light bright an - gels a - round my dar - ling shall
stand; they will guard thee from harms, thou shalt wake in my
arms, they will guard thee from harms, thou shalt wake in my arms!

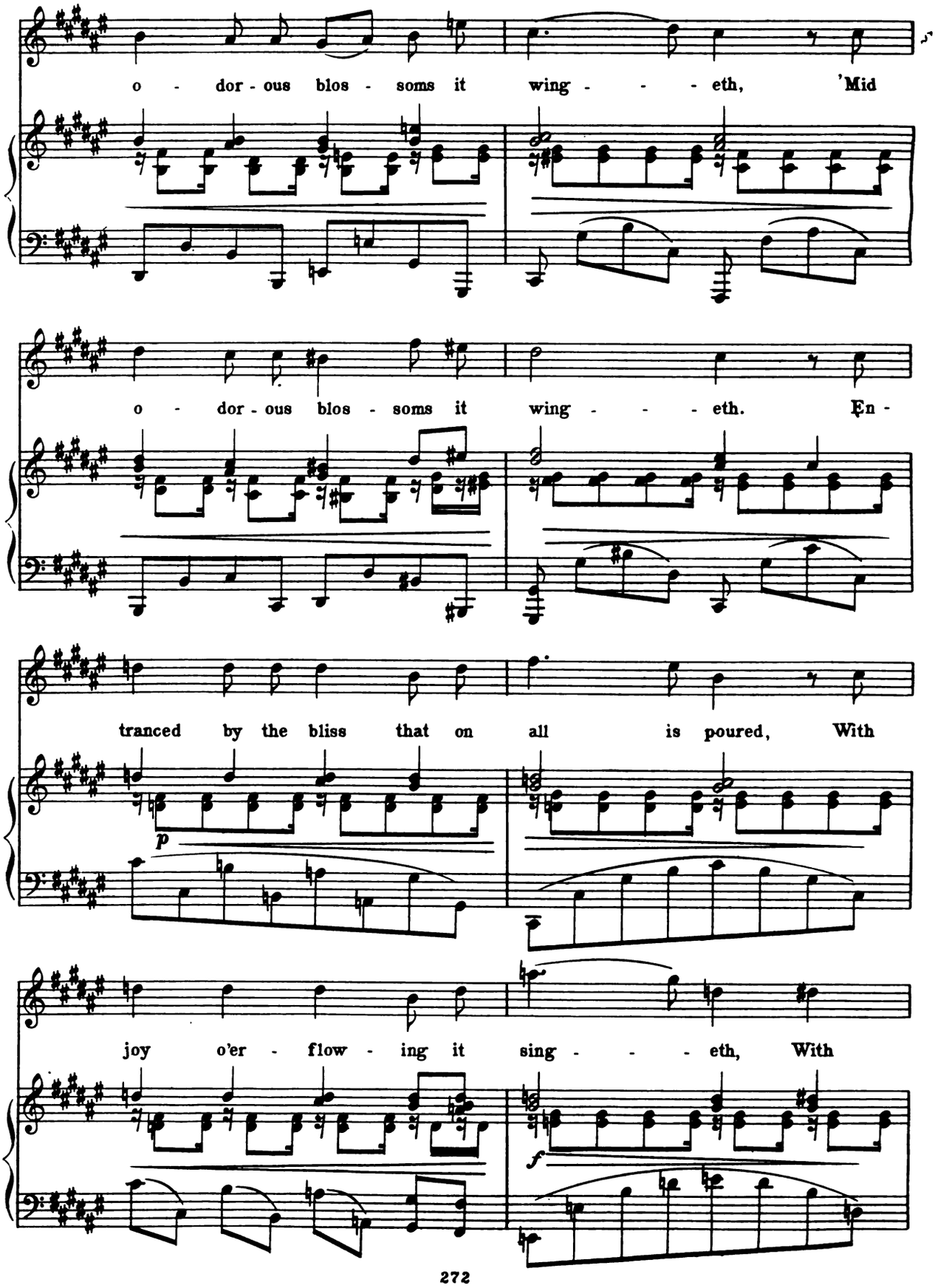
V. LIKE A BLOSSOMING LILAC

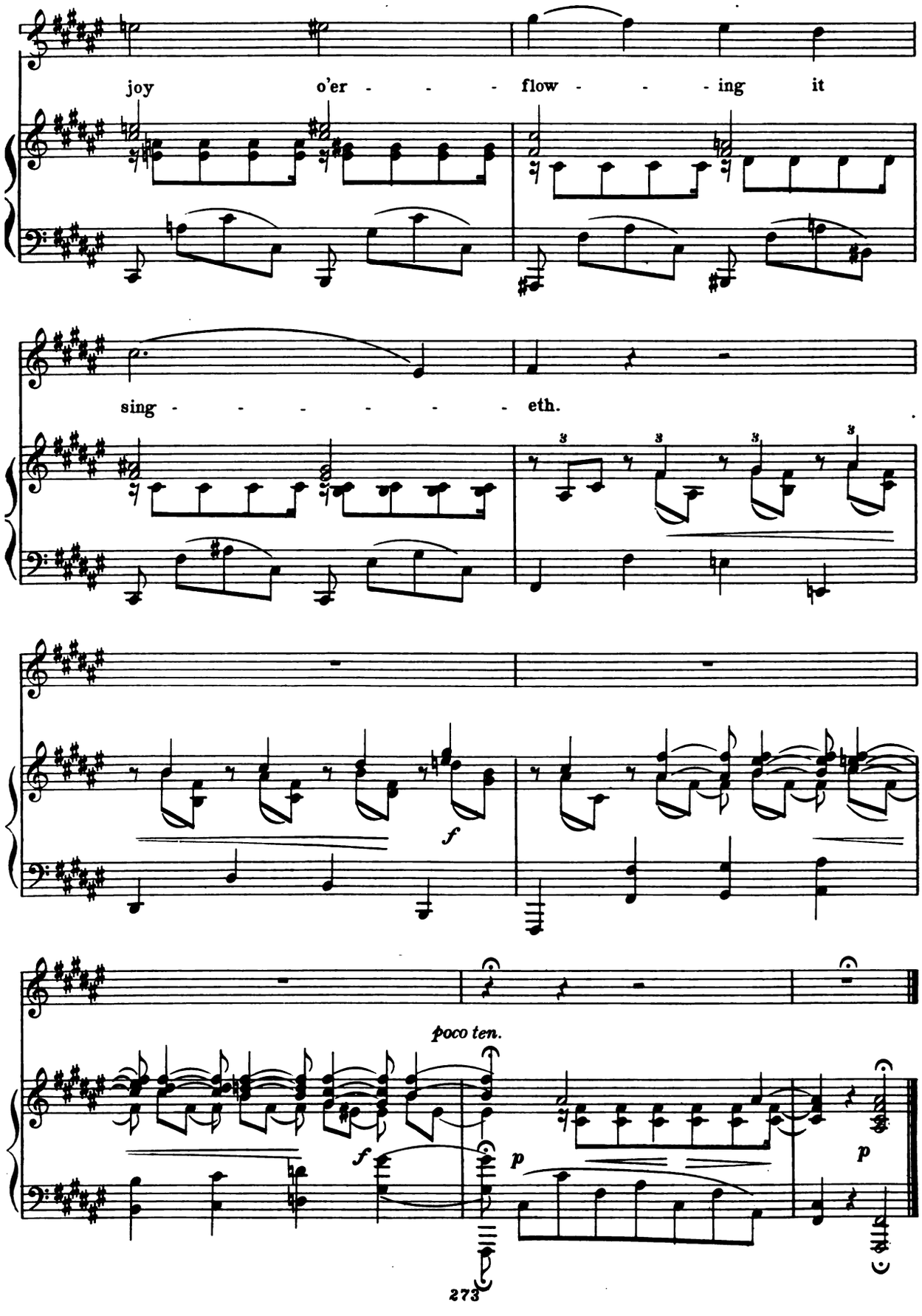
OPUS 63, NO. 5




o - dors it wakes in the li - - - lac bush, And
p
lo! in - to flow - er it blow - - - eth And
lo! in - to flow - - - er it
blow - - - - - - eth.

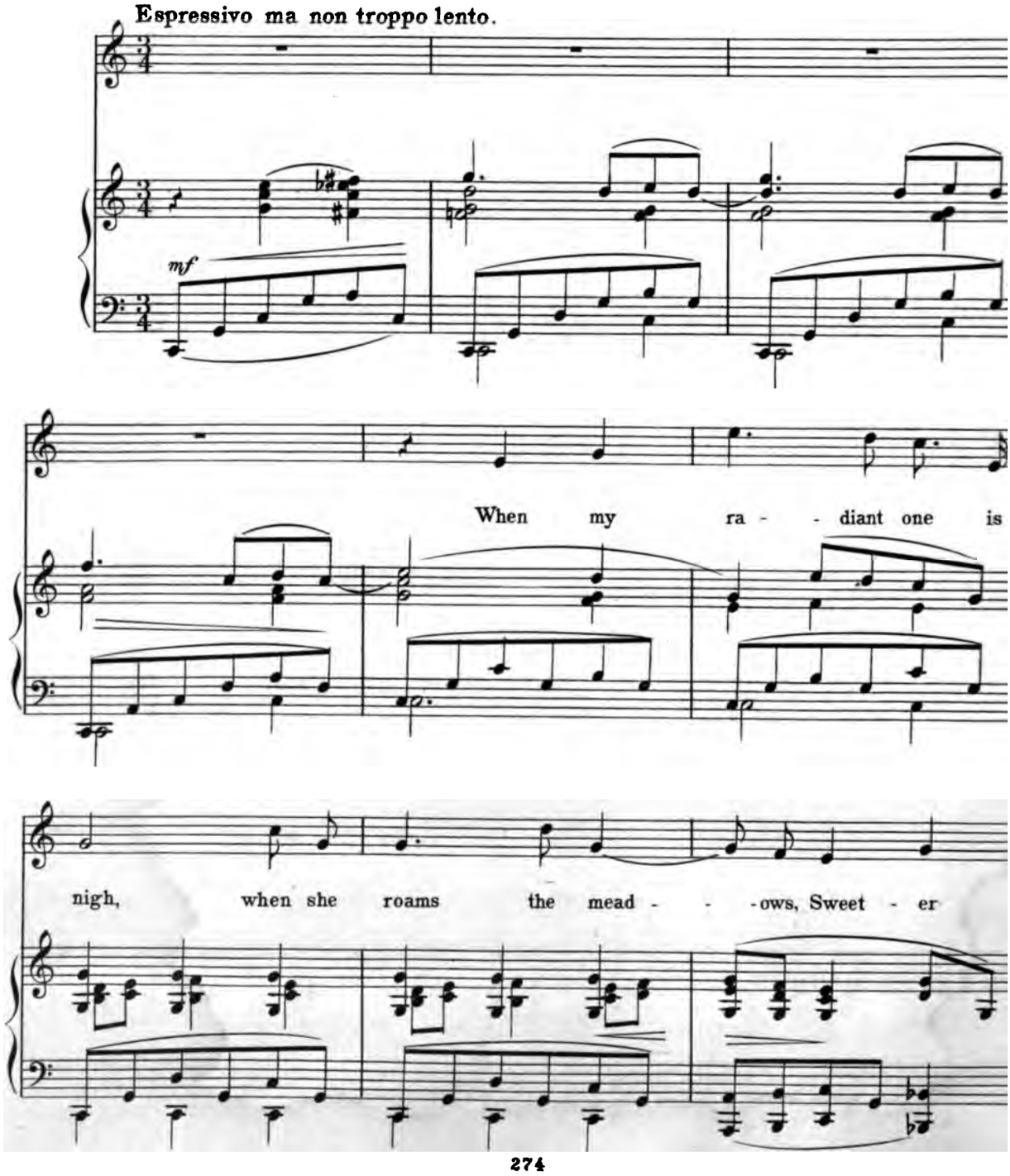

f
poco ten.
f
p
And my soul has the plumes
f
of a night - - in - gale, 'Mid

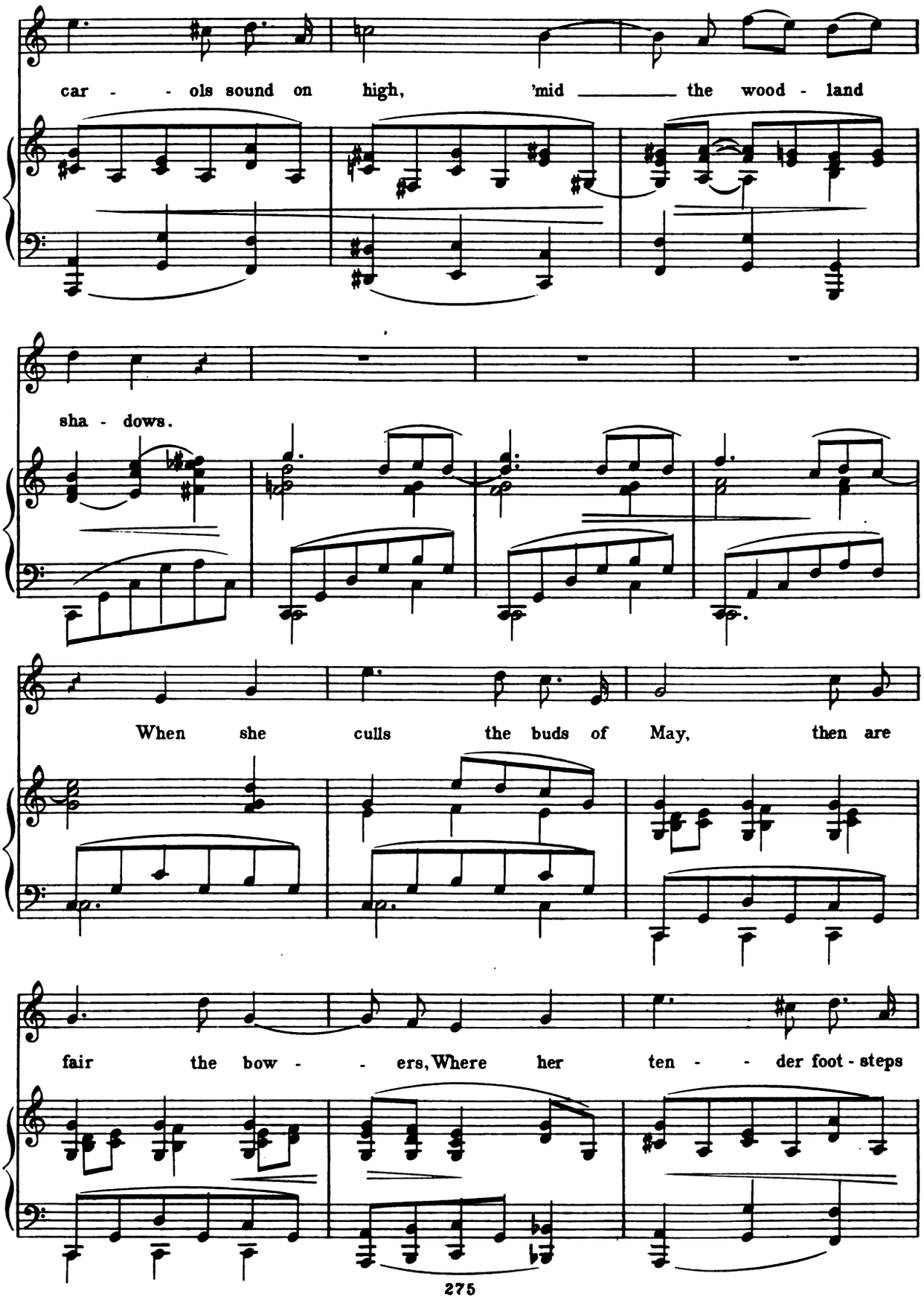

o - dor - ous blos - soms it wing - - - eth, 'Mid
o - dor - ous blos - soms it wing - - - eth. En -
tranced by the bliss that on all is poured, With
p
joy o'er - flow - ing it sing - - - eth, With
f

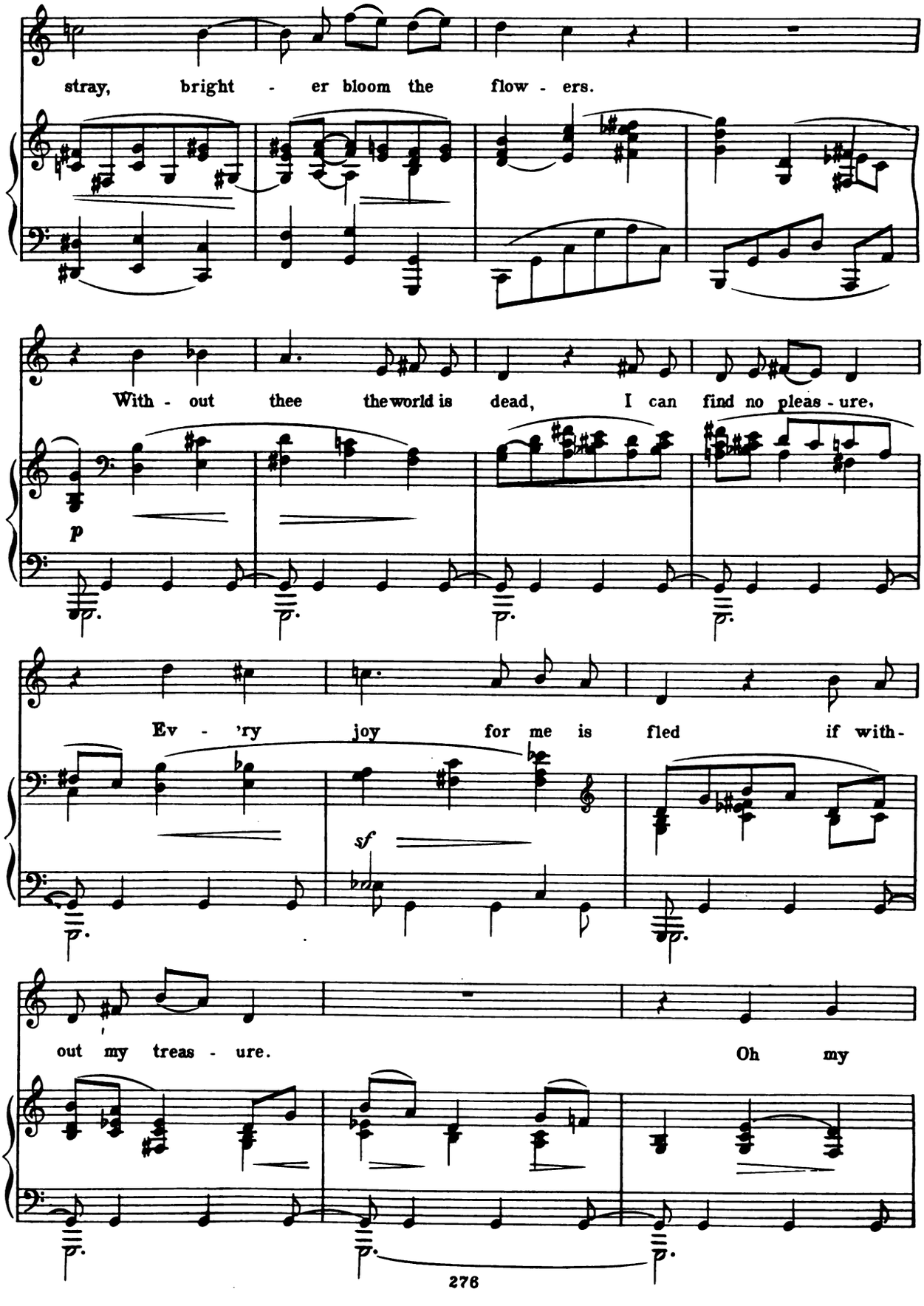

joy o'er - - - flow - - - ing it
sing - - - - - - - eth.
f
poco ten.
f
p
p

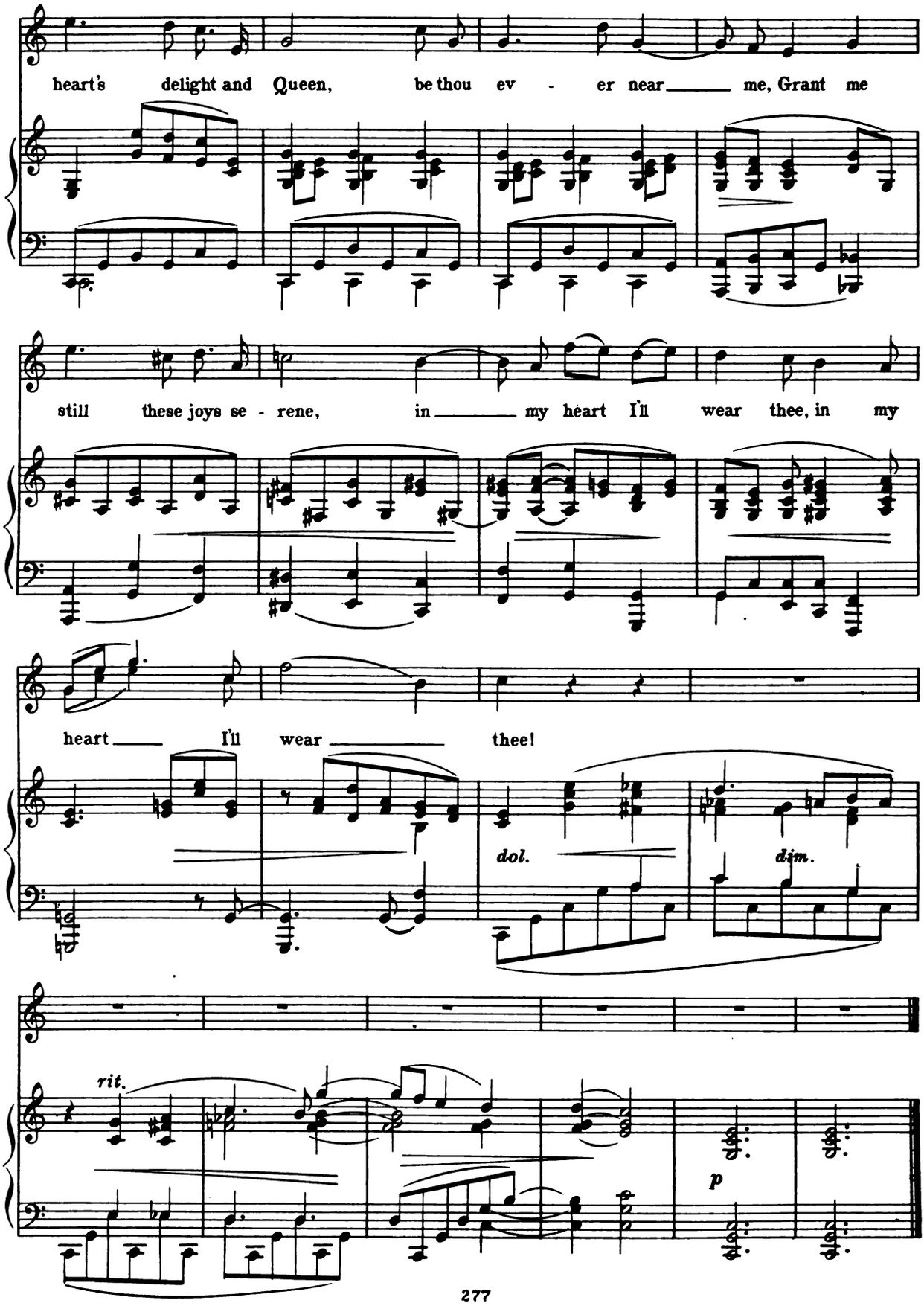
VI. LOVE-SONG

OPUS 71, NO. 5



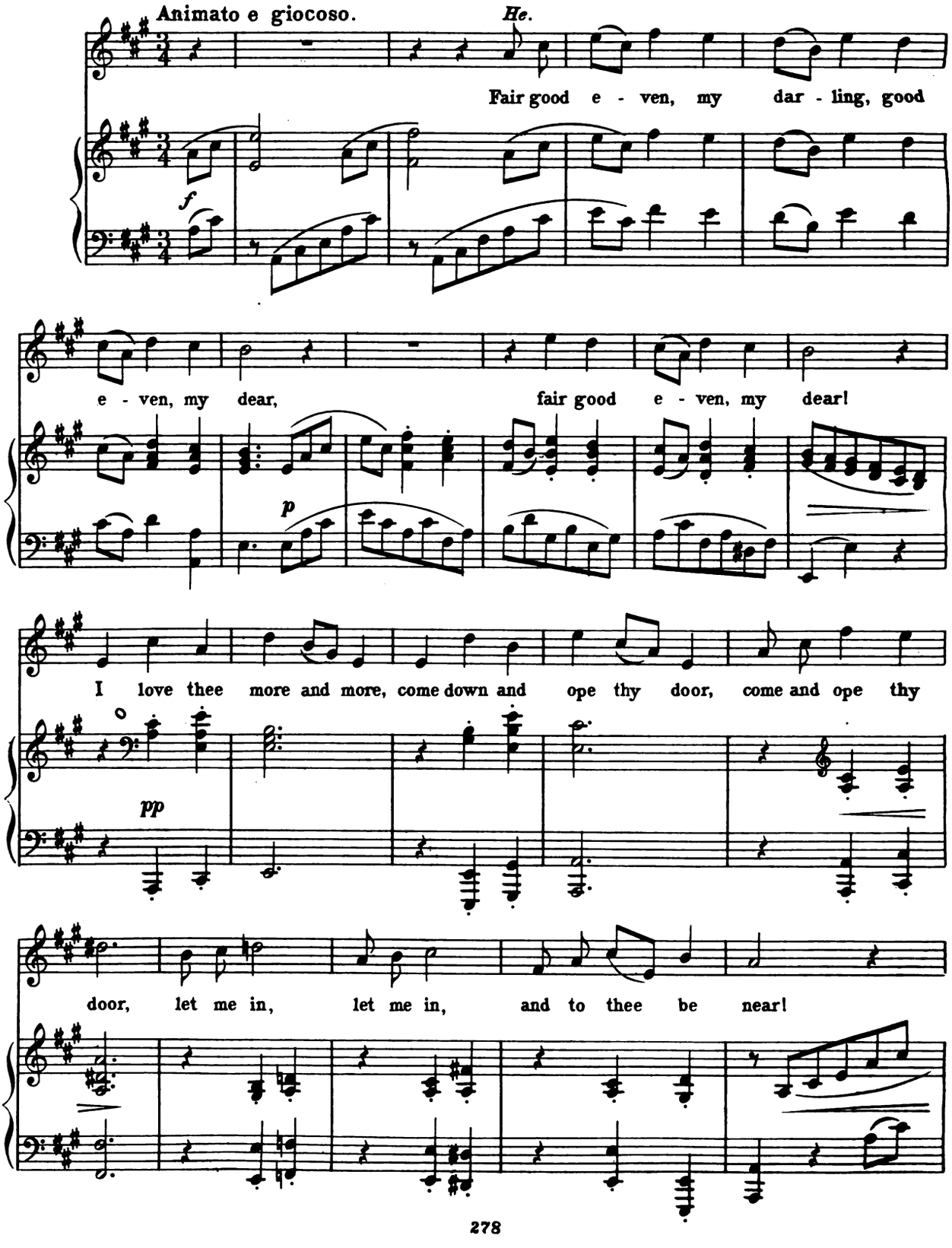

car - - ols sound on high, 'mid the wood - land
sha - dows.
When she culls the buds of May, then are
fair the bow - - ers, Where her ten - - der foot - steps

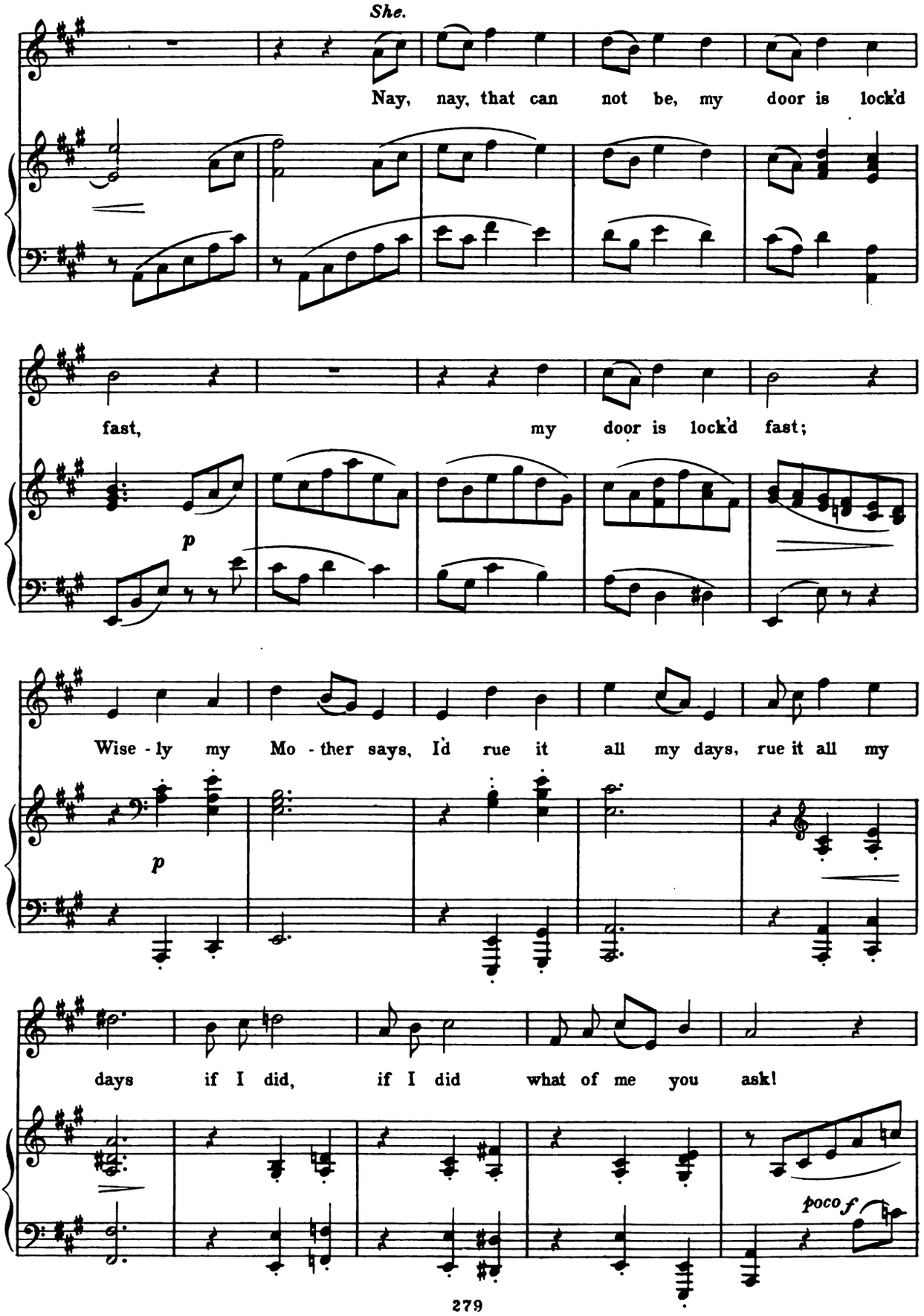

stray, bright - er bloom the flow - ers.
With - out thee the world is dead, I can find no pleas - ure,
p
Ev - 'ry joy for me is fled if with-
sf
out my treas - ure. Oh my

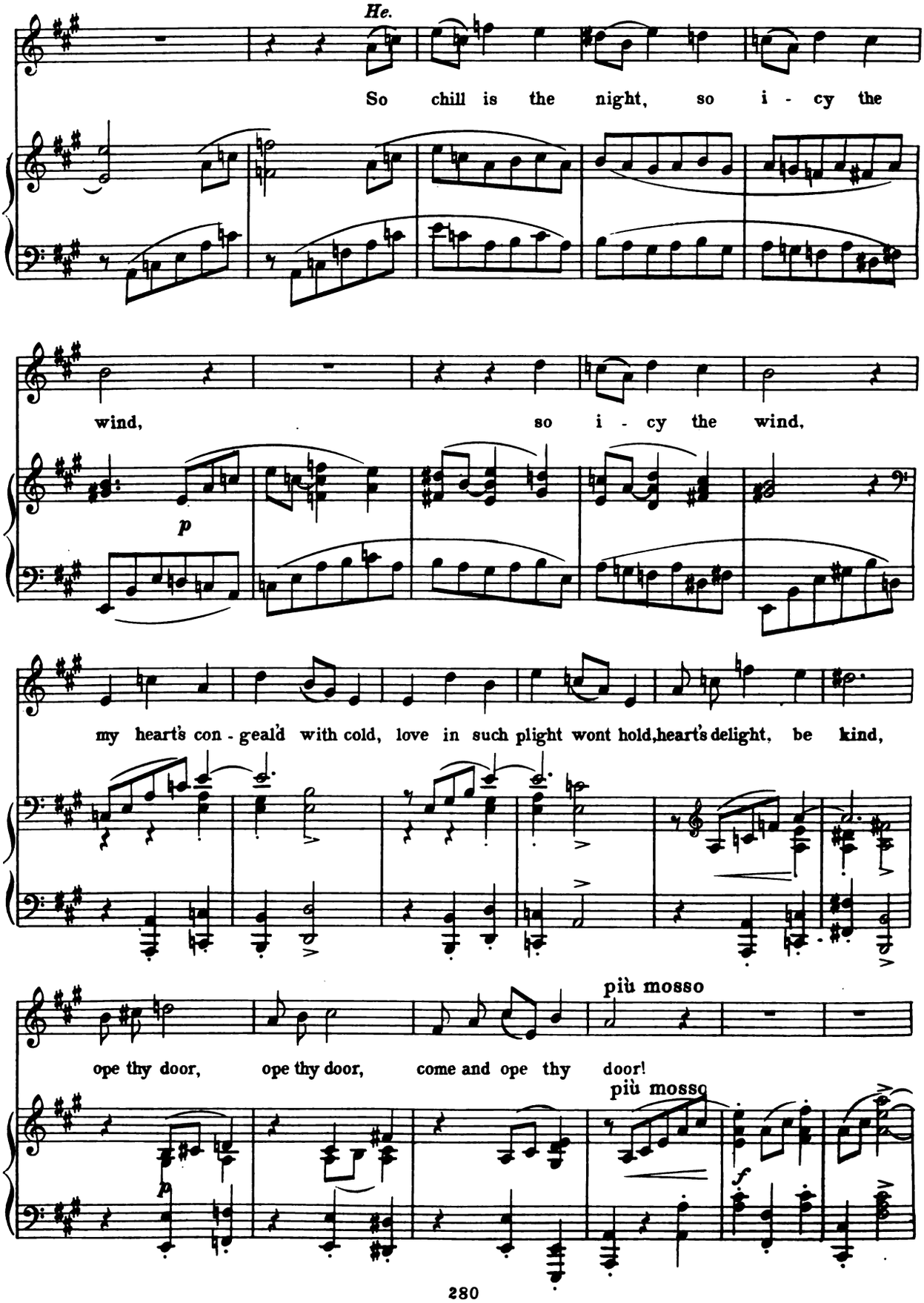

heart's delight and Queen, be thou ev - er near me, Grant me
still these joys se - rene, in my heart I'll wear thee, in my
heart I'll wear thee!
dol.
dim.
rit.
p

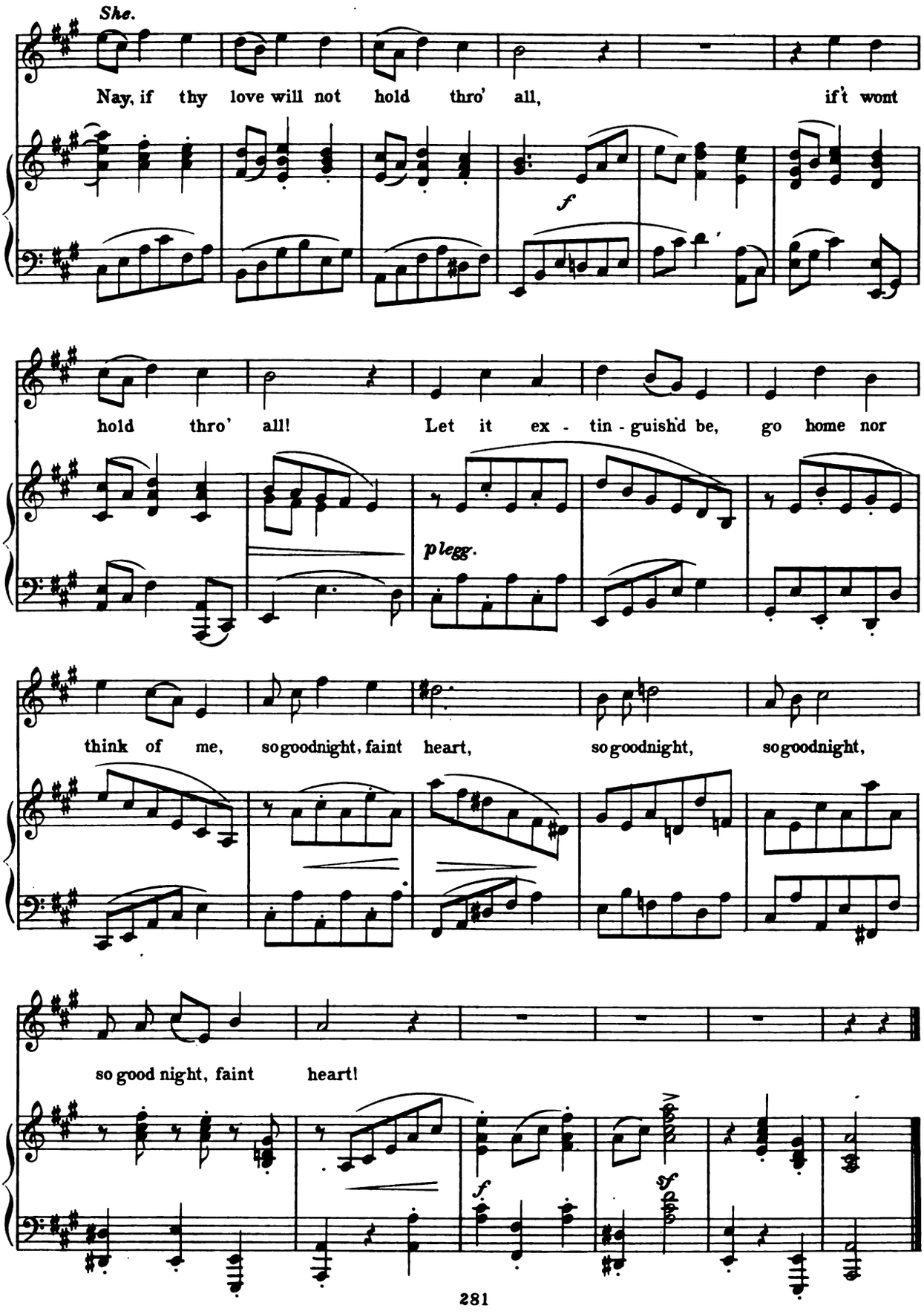
VII. THE VAIN SUIT

OPUS 84, NO. 4



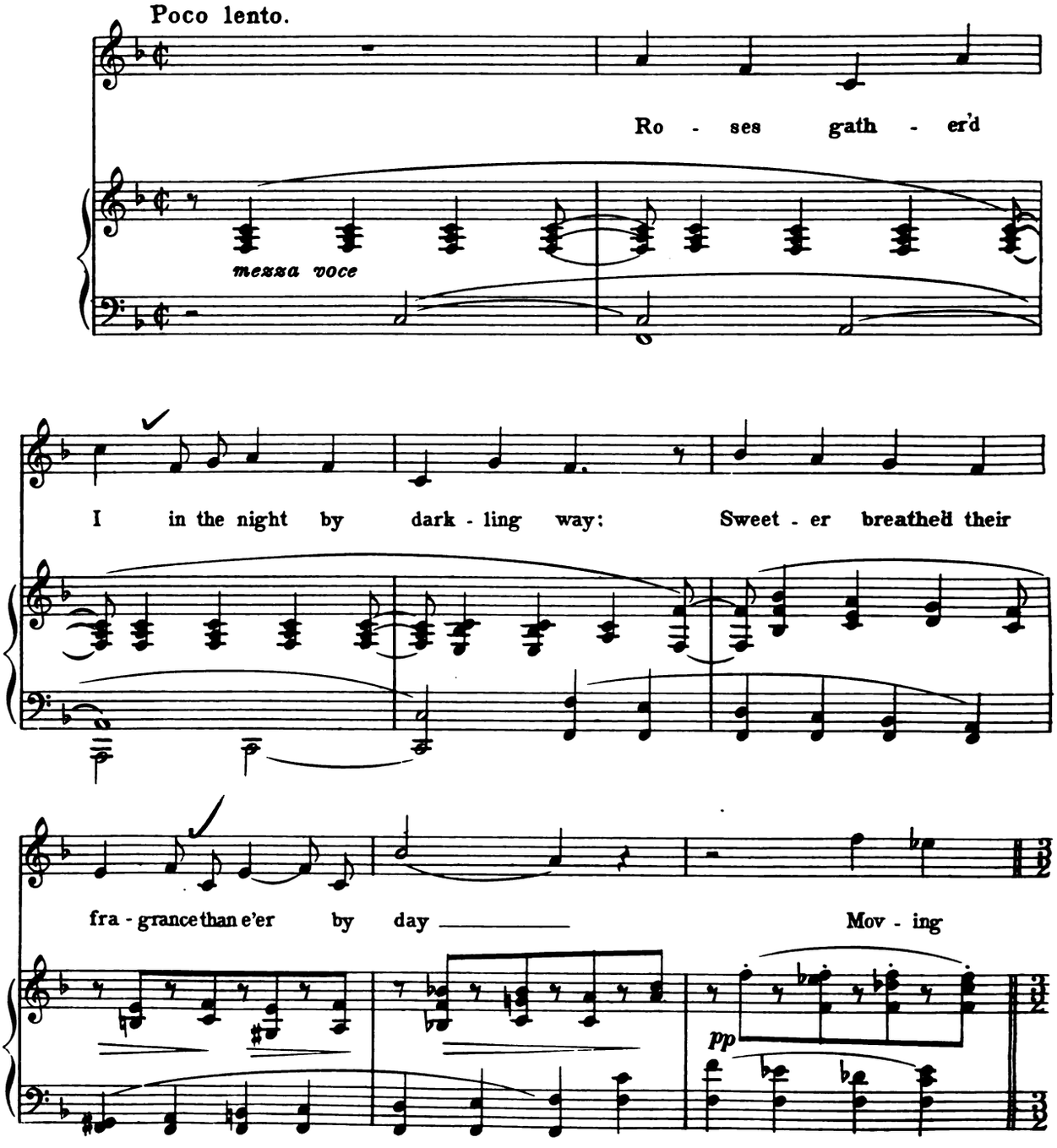

She.
Nay, nay, that can not be, my door is lock'd
fast, my door is lock'd fast;
p
Wise - ly my Mo - ther says, I'd rue it all my days, rue it all my
p
days if I did, if I did what of me you ask!
poco f

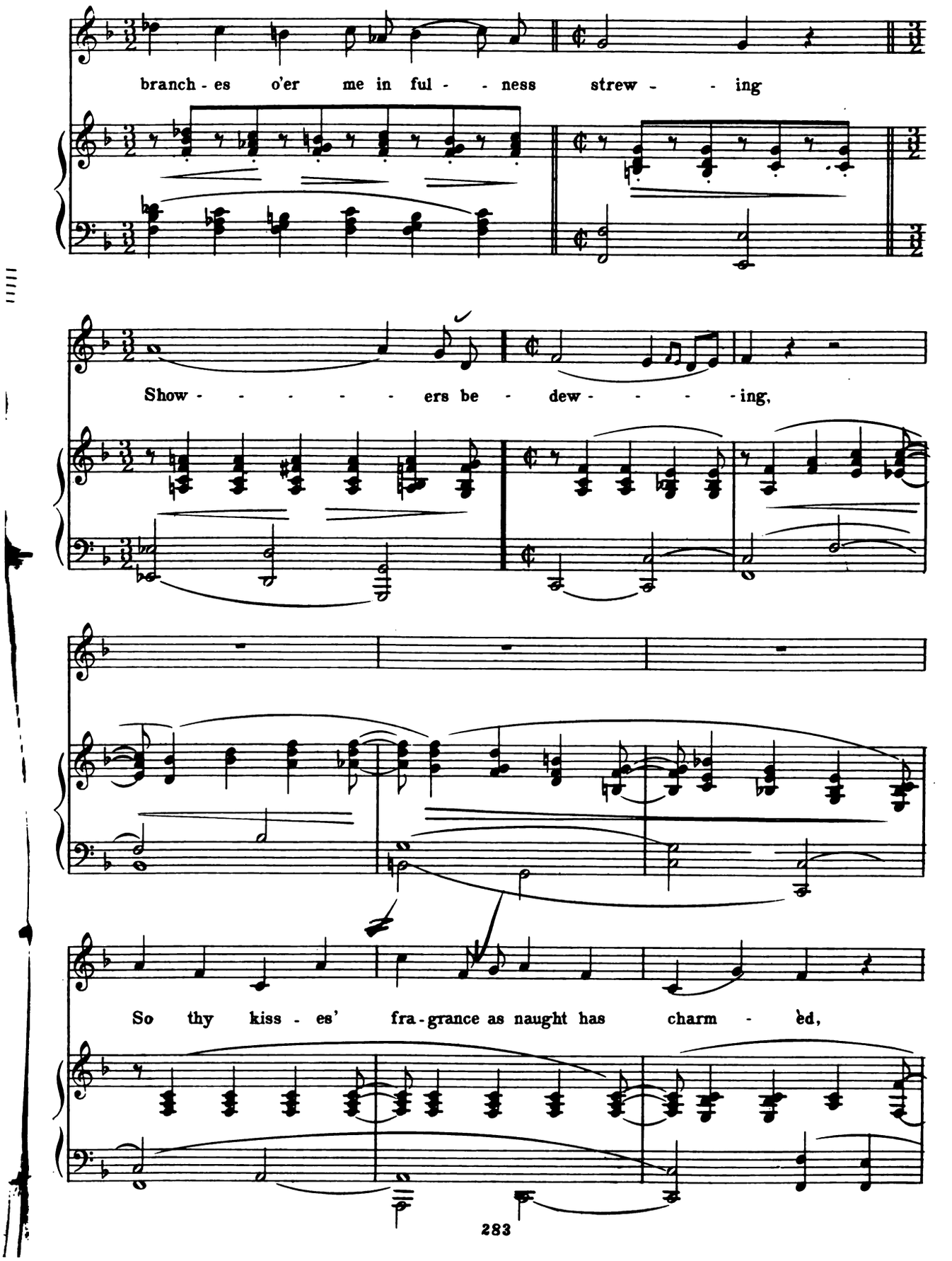

He.
So chill is the night, so i - cy the
wind, so i - cy the wind,
p
my heart's con - geal'd with cold, love in such plight wont hold, heart's delight, be kind,
più mosso
ope thy door, ope thy door, come and ope thy door!
più mosso
p
f

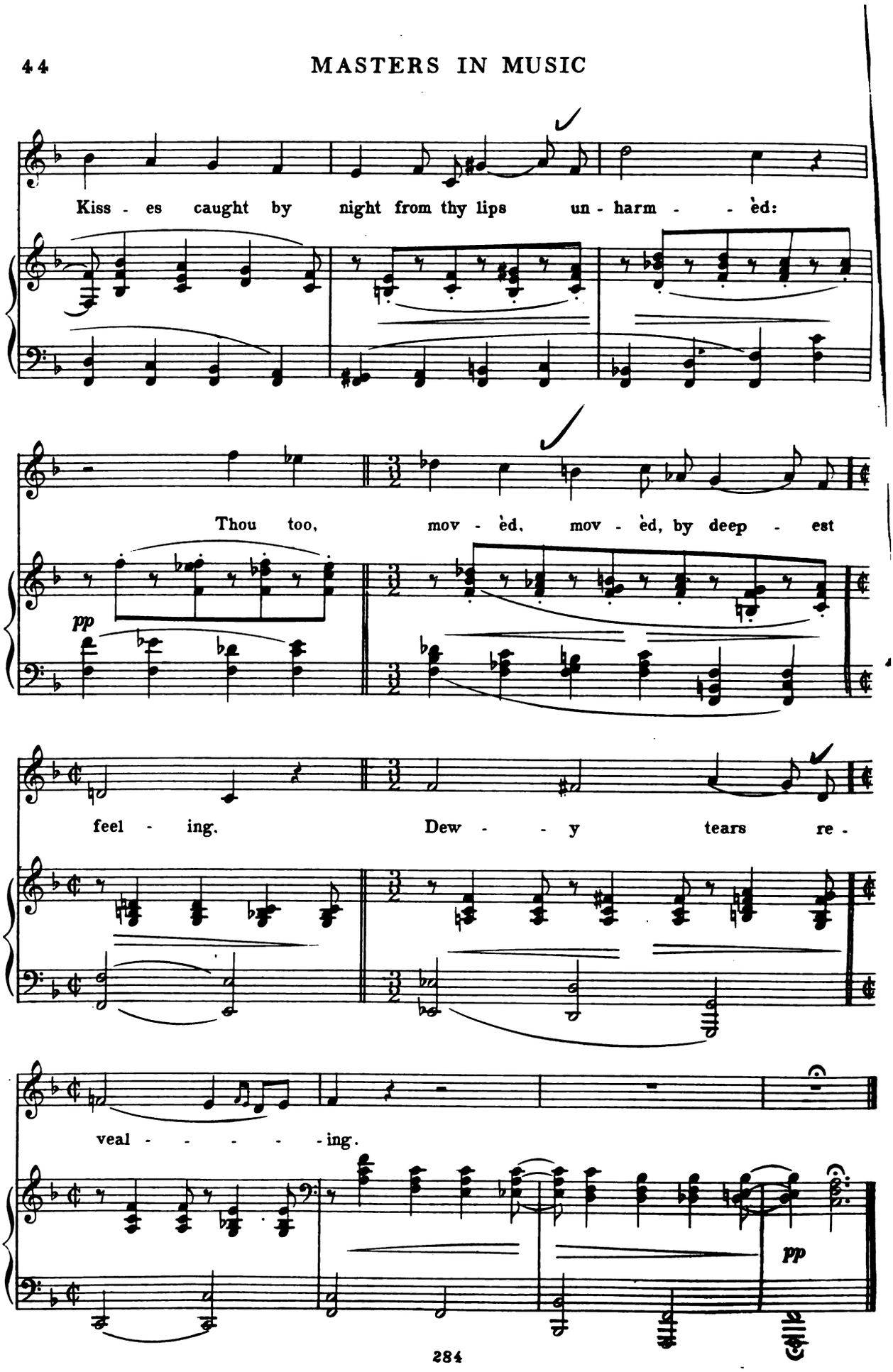

She.
Nay, if thy love will not hold thro' all, if't wont
f
hold thro' all! Let it ex - tin - guish'd be, go home nor
plegg.
think of me, sogoodnight, faint heart, sogoodnight, sogoodnight,
so good night, faint heart!
f
sf

VIII. SAPPHIC ODE

OPUS 94, NO. 4

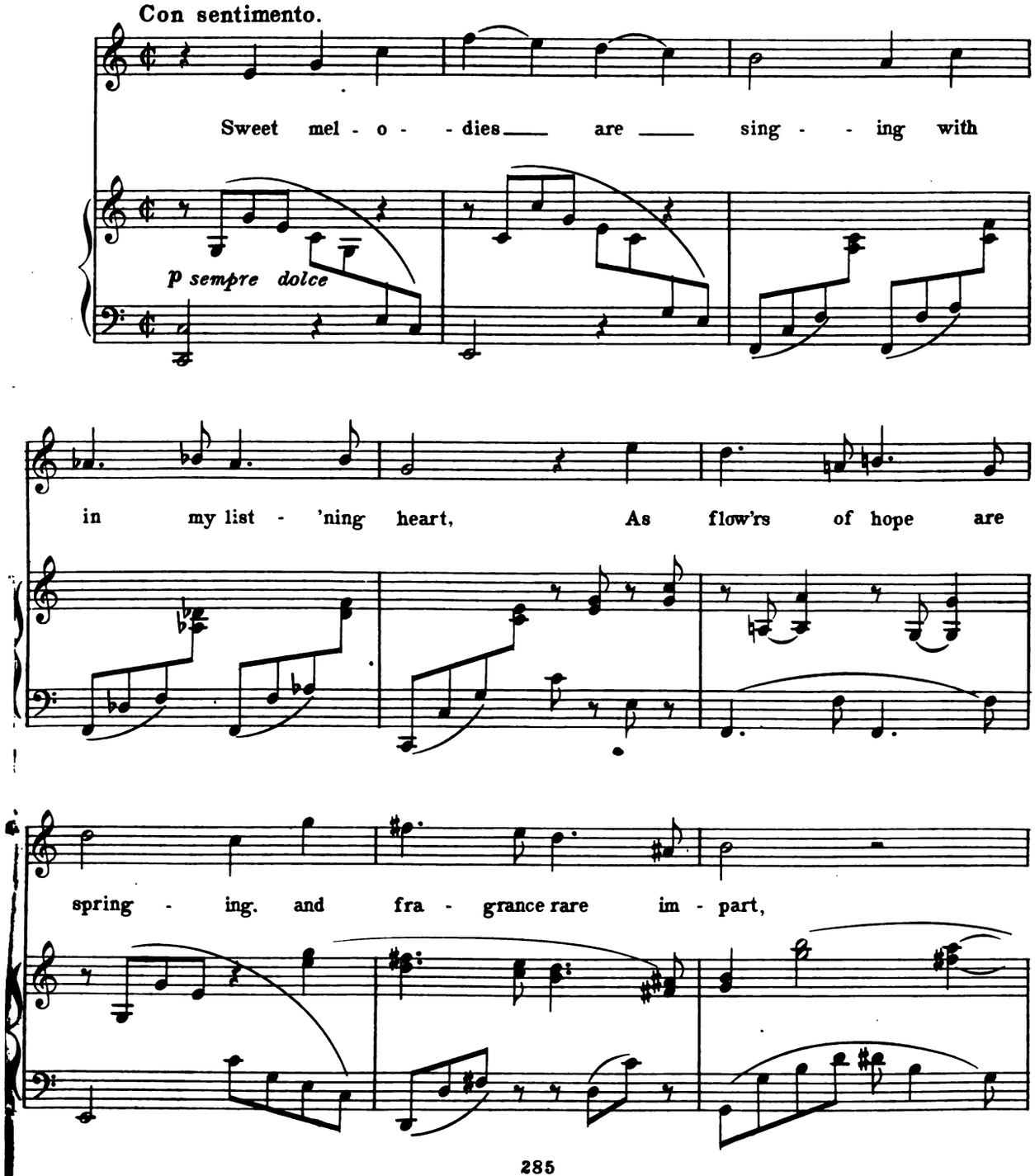


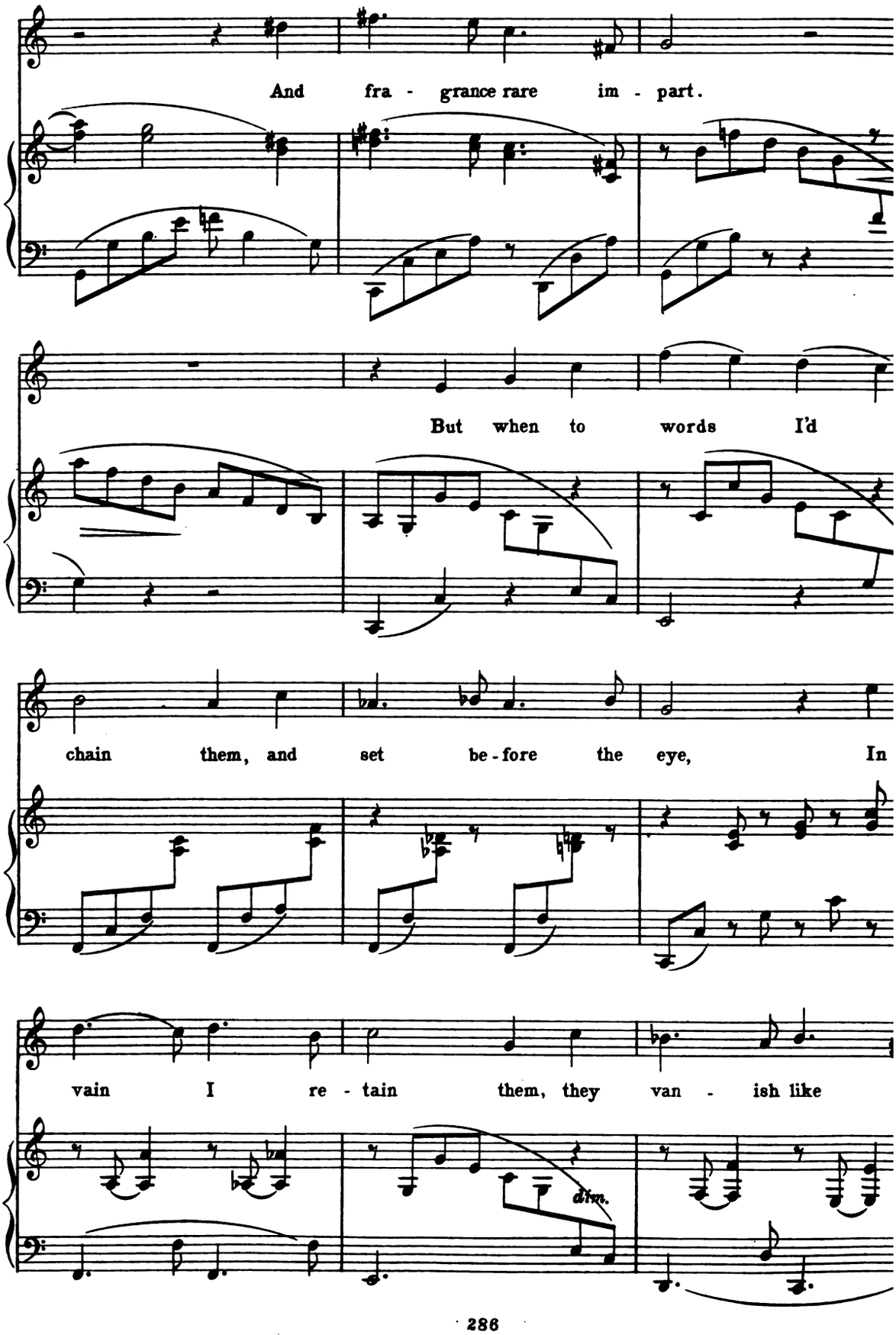

branch - es o'er me in ful - - ness strew - - ing
Show - - - - - - ers be - dew - - - - - ing,
So thy kiss - es' fra - grance as naught has charm - èd,

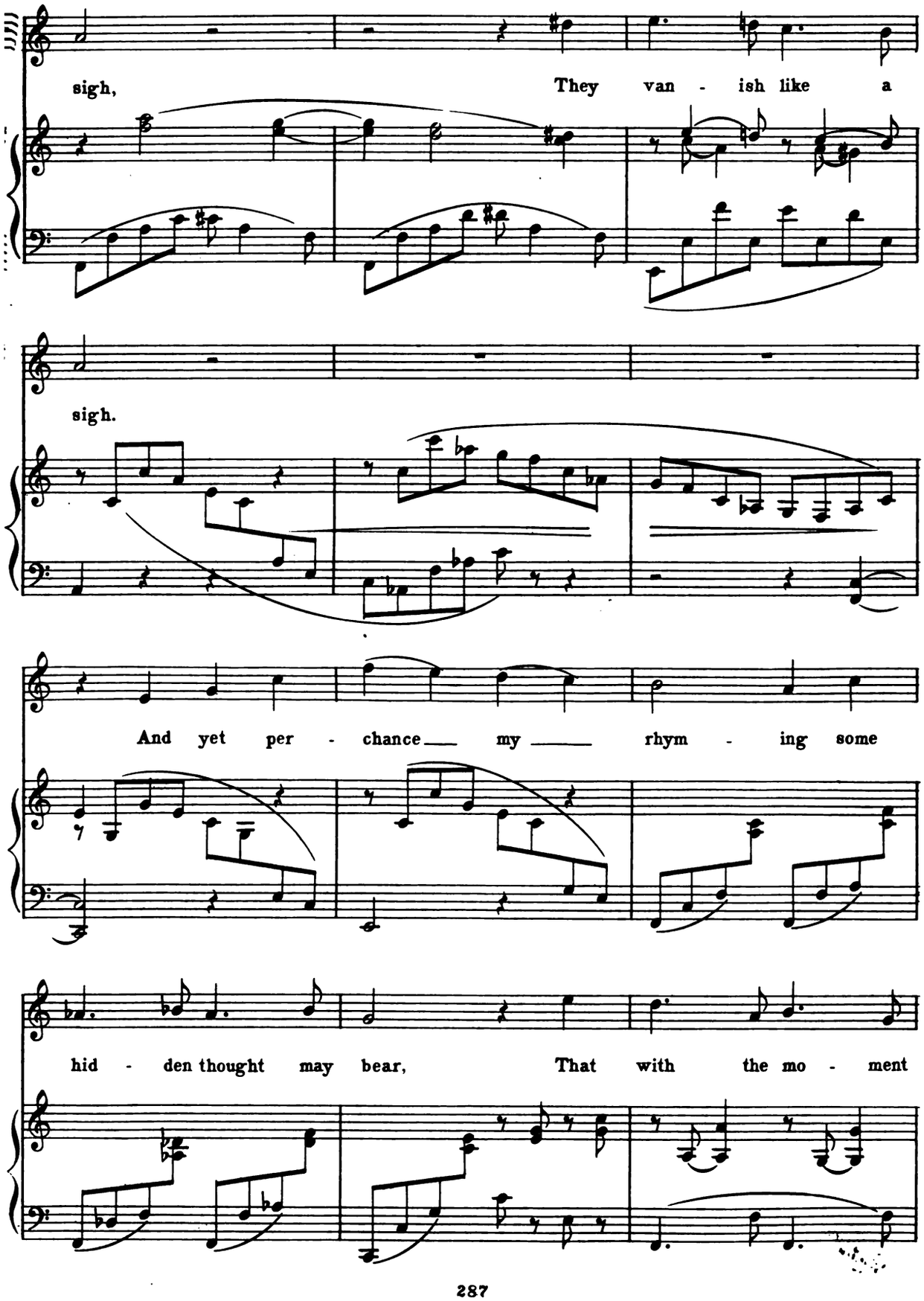

Kiss - es caught by night from thy lips un - harm - - èd:
Thou too, mov - èd, mov - èd, by deep - est
pp
feel - ing. Dew - - y tears re -
veal - - - - - ing.
pp

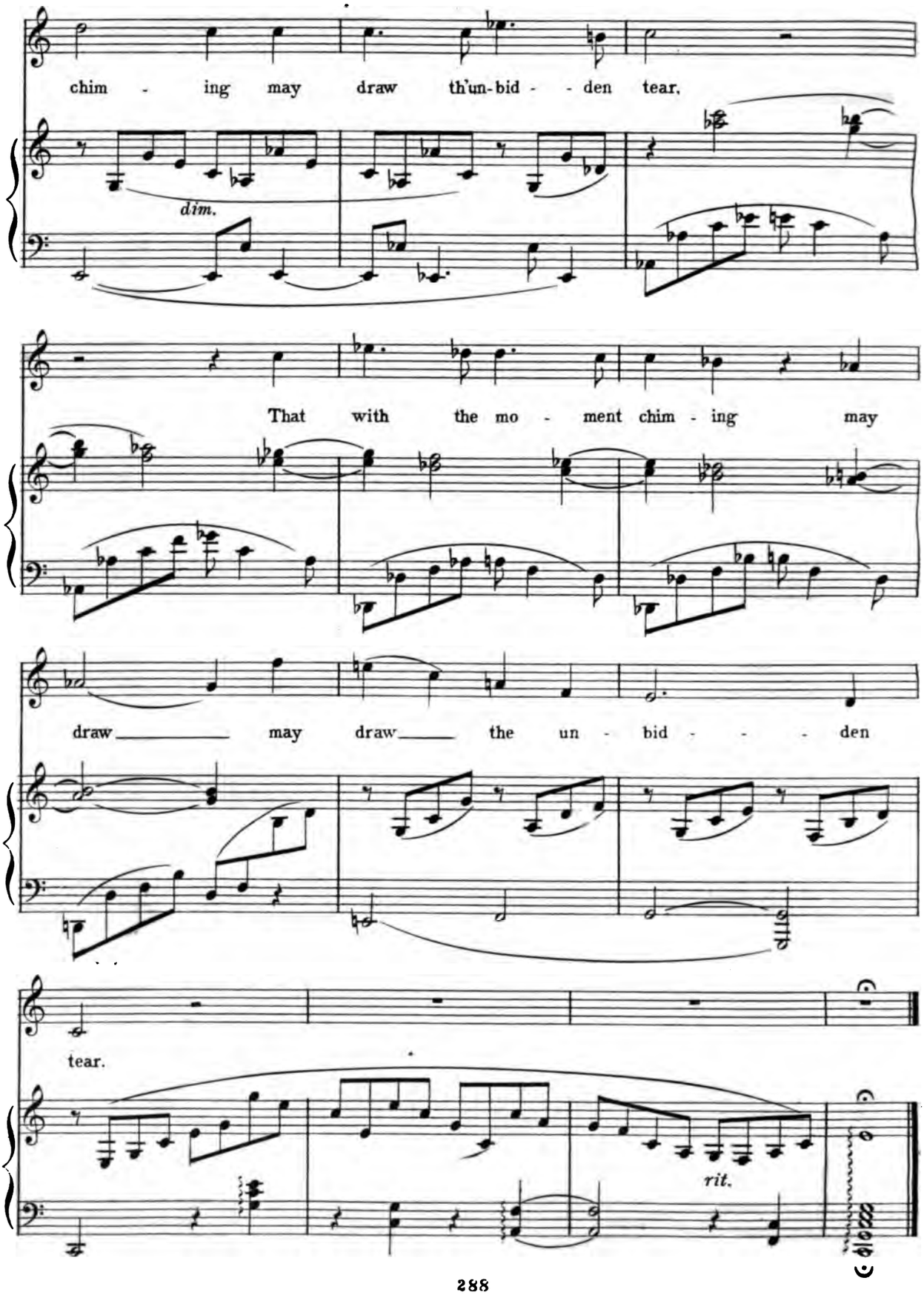
IX. SWEET MELODIES

OPUS 105, NO. 1




And fra - grance rare im - part.
But when to words I'd
chain them, and set be - fore the eye, In
vain I re - tain them, they van - ish like
dim.


sigh, They van - ish like a
sigh.
And yet per - chance my rhym - ing some
hid - den thought may bear, That with the mo - ment


chim - ing may draw th'un-bid - - den tear,
dim.
That with the mo - ment chim - ing may
draw may draw the un - bid - - - den
tear.
rit.

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will have for its subject

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II. 'Kamennoi Ostrow.' For piano
III. Romance. For piano
IV. Song. 'The Dream'
V. Song. 'The Azra'
VI. Song. 'Yellow rolls at my feet'
VII. Song. 'Be not so coy'
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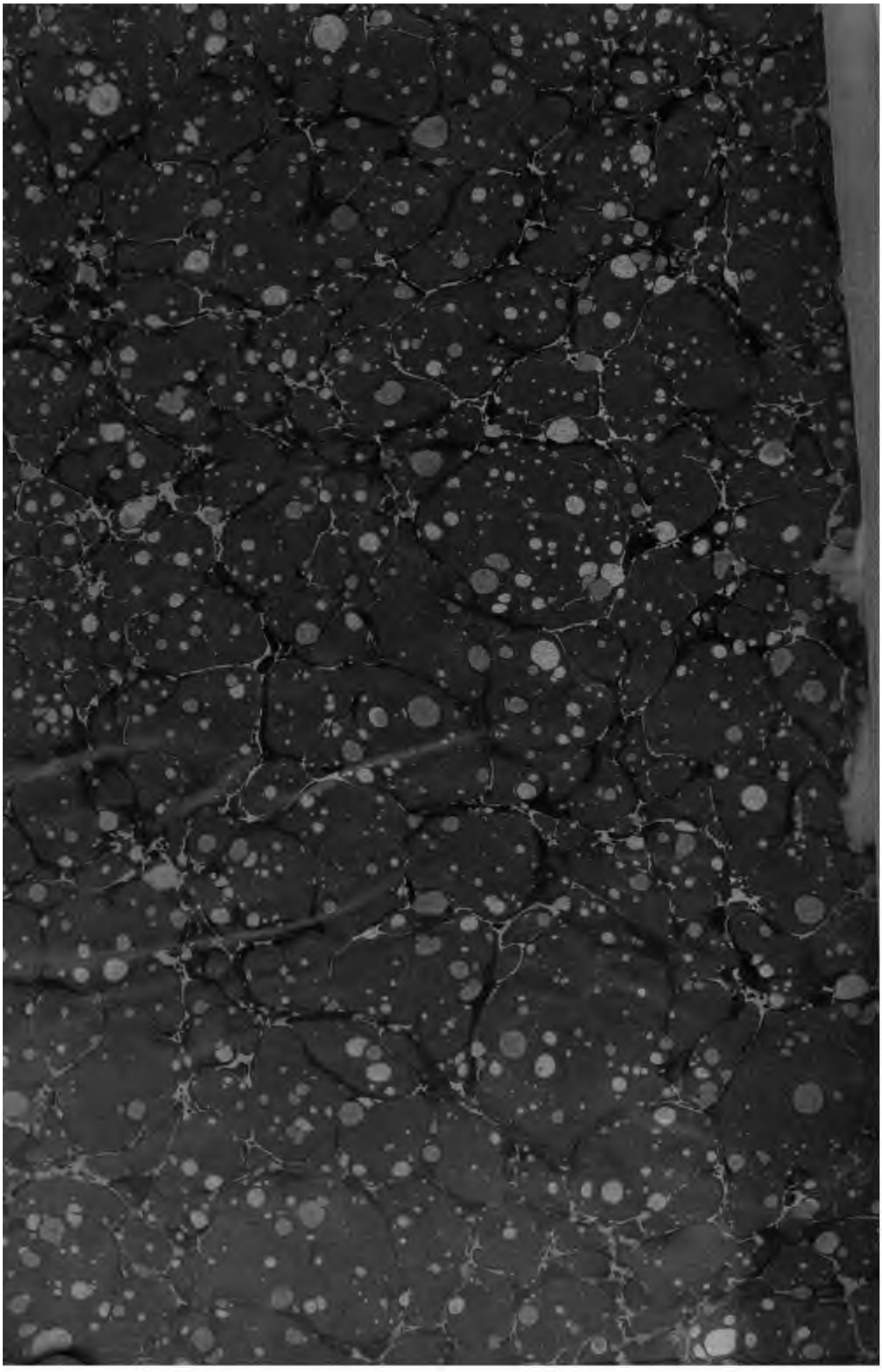

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